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1. The first part of the book is a collection of essays on the history of the book. It includes a chapter on the history of the book in the United States, a chapter on the history of the book in Europe, and a chapter on the history of the book in the world.

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NBY







**THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES**

**OF**

**OBADIAH BENJAMIN FRANKLIN  
BLOOMFIELD, M. D.**

**A NATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
NOW ON THE TOUR OF EUROPE.**

**INTERSPERSED WITH EPISODES,**

**AND**

**REMARKS, RELIGIOUS, MORAL, PUBLIC SPIRITED,  
AND HUMOROUS.**

**WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.**

---

**"O gentlemen, the time of life is short :  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour."**

**SHAKESPEARE.**

**"O England ! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
*Were all thy rulers kind and sensible.*"**

**IBID.**

**Neither Vice nor Folly shall escape me.**

**OBADIAH.**

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**PHILADELPHIA :**

**PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR.**

**1818.**



DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, TO WIT :

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-sixth day of January, in the forty second year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1818, Edward Franklin, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit :

The Life and Adventures of Obadiah Benjamin Franklin Bloomfield, M. D. a native of the United States of America, now on the tour of Europe. Interspersed with episodes, and remarks, religious, moral, public spirited, and humorous. Written by himself.

"O gentlemen, the time of life is short :  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour."

SHAKSPEARE.

"O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
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IBID.

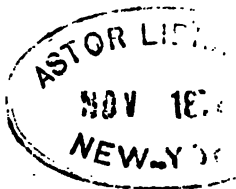
Neither Vice nor Folly shall escape me.

OBADIAH.

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, intituled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,

*Clerk of the district of Pennsylvania.*



# ADVERTISEMENT

OF THE PROPRIETOR.

**I PRESENT** to the American public the first volume of the life and adventures of a *particular friend*. It is a production which has little more than eccentricities and good humour to recommend it. Of this the author is fully aware. He has made a feeble effort to imitate *the manner* of Sterne, which has afforded such general gratification. But he is fearful that he has approached with more success to the faults than to the beauties of that author.

The eloquence, the pathetic sentiment, and strange humour of Sterne, give a gloss to his defects which robs them of their real character. If the morality and religious reflections which are involved in this production, should effect a similar influence, both my friend and self will have reason to be satisfied with the event of our enterprise. If we should fail, our consciences at least will repose in the purity of our intentions.

The author entertains some doubt and solicitude, lest some passages might be esteemed indelicate, and produce offence. But the proprietor feels that the work is wholly impregnable on this score. There are so many

precedents to sanction them, that to condemn them would be fastidious, and falsely modest. He would refer the captious to works whose literary distinction is of the first rank.

The critic will raise some objections in regard to the style. But the inelegancies are such only when viewed apart from the genius of the composition. It has been the object of the author to be irregular, and not of the usual order, to employ an uncommon location of words, to coin words, to originate novel arrangements of them—to construct a form of phrase and sentence of his own. If he has divested himself of the sober, fashionable, and trite and habitual mode of expression, he has done so with intentions to please, without the slightest wish to commit any violation of the laws of taste.

The publication of the other volumes depends exclusively on the reception this meets with.

My friend would have published the work in England, where he was four months since; but, for a variety of reasons, he has preferred the press of his native soil.

THE PROPRIETOR.

*March, 1817.*

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## PREFACE.

AN irresistible “cacoethes scribendi” has again overtaken me, and write I must—but—what? “That—that—is the question.” Shall it be a play? Alas—No! Several years have elapsed since I broke my inkstand, and cast away my pen, *in a fury*, with a fixed resolution, as I then thought it—never to scribble more—merely because I conceived and brought forth *a thing*, which I had the audacity to christen—a play!!!

Now, had I o’erleaped the laws of nature, and, with the aid of something very like the Cassarean operation, introduced into the world, *in verity*, a bouncing boy, I should have been prepared to encounter the maledictions of all the female part of creation, old maids excepted, for daring to encroach upon their province:—even though a giant, or a genie, or some other outlandish animal, had planted him within me!!!

But a play—a tragedy—such a tragedy! Melpomene have mercy upon us! If all the tears which were shed, on its first representation, could only have been gathered together, I would forfeit my head for a foot-ball, had they not afforded water enough to comfortably float a seventy-four!!! Aye—a seventy-

four of first rate tonnage!!! It was accepted of, with gratulation upon gratulation, by the managers of Drury-Lane theatre: indeed and it was—American reader—my countrymen! and the parts of the hero and heroine were sustained by the great Kemble, and the inimitable Siddons, in their first stile of excellence——— \* \* \* \* \*.

*Kind hearted Reader,*

If you have any *spare* tears to shed, and if you cannot muster some *natural* ones, you can easily bring the goddess's lachrymal powers into action by applying a raw onion to *your eyelids*—not to *the eye itself*, for that might bring the salubrity of that very delicate organ into jeopardy——prepare to offer them *up* (my great, great grandfather was an Irishman) as a propitiation to its manes!!!

My tender, unfledged *maiden offspring* was damned—irremediably damned—and hurried down down to Pluto's realms—"unanointed and unanealed!"

"True 'tis—'tis pity—and pity 'tis—'tis true."

Was this barbarous act committed by the numerous and, of course, *enlightened* audiences—"Think of that, master Brook"—audiences!—before whom it was, as the strolling player said, *enacted*? Courteous reader—upon the honour of an author (and why should not an author be as honourable a man as Brutus was?), the very reverse was the fact:—they received my bantling as kindly as though it had been the production of the immortal

Shakspeare himself. Did not the whole concern cry themselves into a fever? And was not at least a dozen deaths the consequence? By whom was the—*dire—deed—done*? (For not one (no not one!) *still small* voice from the pit participated in it.) By critics, and hypercritics! A plague on all monthly and quarterly reviews, say I, and William Gifford's at the head of them. Those it was who *murdered* my innocent and helpless darling, and constrained its distracted parent, nilly willy, to weep o'er its mangled corpse.—For—not content with breaking each and every of its bones, they stopped not in their savage career until they had dissected its very heart out!

I can no more—the *renewed recollection* of my then sufferings is so poignant, as to completely unstring my nerves, and the friendly, sympathising grey goose quill—drops from my feeble grasp!!!

\* \* \* \* \*

The first discoverer of stimulants and tonics unquestionably merits deification.—For they are not similar in their effects, learned or unlearned reader, and whoever instructed you to the contrary is a fool, and an ass, and a quack—am not I an M. D., and must not I know all about it? To speak more plainly, the first discoverer or manufacturer of *brandy* was a monstrous ingenious fellow, for no sooner had I partaken of a liberal dose of that diffusible stimulus, than “Richard became himself again.”

To put another play upon the stocks then, would be, in me, the height of presumption

and temerity and fool-hardiness, inasmuch as it would, as certain as death, and taxes, be smothered in fifteen minutes after it was launched. To me, luckless wight ! as well as to some others, whom I could name, if I had not a fellow feeling for them ; it is forbidden to gather *laurels* in the dramatic field—and I am not at all disposed to *pick up another ninnyhammer's cap there*.

What then is to be done ? For something must be done, and quickly too, or I shall burst ! verily, gentle reader, I am at this precious moment, as much inflated, and with gas too, but of a very different quality, as was the frog in the fable. The most powerful carminatives under the sun would avail not me.

Shall I write a novel to expel the wind ? Worse and worse ! Our country is inundated with such trash, and no printer in his senses would purchase the copy-right, unless he had predetermined on *gaining a loss* by the publication of it. A poem ? I have just understanding enough to know that Apollo never endowed me with a spark of *poetic fire*, and as to attic salt—it would not contain as much as is necessary to season a sand fly.

What a grand affair would it be for the world in general, if every fool could be sensible of his folly ! some of our 1500 dollar orators, for instance, would be as dumb as the most dumb of the abbé Sicard's scholars ! I charge you, however, courteous reader, to keep this a profound secret, in deference to the *collected wisdom* of our beloved country.—There's a dash of scandal for you ! albeit, as it

is not only indecorous, but impolitic to introduce such matter into a *grave* preface to a most interesting—I shall know what betwixt this and Christmas—I'll have done with it; and, cap in hand, do humbly crave the pardon of such of our *great men* as may be *modest enough* to apply it to themselves. And now I trust I have made my peace—if not—I pledge myself to go down upon my knees—in the *next edition*.

“ He chose a mournful muse,  
Soft pity to infuse.”

Dryden was nearly related to the whole family of the muses.—But—for myself—deuce take every mother's daughter of them, for not one of them—even the most insignificant—will suffer *me* to claim kin as a thousandth cousin! I have it. I'll kick every petticoat of them into the pit of Acheron, or Falls of Niagara, or—suppose you name a yet worse place, enlightened reader, and apprise me thereof by the first mail, postage paid: they shall be deposited therein with all dispatch, and a gratis copy of what is “coming to come” will amply remunerate you for your labour and pains.

And then—what then? Why I'll stand upon my own ground, firm as an adamant rock—or Mount Caucasus—or the Peak of Teneriffe, or any other peak which may be depicted to thee by a fertile imagination.

Be it known to all whom it may in any wise concern, that I am at last likely to be freed

from my alarming flatulency, in consequence of having made up my mind to write,

*My own History !!!*

Yes reader—in sober earnest—My own history. There is something feasible in that, for my life has been, so far, checkered with a variety of interesting, entertaining, and *wonderful events*. One only thing appals me ! I dread lest my character for veracity, which has ever been unimpeachable, should be brought into question ; because some of my most intimate friends, to whom I have recounted the adventures of it, have shaken their heads—stared at me, as Bonaparte did at the Prussians, when they were finding their way out of the wood into the field of Waterloo ; and shaken their heads again !

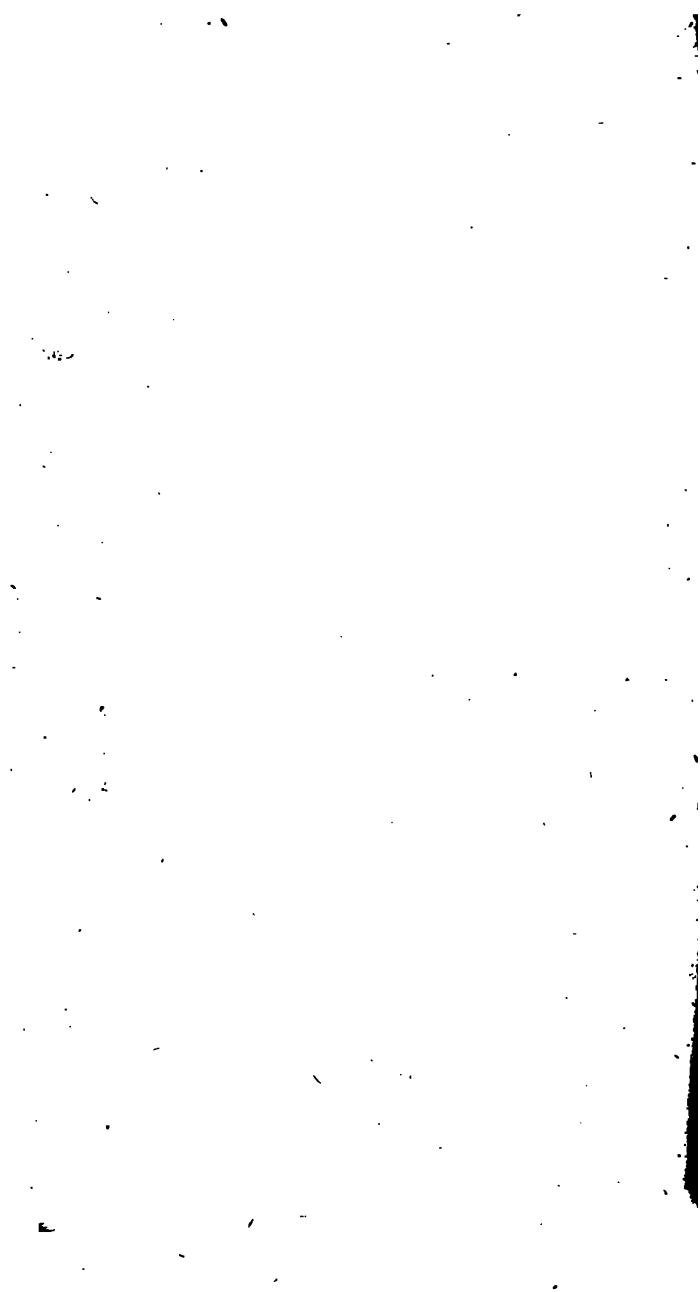
If therefore those who have known me from my cradle, *but who did not accompany me in my travels*, are of opinion that I have *embellished*, and they certainly did, and do, think so—what mercy am I to expect from the American people, to millions of whom I am utterly unknown ? it will but little avail me to know that I am as guiltless of fabricating as the babe unborn, when I shall have been generally designated by them—Munchausen—number two.

Nevertheless, be that as it may,—as I must either write or die, am conscious of my innocence, and influenced neither by a lust for fame, or an avaricious thirsting after money—and, above all, as it is perfectly immaterial to

me whether *hired* critics damn my production, or laud it to the skies; I'll e'en put off my little fragile bark, and venture upon the hazardous voyage. This much is certain: I shall please myself, and discharge, at the same time, a duty which I conceive I owe to society; for there is no description of it which may not be benefited by an attentive perusal of this work—provided I live to complete it, which is extremely probable, my mind and body being in excellent health, at this present writing.

“A man had as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.” You have got a sort of preface by it, tastely reader, and the way is paved to an acquaintance with—a very queer fellow—though I say it, who peradventure should not say it. And now thou mayst find thy way into the following pages, if it seem good in thine eyes. Should they afford thee as much amusement as thou calculatest upon, thou will have gotten a “a Rowland for thy Oliver.” The reverse—and thou mayst burn my book. By the bye, it will then be thine—and I can afford it.

ADIEU.



THE

# LIFE AND ADVENTURES, &c.

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## CHAPTER I.

*An attentive perusal of which is particularly recommended to all young mechanics, merchant's and grocer's clerks: in brief, to all the youth of America.*

**I** AM a native of the present United States of America, and first saw the light in one of our capital cities, which, for certain reasons best known to myself, and in order to set you a guessing, inquisitive reader, must be nameless.

My father was a master carpenter—my mother the daughter of a poor farmer in New Jersey. They were honest, industrious, and frugal, and married when very young, as every body ought to do who 'duly appreciates happiness and a good constitution. Apropos, what is a rake and debauchee good for at thirty, if he holds out so long? Nothing. Even the carrion crows would turn up their noses at his diseased carcase!

My father has frequently told me, indeed he gloried in giving every publicity to the fact, that his finances were in such a miserable state, owing to the peculiar hardness of the times, when he was about to enter into the holy state of matrimony, that he was necessitated to borrow a coat of a friend, in order to make a decent appearance before the minister who was to perform the ceremony; and to whom he presented, as a fee, **ONE of THREE dollars**, the sum total of his earthly

cash possessions ! It must be recorded, however, to the honour of the cloth, that he would not part with any of it.

The only fortune which my mother brought him was herself ! It was of course a love match. They were christians by profession and practice—the natural consequence of their being piously and properly brought up—and accustomed to hard labour and frugality. They did not therefore despair of making the good through the world, and procuring for themselves *at least* the necessaries of life.

After his marriage my father continued as before, to do journey-work throughout the day, when evening came, instead of resorting to a tavern shop, which, I lament to say, was too much the custom then, as it is now, with young mechanics, returning to his humble home, comforted his stomach with a slice of brown bread, and a glass of pure water, and proceeded to carry into execution a plan—his dependence in the success of which had induced him to venture upon a rib.

There was one branch of his trade in which he greatly excelled both as to neatness and dispatch—was—the making of window-sashes. Having procured a sufficient quantity of the requisite materials on credit, and purchased a few candles, his day's work being over, and his frugal supper being discussed, he went spiritedly to work—his wife holding the light for him. He stuck to it manfully until eleven o'clock, and continued to do so every night, until he had completed a sufficiency of sashes for a large house. His employer was then building, and who had engaged to take them of him. They were delivered—he paid him—he cancelled his debt for the materials—he hurried home to his affectionate helpmate with a balance, and threw it exultingly in her lap. He had never been master of such a sum before.—It had not been hardy, but honestly earned—and, to make use of his own words, "It was the sweetest money he had ever handled in his life." He was now enabled to pay for his lumber, and persevered in his labour. In this his first step to independence stimulated by yet greater exertions, and he regularly worked

no longer.—He soon found it would conduce more to his interest to quit journeywork, and confine himself to window-sashes, and ornamental chimney-pieces, which he also made in a superior stile. His character soon brought him apprentices, and in a reasonable time he leased, on highly advantageous terms, a commodious workshop. His industrious and economical habits continuing, and Providence blessing him and his family with uninterrupted health, fortune began to smile upon him in good earnest. Satisfied with a very moderate profit, he could afford to undersell his brethren, and many of his mantle-pieces found their way into other cities of the then provinces, some of which are doubtless still to be met with in houses at that period.

My mother too was indefatigable in her vocation, and she increased and multiplied most abundantly, presenting her spouse with a stranger at least once a week. Now, to my thinking, this was pushing the matter a great deal too far, for, what with qualms, and sickness, and accouchements, much invaluable time must have been unnecessarily consumed. What say my fair married readers? Is not once in two years sufficient? I am answered. Silence, when accompanied with a smile and a blush, is construed negatively, even by the Hottentots.—Hottentots! what description of people are they? I don't recollect ever to have heard of them before. Your curiosity is a very laudable one, my dear, and I will willingly gratify it. You must know, then, that the Hottentots are a sort of uncivilized copper-coloured people, more remarkable for *their personal cleanliness* than the most true of all true Mussulmen, or the French, or the Italians; inasmuch as they make it an *invariable rule*—to bathe a dozen times a day—comb their heads a dozen times a day—perfume themselves a dozen times a day—and, in brief, to do *every thing else, which is usually done by human beings, in the same ratio*. Moreover they are made exactly much as we are, having heads, and legs, and arms, &c. procreate in the same manner, and worship gods of their own manufacture. But you have not explained to us how they manage their love matters,

which is a primary consideration with most ladies. Fair and softly, beautiful madam. I admire to keep your sex in suspense sometimes. I ever did believe that you could *keep a secret as well as the very best he creature of us all*, and why should you not be capable of exercising as much *patience* as Job did of old? I see no substantial reason to the contrary—not I.—Having premised that the Hottentots are an *uncivilized race*, you are not to suppose, their extraordinary ablutions to the contrary notwithstanding, that they conduct in that all important and *ticklish* affair as we do, who think we were the Almighty's *chef-d'œuvre*, because we are fair completioned, and *now* polished, and have had our brains stimulated, or brought fairly into action (sometimes) by more or less of cultivation. If you do, you are egregiously mistaken, for,—love-making is with them a summary process. Their high mightinesses are above the drudgery of dancing attendance upon their "*Cara Shosas*" to balls and assemblies, and concerts and theatres—writing love-letters—whining and sighing—crying and dying—on the top of the ladder of hope in the evening, and at the foot of it in the morning, and all that superfluous nonsense—nonsense of our own creation. Believe me, they order matters better in that country. It is merely necessary for a Hottentot gallant to obtain his own consent and go a wooing, and he is certain of taking a wife to his bosom the self-same night.

#### FORM OF COURTSHIP.

The youth resolved to lie alone no longer, rigs himself out in his best attire, borrows the youngest infant which is *come-at-able*, repairs to the residence of the object of his choice, presents it with a grin, after making one of his very best bows, left foot foremost; and awaits his fate in silence. If his addresses are agreeable, his flame takes the child, eagerly kisses that part of it which is sometimes denominated the "*coward's seat of honour*," smiles, nods her head, and then squats, body and all, as gracefully as does a hare when he is disposed to put the hounds at fault. The ceremony is now over. She is bone of his bone and

flesh of his flesh, to all intents and purposes, and he may take her home to his cabin, nothing loth, as soon as he listeth. Should she disapprove of his devoirs, she refuses the infant; shaking her head and grunting as melodiously as ever learned pig did, until he quits her premises. This, however, is a rare occurrence, but when it does happen, our Hottentot bears it with all the sang froid of a philosopher—scratches his noddle—reflects a moment—"Ecod," says he, "If one won't, another will," and he goes the rounds until some less hard-hearted damsel nods him "yea." There, now,—you are as wise as Obadiah, and I'll e'en see if I can find my way back to this true history.

My father soon began to realize property, and, as I abhor prolixity and am anxious to finish *one* chapter, lest an apoplexy, or some other outlet to life, should stop up my weasand, died sixty-four years after he commenced sash-making, leaving behind him an unexcelled character for piety, industry, integrity, and sobriety———and

**SEVENTYTHOUSAND POUNDS STERLING!!**

Youth of America! *Here is an example, worthy of imitation in every respect.*—That you may be enabled, by HIM who rules the thunder, and who, with a word can bring back all worlds to chaos, to make a proper application of it, and **DO LIKEWISE**, is the ardent prayer, and unfeigned wish, of one who is a sincere well-wisher to you and to all mankind.

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## CHAPTER II.

*Obadiah pleads guilty to a charge of incapacity, which must be made against him, by every being capable of judging.*

THAT first of wits and humourists, Lawrence Sterne, has somewhere facetiously observed, "Go to—go to—ye idle vagabonds of the world—build houses, rear trees, write books, and *get children.*—Endeavour to leave some relative idea of yourselves behind ye—so that if posterity should not happen to be sorry for your

deaths, let them have some reason at least to be sorry that ye had not lived." Already have I fulfilled, to the best of my ability, all these "characteristics of man." All, did I say? I had momentarily forgotten my preface, but I will not again disturb the ashes of the dead. I have built houses, *by proxy*; planted trees with my own hands; and begat children—in the usual way, I suppose, for one of my wives was a widow, who had had one child, and who would, for her own sake, have corrected me, *if I had done amiss*—and now I have commenced author in sober earnest. Shall I live to finish my book, and see it published? Time will show.

Good natured reader—I shall have to cry you mercy many a time and oft, ere we part, provided always nevertheless that we part friends—From me you must not expect *even a smack* of the sublime and beautiful. My skull is too thick to produce any thing better than a hodge-podge of truths, told without method or ability, and in the simplest language; with here and there an episode, introduced for the purpose of keeping you in good humour. I did not make myself, you know, or, depend upon it, the brains department would have been furnished in a superior stile.

I was born on the first of January, Anno Domini 1770.

I assert this as the fact because I have been frequently so told by my father and mother, whose veracity I never had reason to question, and because it is so written in the great family bible by the minister who christened me. When I arrived at a proper age, I was sent to an excellent grammar school, in a country town about 120 miles distant, the British having possession of the city wherein my father resided. He was a staunch whig, but unable from age to take an active part in the war (he was upwards of sixty-four at this time); but contributed four sons to the American army, and kept his purse-strings loosened until our highly-favoured country became a nation. My capacity did not rise above mediocrity (thou hast already discovered that, intelligent reader); and I made a proportionate progress in my studies. Happily for us the academy was situated in a part of the state

which was never visited by the enemy, so that the great work of our education went on uninterruptedly. My father had *set his heart* upon making a scholar of me, for two reasons. I was destined for the church from my cradle; and his own want of learning, whereby he had suffered considerably determined him to spare no pains nor cost to prevent such deficiency in me. To see me a minister was indeed his hobby. Often would he tell me that "he could die contented and happy, after he had heard me preach one sermon." After I had acquired little more than a smattering of my native language, my attention was exclusively directed, by the principal, to the study of the classics; and at sixteen years old I had the reputation of being an excellent Latinist and Grecian, and a tolerable Hebrew scholar.—But I had nearly forgotten my English, and was withal so wretched a composer that even my father was ashamed of my letters when *he heard them read*, for he could neither read nor write.—And well he might, for although I could translate *literally*, and with the utmost facility, any Latin or Greek author, I had never been taught to do so *elegantly*, and had never been exercised at English composition. Nor is this a unique case, for I now know several A. B's. who can write their mother tongue, neither grammatically, nor orthographically. "Obadiah will never do for a minister," the worthy old man would say. "I shall never live to hear him preach a sermon, for, if he writes so poor a letter after all the pains which have been taken with him, he will never be able to write one, and I never wish to hear him preach one unless it be of his own making." The minister, of whose congregation my father formed a part, and who had baptised me, was consulted, and, in conformity to his advice, I was sent for home.

I was now the hope and stay of the family, being their only surviving son. Three of my brothers were killed whilst fighting for the liberty we now enjoy—two had died of small-pox, and one had been lately drowned whilst skating; unhappily finding his way into an air-hole in the ice. I was therefore calculated upon to hand down the family name to posterity.

My father was very rich—an undue proportion of his wealth was allotted for me, to the great prejudice of three daughters, the only ones he had raised, and, I lament to add, that wonders were expected of me, provided I could attain the art of sermon writing !!! That it was indispensably necessary for me to be a decent orator also, was never taken into the account. If I could *write* a sermon—it was a matter of course that I should *deliver it well*. A most excellent and experienced English tutor was provided for me, at the recommendation of my father's old and fast friend the minister; who was instructed to make an English scholar of me, if practicable, and, above all, to teach me the art of composition—a task for which he was admirably well qualified, being himself a chaste and elegant writer.

“It is needless however to kick against the pricks.”

My tutor was indefatigable, and your humble servant studious, attentive, and industrious—but in vain. He said they had either commenced with me too late in the day, or the soil was too barren. After an unceasing perseverance of three years (yes, three years!—think of that, master Brook), he abandoned me in despair; and waiting on my parents, assured them, with tears in his eyes (for he overflowed with the milk of human kindness), that nature had never designed me for the pulpit—that I was a miserable orator, and yet worse composer, but that, as I was a very hard student and good classical scholar, I might make a respectable physician. Had the earth opened before them and swallowed me up, my excellent parents could scarcely have been more shocked—grieved.—The darling parson scheme must be abandoned! nature had set up an insurmountable barrier to it. Many a time of a Sabbath evening, when alone by their comfortable fireside, making their humble remarks on the service of the day,—had my sire stopped short, and proudly said to his dame, “Well, Deborah, I trust in God to see the day when our Obadiah will give us as good sermons as we had this day, and all out of his own head too.” “Marry and Amen!” would be the response. Judge then of their feelings, tender-hearted reader, when the dreadful tidings assailed their organs of hearing, if thou

canst. For myself, I marvel it had not turned them into stones.

All hail Religion ! Handmaid of Heaven—and dearest gift of divinity to mortals. At this heart-rending moment a disciple of thine (the minister) stepped in, and whispered comfort to thy drooping votaries. Aware of every thing, he came prepared for the difficult task. But the scene had become so painfully distressing to me, that I could endure it no longer.—I made good my retreat as he entered, and, with weeping eyes, secreted myself in an out-house. Perhaps an hour had elapsed, when I heard myself called—most affectionately called—by my mother. I hastened to her, she took my hand without uttering a word, and led me into the room. I found my father tolerably composed—he took me into his arms, pressed me to his bosom, and, after bestowing upon me his blessing, spoke thus—“ My son, our beloved pastor has been ministering unto us, and shown us our folly and wickedness—For nineteen years have we been blind—he has removed the film from our eyes—We must submit to the will of God, and will endeavour to do it cheerfully—’Tis true I had *set my heart* upon hearing you preach a sermon before I died—but—it—cannot—be—(here he sobbed most audibly, my mother joining in the chorus), you must therefore fix upon a profession yourself: we have determined to allow you three months, or more, if you require it, to make your selection. We took a scanty supper and went all—sorrowing to—bed. Howbeit I slept not. I loved my father most affectionately, and adored my mother. It was therefore the first wish of my heart to gratify them in every thing. I communed with my pillow until nearly day-light (it was a winter’s night too, courteous reader), when a little—feeble—glimmering light broke in upon my mind. I hugged it as a miser would his dearest treasure, when just recovered from a robber, and soon digested my little plan. I arose at my usual hour, and appeared at breakfast with so cheerful a countenance, that the family looked at me with astonishment, but the events of the preceding night were never touched upon. My father retired to his usual avocations, as was his custom, immediately after he had finished his repast, when

I told my mother I wished to speak with her in private. She accompanied me into my study and I locked the door. This preparation surprised her: "what's the matter now, my son? Why secure the door, when your father and sisters are from home?" "You shall soon know, my dearest madam, provided you engage to keep it secret."—"Certainly my dear."—"From my father"—She hesitated "Your father and myself are one, Obadiah—I should not discharge my duty if I concealed anything from him."—"It must then remain buried in my own breast." "If it is proper he should be kept in the dark respecting it, it shall die with me, if you say so." "It is not only proper but absolutely necessary that he, above all, remain ignorant of it; of that you will be satisfied when I reveal it to you." "Well then I consent."

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### CHAPTER III.

*"He had been a grievous sinner, but truly repented him thereof."*

THE excellent divine, whose rhetoric and influence had produced such happy effects in our domestic circle, was a native of England—a man of astonishing natural parts, improved by one of the best educations. Being an elegant orator, a latitudinarian in principle, and possessing a Benjamin's portion of impudence; he conceived himself destined to make a figure on the forum; commenced the study of the law—was admitted to practice, and rising fast to great eminence in his profession; when he was converted to Christianity through the instrumentality of his wife, and, in due season, exchanged the bar for the pulpit. He had married her some years before, and loved her as much as it was possible for such a being, *as he then was*, to love. But it was *her person* (she was extremely beautiful)

not *her mind*, that he thirsted after; and being, rake-like, soon cloyed with the possession of that, he unblushingly returned to his former evil courses, and had the cruelty publicly to keep her maid under her very nose. She was an uncommonly sensible and accomplished woman, and, fortunately for herself, blessed with one of the most even and amiable tempers; and, withal, very prudent and pious. Neither was her knowledge of human nature so limited as to preclude an acquaintance with one of its most undeviating characteristics—a characteristic which should never be lost sight of, more especially by young married couples. I will give it to you, for your edification, in plain downright English: “Most men may be led, but very few driven.” She was therefore perfectly aware, that a recourse to harsh measures would snap the matrimonial cords, already tightened to bursting, for ever asunder. Her heart too was deeply interested in the affair, for she loved him most tenderly—was likely soon to become a mother—and her religion taught her to tremble for the fate of the immortal soul of the father of her child. She consequently endeavoured to reclaim him by the mildest means—but in vain. He was familiar with guilt, and gloried in his misdeeds. It even afforded him peculiar delight to scoff at religion in her presence, and denounce the Holy Bible, pronouncing it the handy-work of certain interested impostors and fanatics; and altogether unworthy of belief. She sighed—but did not yet despair of his reformation, and continued to drag out a wretched existence with him, until he capped the climax of infamy. He seduced her only sister—the wife of his most intimate friend, and killed that friend in a duel!! She was made acquainted—alas too soon! with these horrid events—Her fortitude sunk under such an accumulation of wo—she took to her bed, literally heart-broken, and was conveyed in three days to the silent tomb. Her abandoned husband saw her die—his obdurate heart was at last melted.—In such a cause who could not be eloquent? She expatiated upon the heinousness of his crimes with such force and energy—with power indeed apparently given unto her from on high—that his proud spirit was convinced and subdued.—He fell upon his knees

beside her—wept like a child—conjured her to pray for him—and solemnly promised to amend his life. This assurance proved a balm to her wounded spirit.—She joined her prayers with his to God for his forgiveness.—Yes—for the first time in his life—this wretched sinner prayed. But his wife's lamp of life was nearly extinguished.—At the conclusion of their prayer—ability enough was only left her to bless him, say that she *now* hoped to meet with him in the regions of everlasting bliss, and then—she rendered up her spotless soul to Him who gave it, with such a smile as cherubim and seraphim are wont to wear.

Never until that most impressive and heart-rending moment, was he fully sensible of the inestimable value of the jewel which he had lost.

To remain in England was, for him, impossible. He fled to America : the Bible was his constant companion on the voyage—by day and by night was he engaged in the perusal of it. He prayed to God to enlighten his benighted mind, and it was enlightened. He became a convert to the glorious doctrines of Christianity, and soon after his arrival applied himself sedulously to the study of divinity, under the superintendence of one of our most eminent Presbyterian ministers ; with a determination to preach the gospel as soon as he was qualified, and satisfied of his own worthiness to disseminate those tenets, an aberration from which had been the cause of all his previous misfortunes in life. He was ordained—soon became a popular preacher—and deviated not from the way of well-doing until it pleased the Almighty to call him hence.

Go—sinner—and do thou likewise !

## CHAPTER IV.

*A mountain has been in labour, and a (wee) mouse is the product.*

BLESS me ! I had forgotten that my mother and self were embargoed in the study all this while.

There resided in the neighbourhood of the academy wherein I was educated, a man of handsome property, whom I shall take the liberty to christen "Method," and whom the spirit moved to become methodist preacher. He was a man of no education ; but unusually fine mind, and that mind carried him triumphantly through, for he was a most fascinating and powerful preacher. What brought this man to my recollection I know not, but this I do know, that but for him, I should never have solicited the private interview with my mother. I would have given thousands, for my parents' sake, to falsify the predictions of my learned preceptor, and preach *one sermon for them before their deaths* ; there was something so innocent and laudable in the wish. Now, courteous reader, in the course of my nightly cogitations, it happened to strike me that this all important desideratum might be obtained, through the medium of my much respected old friend Mr. Method. I should have informed you ere this, perhaps, that I had been devoutly brought up—knew the Bible almost by heart, and—what is still better—understood and believed its contents ; points gained of no small consequence to the furtherance of my views. There were two "sine qua non's," however, unattainable without the aid of my mother—leave of absence, and money for my maintenance, books, &c. —There now—you have my great and mighty secret. I entrusted it to my mother on compulsion—to you I entrust it—*ex gratia*.

My parent was overjoyed when I had explained every thing to her, positive that all would yet be well ; and pledged herself that I should want for nothing. Leave of absence was accordingly obtained for me to

go and visit my old friends in the south, and I was furnished with more money than was needful. I flew, youth-like, on the wings of the wind, to Mr. Method, made him my confidant, and solicited his aid and counsel in the premises. I was received by him in the most endearing and consoling manner, applauded much for my filial piety, promised every assistance in his power; and told that "to *write* and *preach* a sermon was no such difficult matter." You have had an excellent education, continued he—Your voice is by no means a bad one: indeed, to my ears, it sounds rather musically than otherwise—but I can easily perceive, that you are diffident to a fault—That is a stumbling block which must be gotten over, or your project will fall to the ground. And your preceptor says, forsooth, that you will never be able to write a decent sermon—I almost feel wicked enough to call him a learned fool. Let me tell you, young man, that a sermon for the pulpit, and a sermon for the press, are two very distinct things. I have, blessed be God, preached, with some acceptance, for many years, and never yet published a sermon, and what is more, never will; for the production of a man who has not a decent knowledge of grammar should never be printed. But stay with me. My house and library are heartily at your service. In the latter you will find every work necessary for a student of divinity: they were selected for me by our bishop, who is as learned as he is good. I shall also furnish you with his written instructions, as to the order in which they are to be read. And we shall see what twelve months will bring forth—the ban of your tutor to the contrary notwithstanding: your shamefacedness, and your shamefacedness only, militates against us. "Brief let me be." I thankfully accepted of the worthy man's kind offer, commenced the study of divinity, and, by the most intense application, had made considerable progress therein, when, the term for which I had leave of absence being nearly expired, I hastened to the city, and obtained another furlough on some plausible pretext. A few months afterwards I accompanied Mr. Method to a regular methodist convention, which, fortunately for me, was not held that year in the city wherein my

family resided. I was introduced by him to the bishop, who was surprised at the progress I had made in so short a space of time, paid me a handsome compliment upon it, and *gave me a licence to preach*. Had he given me the mines of Peru and Mexico, I should have considered the gift as poor in comparison with this.

Imagine now, good-natured reader, that thou seest me ascending the pulpit of an humble log church, with looks demure, and in the costume of a methodist circuit rider; accompanied by Mr. Method, who withheld not from me his countenance upon the trying occasion. Verily, I know not whether I stood upon my head, or my heels; no virtuous maiden ever trembled more when led out to be married; but my true friend roused me from my reverie, intreated me to be composed, and reminded me how much depended upon surmounting my bashfulness. I read the psalm with a faltering voice, plucked up courage as the service proceeded, and happily called in something like confidence to my aid, when I entered upon the sermon. It was an orthodox one, written by myself, under the direction of the man who had enabled me to preach it; and which I had carefully committed to memory, being abundantly satisfied, that I was not yet adequate to the task of preaching extempore. I got through it—after a fashion. The audience, which was a very illiterate one, pronounced me a mighty promising young man, understanding that this was my first appearance in the pulpit; and the venerable Mr. Method declared to me, when we were alone, that I had exceeded his hopes. “All that you now want, my dear Obediah,” said he, “is confidence. Without it, you will never make either an animated or successful labourer in the vineyard. Every thing now depends exclusively upon yourself. Learn to abstract your thoughts from every thing but your God and his service, and you will have gained half the battle. Habit must and will do the rest. I charge you therefore to avail yourself of every opportunity to preach and pray in public. Volunteer your services whenever you may, and my word for it, in twelve months every obstacle to your becoming a respectable pulpit orator will be removed.”

## CHAPTER V.

*“The crop has arrived at maturity, and calls loudly for the sickle.”*

I CRAVE your congratulations, kind hearted reader. By dint of hard study, patience, perseverance, the aid of divine Providence, and Mr. Method, I have been so favoured as to procure a license to preach in less than twelve months—have actually delivered a sermon, and that too of my own composition.

I now visited my parents, and reported progress to my delighted mother; but my father's time was not yet come: another leave of absence must be had first. How to obtain this was the question? My proceedings for the last year were enveloped in a robe of mystery, whereat *that parent was highly dissatisfied*, whose wishes were never, no never, even for a moment, absent from my thoughts. He had long since imbibed a notion that I had been stricken by an arrow from Cupid's bow, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the academy—that I was sensible I had fixed my affections upon an unworthy, or objectionable object; but had not self-controul enough to tear myself away from her allurements. Else why not divulge her name, and solicit my parents' consent to our union? The boy knows, he would say, that I am friendly to early marriages, and would deny him nothing: he must therefore have some very substantial reason for holding his tongue. (I have, father, if you knew but all.) In vain would my mother assure him that *she knew* in what manner my time was employed—that no fair damsel held my heart in thralldom, and that an undue proportion of the time had been devoted to study. As *the nature* of those studies was unexplained to him, he continued obstinate and cross, declaring he would withhold his consent to my quitting the paternal roof again, unless a full disclosure was made him. Conjugal affection however rose superior, at length, to every difficulty. I promised him that there should

be no concealments after my return—had six months more allowed me, and found my way once more to the hospitable mansion of the benevolent methodist. I now became an indefatigable circuit rider, having, through his interest, an extensive one allotted me, and preached upon all occasions, frequently as many as five sermons in a week ; soon acquired the confidence necessary, and, my every attention being directed to that one point, the art of preaching extempore. Matters were now ripe for the denouement of the drama. I accordingly repaired to Mr. Method's, and prayed him to accompany me to the place of my nativity. He readily consented, our plot was arranged, and I travelled *incog*. Arrived, I visited my mother by stealth, and engaged her to prevail upon my father to accompany her to a methodist church, which I named, the next Sabbath evening. He gave a very reluctant consent, for, although perfectly amiable in other respects, he was so *bigoted* that he did not consider it correct to worship God publicly beyond the pale of his own church. Pardon him, religious reader, we are none of us faultless, and I have already told you that he was an uneducated, and, consequently, an ignorant man. My tutor, and the minister, a sketch of whose biography I some time since gave you ; were drawn in to join the party, in consequence of my mother's apprising them, that a young man under twenty-one years of age was to perform divine service.

And now the important evening, big with the fate of parson, and carpenter Bloomfield, had arrived ! It was in the month of May, the weather delightful, and the moon shining with unclouded brightness. I repaired early to church, Mr. Method with me, who was well known to the congregation, and whom they all loved and respected. You might have heard a pin drop as we traversed the aisle, arm in arm, and ascended the pulpit. Indeed the contrast betwixt my youth and his age, his hoary locks and my auburn ones, was irresistibly striking. The door being closed, he impo-  
 rtuned me to use my utmost to command my feelings. If you suffer yourself to be overcome by them—  
 all is lost ! Shortly after my father, mother, and friends, made their appearance—I noticed them as

they entered the church, which was now full to overflowing :—It was a most trying moment—The poet Shakspeare could not describe the agitation I underwent—My friend comforted and encouraged me made a *great effort*, and commenced!!! Although my father's was a green old age, the result of temperance, exercise, and a well spent life, his eyes had deceived him much. This, together with my being so differently attired from what he had ever seen me, prevented him from immediately recognising my person. My mother however told me afterwards, that he whispered to her before I had read ten lines, "that I very much like Obadiah;" a circumstance which drew to me the whole of his attention. Having roughly recovered from my confusion, I regained confidence, exerted myself to the uttermost, and my voice being extremely powerful, and, peradventure a little musical; I think I put up a more impressive prayer to the throne of Grace than ever I had done before. It was the chapter in the bible which betrays me to my father, my reading was so familiar to him. My mother could scarcely now detain him in his seat; she entreated him not to disturb the congregation. He confessed that it was myself, and that she had been privy to every thing. The text which I had selected for that evening's discourse was, "In my Father's house there are many mansions." I had written several months before, and had already delivered it a dozen times. I now began to preach (without ranting and raving, and putting the pulpit cushion in jeopardy, as very many worthy methodist ministers do, who believe it is all for the glory of God), was abundantly animated, felt the force of the doctrines which I inculcated, and, in my application, endeavoured to sustain my arguments to the conviction of every one. It concluded—human nature could forbear no longer. My father uttered a loud shout—cried out—"He is my son!" and fainted in the arms of the equally astonished, but not as much affected minister and tutor. In an instant I was with the author of my being. My beloved parent soon recovered. There was not a dry eye in the holy house. But I must fall a curtain over the scene!!!

After our company had retired, Mr. Method, always himself, desired the congregation to remain. He perceived that their curiosity had been highly excited, and he gratified it by explaining the mystery; then concluded the worship of God, and all departed in peace to their homes.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Bigots, avaunt ! Or, at any rate, pass on to the next chapter, for, upon my veracity, ye will meet with nothing in this which will give you pleasure, or repay you for the time expended in the perusal of it.*

THIS night was the most delicious of my whole life, and yet I slumbered not.—My spirits were elevated at least one thousand degrees above the sleeping point. Perhaps a more happy family never encircled a social board than was ours at the breakfast hour next morning, notwithstanding we *scarcely broke our fast*. The table being removed, my father, now as well as ever, kissed me and thanked me over and over again, for the very great pains I had been at to comply with his wishes, and that too after he had abandoned them in despair ; (my mother had by this time made him as wise as we were) ; and continued, “ I should now die in peace, my son, if it was not for your deserting the religion of your forefathers and becoming a methodist. How came you to join the methodists, my darling ? I had long since been acquainted with his prejudices, especially against that religious sect, and had anticipated such a result ; but to argue with a man obstinately wedded to his ancient opinion, and determined not to be convinced, is fearful odds indeed !—Had I not studied with a methodist, honoured sir, it is more than probable you never would have lived to hear me preach a sermon : you surely have not forgotten what Dr. Harmony (the minister) and Mr. Rhetorick (my tutor) thought of the prospect ?—Certainly not, but I had much rather have seen my Obadiah a lawyer—yes ! my son, a lawyer ; and you very well know in what better estimation I hold lawyers than a methodist. What reason had my boy to change his religion ?—None, father ; I am a christian still. Forms and ceremonies have no manner of weight with me. A sincere christian must be

a sincere christian all the world over, whether he be a presbyterian, episcopalian, baptist, methodist, or Roman catholic. Each has the same object in view: they only differ as to the route most proper to be pursued. Heaven is the haven to which they all direct their steps. To Mr. Method, and his bishop, I am under many and great obligations. It was through their means that I became qualified to become a public preacher: they procured for me the ecstatic delight of the last night—but I am still as much a presbyterian as ever, because I am still a christian.—You will quit the methodists then, my child—become a presbyterian minister—and prove a rock of comfort to your parents in their old age? I am bound by the ties of honour to the circuit I have been serving six months longer.—At the expiration of that term, I shall give in my resignation to the methodist convention. My duty to my parents will excuse me to the members of . But, if my mind does not undergo a total change, must then abandon the pulpit altogether. I have no all to the ministry from above! I feel that I am not yet adequate to the task of living up to what I preach. There is too much flesh and blood about me for that. And unquestionably you would not choose your only son to disgrace himself by requiring his congregations to mind what he says, and not what he does: for a ounce of example is better than one hundred weight of precept. Should it, in the mean time, please the great and good Supreme to regenerate me, and give me a due controul over my sinful passions; you will find me as melted wax, and may mould me into what you please. If the reverse, I shall pray you not to force my inclinations, but to suffer me to study physic; as I have long since had a predilection for the medical profession.—Well, my son, so as you quit the methodists, be directed by your own will in every thing else. I have done, and bless God for having bestowed upon me such a son.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Alas—poor human nature !*

AFTER preaching three times more in ———, my enraptured parents always composing a part of my audience, it became necessary for me to resume the duties of my circuit. I therefore bid my friends a most affectionate farewell, and took the road to *it*, for the last time—with a light heart it is true, but with zeal wonderfully abated. It had been a “*sine qua non*” (I have taken up this phrase, American reader, and it has become a special favourite too, ever since the learned British plenipotentiaries found it convenient and necessary to throw it down at Ghent !) with me to preach a sermon of my own composition to my parents ere they retired to “that bourne from whence no traveller returns”—and my pride, an honest pride I hope, had been elicited by the occasion ; inasmuch as it had been pronounced impossible for me ever ~~so~~ to do, by two of our most distinguished literary characters. I had succeeded beyond my utmost hopes, and sighed for no more honour in the clerical department. I knew, nevertheless, that my congregations were anxiously expecting me, and determined to persevere, even unto the very end ——— of the six months. Having taken the precaution to keep my resolution of withdrawing from the ministry a profound secret—I preached steadily on—became more and more popular, and, wonderful to relate ! acquired no small degree of celebrity as a pulpit orator. Three months of my six had passed away, when, in evil hour, an unlooked-for, and dire calamity befel me, and which almost deterred me from ascending the pulpit more !!!

Courteous reader ! I claim your indulgence and commiseration while I disclose it.

I considered it as a matter of so little moment, that I have not hitherto told you, that nature had been unsparingly bountiful to me, as to personal gifts. Among

ladies, and they *ought to be* first-rate judges of beauty. I universally had the reputation of being remarkably handsome man—And, as to external accomplishments, I was graceful in my movements, and doted an elegant dancer—Played (divinely of course) on the piano-forte and clarionett, and was the *hymn-singer* in my whole circuit. In fact, my manners, conversation, every thing, were so totally different from those of the generality of my brethren, that it scarcely to be wondered at that I should become an instantaneous favourite with the fair portion of my sisters;—methodist girls having taste, and likes, and dislikes, and *feelings*, as well as other folks. I had entirely been led into temptation, but had so far happily resisted it—*since I commenced the study of divinity*—I am no Roman Catholic, courteous reader, ergo must not expect a farther confession from me, though you should be Pope Pius himself. But my time was now fast approaching, and I take shame to myself while I record it, when the outward man was to triumph over the religion, morality, and self-interest of the inner. 'Tis true I was very young—very inexperienced, and *in high health*—but what does that signify? Nothing—nothing—nothing.

I was requested by one of my brethren to discharge myself of his duty for him, some indispensable business requiring his presence in another quarter, and—Lucy must have so ordered it,—I complied with the requisition. Whilst journeying for that purpose through a remote part of country which I had never visited before, a stage-coach overtook me, or came upon me (aren't they vile phrases) in the neighbourhood of a decent inn-house. I, without hesitation, rode up to it, and inquired for a night's lodging. It was promptly granted. I hardly entered their premises ere I discovered that the good souls were overjoyed to see me. Had I been great and good Washington, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin (my name-sake and god-father), and Nathaniel Greene, been her guests, the kind dame could not have bustled more about, in order to set "her things in order." Her husband did not keep me long, but as to the cause. He told me "they were of great consequence," had relations in my circuit whom they

frequently visited, and that they had occasionally heard me preach"—with some additional observations which my extreme modesty will not suffer me to repeat. They had one only child at home—a daughter about 17 years of age, and named Mary. She was the most perfect beauty I had ever beheld. Talk not to me of the lily and the rose : the rose and the lily would be as nothing, were they placed in competition with the complexion of this wonder of the valley. Mary was perfectly clean and neat in her person, and, withal, much more tastily dressed than country girls, in her humble sphere of life, usually are. I must have been blind had I not remarked that she viewed me with love-sparkling eyes, and Obadiah felt—as Obadiah had never felt before. I have been since astonished that her parents never noticed our frequent interchange of amorous glances, but I was a parson, and that constituted their security. The hospitable board was speedily covered with the best their means afforded. I partook thereof—but the bewitching blue-eyed Mary was never, for a second, absent from my thoughts—nor I from hers ; or I am but an indifferent physiognomist. After supper, I went through the customary religious exercises—but Mary—Mary—was one of my auditory ; and I grudged the moments appropriated to prayer, because they shut out her lovely form from my organs of vision. (N. B. thou knowest, pious reader, that when we offer up a petition to the most high, it is *fashionable* to close our eyes as tight as an ether bottle : I know of nothing more ridiculous or indefensible—not I.) It was now time to retire for the night. I desired some water for my feet : they had a man and maid servant—but Mary was directed to procure it, *and wash them*. In vain did I decline the unexpected offer. I trembled to think of it. "Mary had, for two years, washed the feet of every minister who tarried with them : they always took care to treat the honoured clergy with proper respect." A foot tub was to be obtained. My host and hostess were sleepy—they had sat up beyond their usual hour.—They bid "God bless me !" as they separated.—Alas ! alas ! could they but have read my heart they would have pitied me, and—taken their Mary along

with them. I retired to my apartment, leaving the door open.—Mary soon glided through, and latched it after her—*accidentally, no doubt*, for she did it without noise. She is upon her knees before me—I can now look upon her without dread of detection. The icy heart of a hermit of ninety would have been thawed, and he would have conceited himself nineteen.—The washing proceeded but slowly.—It was a boisterous night—a sudden blast found its way through the pine logs whereof the house was built—and—the candle—was—extinguished!!!

## CHAPTER VIII.

*The Enchanted Hat.*

A BRITISH sailor, who had just returned from a long and successful cruise, and was paid off, hastened to London, in order to rid himself of his hard-earned gold, which literally burned in his pockets. Jack was a seaman every inch of him, and became completely miserable, after a three weeks absence from his beloved element. In vain had he entered into all the dissipation and extravagance of the metropolis, *come-at-able* by one of his class. His cash appeared to be inexhaustible. His old habits now returned upon him with such force, that to sea he must again. Accordingly, he shipped on board an elegant brig bound to a United States port (a general peace having restored to him his freedom of will) and was ordered by the master to join her at Gravesend on a given day. Jack continued his best endeavours to render himself pennyless, until *that day* was so near at hand, that it was impossible for him to be a man of his word, without the aid of a stage coach. He however prayed to Neptune for a head wind, and took it a foot—'cause why—he preferred the *pedestrial* to the *vehicular* mode of travelling. He journeyed along, *solus cum sola*, until the dinner hour arrived, when his stomach giving him some broad hints that it needed a reinforcement of timber, he stopped at the first inn which presented itself, and called for the best dinner the bill of fare afforded, a pint of brandy, and a bottle of port. Not that Jack liked wine, but he had a cumbersome balance in his pocket, which impeded his walking. The waiters stared at him like stuck pigs, but stood as motionless as though they had been petrified, until he gingled his purse, which was still well stored with, what an Englishman delights to look upon—yellow boys. There is no letter of introduction, or travelling companion, equal to the ready rhino. Jack was spec-

dily served—eat and drank to his heart's content, and called for his bill. It was brought, and a pretty exorbitant one it was. He was about to discharge it, when a brilliant thought struck him, and he requested to see the keeper of the inn. Boniface made his appearance, when Jack, in the fullness of his wisdom, told him that he wished to pay him double. Do you see as how, shipmate, this here is the thing—I am bound to Gravesend, on a cruise to America, but have overstayed my time in *Lunnun*. Now if so be the ship has sailed, I mout be put in hockledy how to get back, and my lower works suffer for want of prowijon. So I wants to pay you double, and I means to pay every body double as I goes along, and then I bes shure not to starve when I travels this road again. But how will I know you, in case the ship has left you? enquired the landlord. Is that all, quoth Jack? Here then is my hat—when I calls, I'll put it on my left hand, and twirl it thus with my right—once—twice—thrice—and you'll be shure to remember me. The necessary orders were given to the servants—Jack *paid double*, and continued to do so, until he reached the place of his destination, and found the vessel gone sure enough. He remained in Gravesend till his last penny was expended, and then set out for *Lunnun* to seek for other employ. On the road he overtook two simple Jew pedlars, whose exhausted packs required replenishing, and who were travelling the same way. They joined company in the neighbourhood of a turnpike gate, when the Israelites were not a little astonished to find that Jack gave three twirls of his hat, in lieu of money, for passing through it. One of *his* inns was now hard by. He proposed to them to go in, and dine. But “dey cout not refort dat—dey hat sum goot pret and shees in deir packs, and voud tine pun dat, and caul him ven dey hat tun.” Well—in goes Jack—dines sumptuously—chuckling all the while at the astonishment which his fellow travellers had exhibited at his novel mode of discharging his turnpike fare. Having dispatched as much of the good things of this world as he could possibly stow away, he ordered them to be called. They had never looked upon so superb a dinner before, and could scarce-

ly credit their senses when he divided the better half of a bottle of wine betwixt them. He then called for his bill with as authoritative a voice as though he had been the prince regent himself—(I ask his royal highness's pardon—Report says he is *above paying his bills*.) It was produced—he gravely twirled his hat three times. What's to pay now, you dog? Not a penny, your honour. Jack led the way to the public road—the Jews following with uplifted hands!!!

They proceeded onward until they reached another of Jack's hotels, when, the severity of the weather getting the better of the Jews' parsimony, they accompanied him in, and engaged a bed, but *wished no supper*, (The pack was to be resorted to after they retired, jocular reader.) Meanwhile, our seaman was feasted—shown to the best unoccupied bed in the house—breakfasted in the morning—and three twirls of his hat settled the reckoning. They pursued their march to the great city, the enchanted hat rendering a purse unnecessary for Jack, until they reached the last stage. The pedlars had held repeated consultations by the way, and the result was, that Jack's hat must be purchased, cost what it would. They had already felt his pulse on the subject, but he was prepared for it, by what had incautiously escaped them at different times; and too cunning a bird to be caught with chaff.—*His last inn* was now entered, and the same farce acted over again: The virtues of Jack's beaver (by the bye it was made of wool), had now ceased, and it would have been an accommodation to him, if otherwise situated, to have parted with it for half a crown: but he well knew he could replenish his purse with it, at the expense of the credulous Israelites, who would have sworn upon the Old Testament, until they were black in the face, that it could enable the holder to eat, and drink, and lodge free, *ad infinitum*. They were now within a mile of London, and the hat unpurchased. A few minutes more, and they might be for ever separated from this eighth wonder of the world.—No time was to be lost.—They resolved to strike a bold stroke, and offered one hundred guineas for Jack's head-piece. He laughed the offer to scorn. This made the luckless wights yet more anxious, and after

great deal of higgling, a bargain was struck, where Jack got one hundred and sixty guineas, and the w hat of one of the circumcised (for he was too proud make his appearance in town bareheaded); for operty *not intrinsically worth eighteen pence!* The money in his purse, and the new beaver on his head, ck took the earliest opportunity to dissolve the co-rtnership, by leaving our pedlars in the lurch. y exulted as he departed, and were not a little kled at the idea of their having over-reached a chris-n.—They were now to eat and drink the best, and y no turnpikes, so long as they both should live.—ey made up their minds to seek the best house, d take a fortnight's holiday. Their circumstances d rigid economy had hitherto deprived them of the cury of a comfortable meal, and they would now ke themselves ample amends for all former priva-ns—Yes—dat dey woud. It occurred to Moses, wever, who had rather more sense than his brother ron (they were so named), that, as they were to put at the first hotel, and *live as gentlemen*, they ought *dress as such*. Fashionable second-hand clothing s to be procured a bargain, and after their frolick s over, they could dispose of it in the country at a ofit. They forthwith repaired to a barber's, and got ll shaved (for their beards had been in mourning a elvemonth), mounted tasty wigs—from thence bent ir course to Monmouth street—were accommoda-l with every finery requisite—cheap—cheap—dirt ap—fixed upon a hotel—drove thither in an ele-nt hired carriage—engaged appartments for a fort-ght—ordered a magnificent dinner—and retired to ir sitting room, which was furnished with a *pair of l length pier-glasses*. The coast being clear, they owed themselves in them, and were charmed with ir appearance; and well they might, for neither of m had ever before been master of a decent suit. Mine Got!" said Aaron, "if mother Rebecca, and her Levi, and aunty Ruth, and zister Rachel, could y zee us now, how dey would stare!" "Yes," said oses (who always bore the main chance in mind), nd tink dat we vas frittring way all our substance. t dey cant no bout de hat, broder Aaron. I cud die

vid lafing ven I tink of dat foolman of a sailor to zell such a treasure." Don't you think it is time, courteous reader, that I should conclude this ridiculous story? Suffice it to say then, that they lived upon the fat of the land for the fortnight, and then determined to go to work again. Indeed, they could not relish a life of idleness, having never been accustomed to it. Their bill was asked for. It amounted to the trifling sum of sixty-five guineas—but they possessed the hat, and would not take the trouble to examine the items. The woollen beaver was twirled, and twirled, and twirled again. Vell, sir (to the landlord), vat do ve owes you now—ha? Sixty-five guineas, gentlemen, as per account rendered. Oh my goot Got! said Aaron, and their countenances lengthened at least a yard by the square. But stop, Moshis—may pe you an't tun it rite. Gif me de hat. And he twirled to no better purpose. The patience of their host was soon exhausted, and when he discovered that the hat was expected to pay for all, he considered his boarders as swindlers, and became outrageous. His money, or a jail, with a prosecution under the swindling act, were the only alternatives he offered for their consideration. They had already tasted of the sweets of Newgate, and at the bare mention of it, the hair upon their heads bristled up, "like quills upon the *fretted* porcupine!" They were yet masters of three hundred guineas, they produced their hoard, discharged the debt, and narrowly escaped being kicked out of doors. They were proceeding *on foot* to Duke's place with all expedition, for a carriage, was no more to be thought of; when, passing by a fashionable reading room, and hearing repeated bursts of laughter issue therefrom—curiosity prompted them to walk in. Assuredly their evil genius directed them thitherward. For Jack had *blabbed*—the hoax he put upon them, had found its way into the News, and had occasioned the boisterous merriment which attracted their attention. They retreated, overwhelmed with confusion, saying the one to the other, with Smollet's Gambler (they had read Peregrine Pickle, I suppose), "A tam bite by —!!!"

## CHAPTER IX.

*It is possible to commit a sin whilst we believe that we are acting right.*

"I WILL do any thing in the world to oblige a minister," said the simple and unenlightened, but not vicious Mary. This observation excited suspicion. She was questioned on the subject, and unknowing of art, and unconscious of crime, she readily acknowledged that she had before washed the feet of several ministers, *in the self same style!* What a mountain did this remove from the breast of somebody—I would he were nameless.

And who was to blame for all this, philanthropic reader? Not the poor Mary, nor yet her illiterate parents, who considered their daughter as safe with a minister as she would have been with a sister. Obadiah must then be in fault.—He pleads "not guilty" to the charge. He was exposed to a very great temptation; such a temptation! was a poor, frail, weak, sinner, and could not withstand it. Nobody is to blame then. True: but there is something rotten somewhere. Like the odious and profligate custom of *bundling*, which is still too prevalent in certain parts of several of our states; *it is to be exclusively ascribed to the want of education, and a total ignorance of the world*, in all the parties. More of this anon. If you behave handsomely, I may favour you with a chapter on bundling before I have done.

I met my kind entertainers at breakfast the next morning, but oh! how changed from what I was the night before! I felt that I had wronged them, according to my ideas of right, however unintentionally, and knew that I had polluted the sacred order to which I belonged: indeed I almost considered myself as unworthy to ask a blessing! As soon afterwards as decency permitted, I hurried from the enchanting syren who had robbed me of my repose; and proceeded to fulfil my

engagement. Little did I imagine at this period, that before three months I should be so lost as to commit one of the most heinous sins—adultery ! Start not, I beseech you, my chaste and modest readers, but hear me out—and then censure me, *as much as you will.*

There resided in my circuit a young gentleman, possessed of a large fortune, and—no religion. He had been two years married to an accomplished and lovely woman, and common fame said they did not live happily together, which is not at all surprising, for he was a most abandoned libertine. About a twelvemonth after he had plighted his faith to her at the altar, he deliberately seduced the only daughter of one of the pillars of our church, a man of high standing and great respectability. He went farther—for, not content with despoiling her of her virgin treasure, he, after becoming tired of her, endeavoured to prevail upon her to accept of a friend in his room. She had several brothers who vowed vengeance against him, but they were religious young men, opposed to duelling from principle, and meant to content themselves with giving him a severe castigation the first time they met him in public. They apprised him of this their determination, but he notwithstanding had the audacity to appear at a review of the regiment to which they belonged, relying on his pistols for protection. They attacked him, he fired upon them without effect, was overcome, severely beaten, and afterwards conveyed to a neighbouring river, wherein they were ducking him, when I providentially rode up. Common humanity induced me to interfere in his behalf, for he was evidently so much exhausted, that he could not have survived such discipline much longer. I told the party so who were busied with him, and they immediately desisted. When he recovered the faculty of speech, he tendered me his grateful acknowledgments for having saved his life, and beseeched me to accompany him home, observing he had no friend upon the ground, myself excepted, and was sure he would need assistance by the way. He denominated me “his friend,” I presume, because I had proved one in his need, for I had no acquaintance with him ; but to such an appeal, my heart could ne’er say “*nay.*” I despatched one of his

servants for his family physician, aided in getting him into his carriage, seated myself beside him, and supported him to his residence, for he was unable to sit up alone. The physician arrived almost as soon as we did; he was abundantly bled, put to bed, and some medicine administered to him. Upon me—Obadiah—then devolved the christian-like task of administering comfort to the partner of his bed—I had previously been introduced to her as his preserver, and found her “fairer than painting can express, or youthful poets (or *methodist parsons* either) fancy when they love.” But she needed not consolation (had he been brought home a corse, she might indeed have shed some tears, but they would have been tears of joy!); and stopping me short, desired the pleasure of my company in the parlour. When there, she apologised in the sweetest manner imaginable for having interrupted me, thanked me for my good intention.—“But I am no hypocrite,” said she, “I should despise myself if I was: that man, whom it is my misfortune to call husband, is unworthy my respect, much less my esteem and love.—To feign a sorrow when I felt it not, would therefore have lessened me even in the eyes of the servants: it is some months since I was made acquainted with the horrid transaction which has induced his punishment. Would to God it was the first offence of a similar nature, committed by him since our marriage: but until now he has escaped scot free. Really sir, he is unworthy of your compassion: It is impossible for you to conceive what a very unprincipled man he is. We will now, if you please, wander from a subject which is peculiarly offensive to me.” Tea was soon served—I found her a well-informed and charming companion: such a one indeed as could not fail to reform any husband who was not incorrigible. I have rarely spent so agreeable an evening, and lamented when the clock announced the necessity of my separating from her for the night. I retired to rest, perfectly satisfied with myself. I believed myself instrumental in saving the life of a fellow-creature: I prayed to our Maker that he might be made to see the error of his way—Mary was forgotten—and my slumbers were the slumbers of the righteous.

## CHAPTER X.

*"A Serpent lurks beneath the Roses."*

I SLEPT unusually late the next morning, awoke in high spirits, dressed myself, and repaired to the chamber of Mr. ———. He was stiff and sore from his bruises, and had some fever, but was altogether much better than I expected to find him. He greeted me as his guardian angel and benefactor—vowed he would divide his estate with me, and insisted upon my remaining with him until he was perfectly recovered—business, or no business, he positively would take no denial. It was Tuesday; I had no professional engagement until the ensuing Sunday, and at length consented, nothing loth, to be his guest during the interim. I then adverted to his romantic offer of dividing his fortune with me—assured him that any, the least compensation, would completely do away the little merit which was attached to the service it had happily been in my power to render him, and moreover, informed him that the pecuniary situation of my family was such as to place me far above needing, much less accepting of, a compliment from any one.—Your friends are rich then?—My father is as independent in his circumstances as he wishes to be.—And suffers his son to be an humble methodist circuit-rider?—It is even so, my dear sir.—And what may your salary amount to per annum?—Not a shilling, for I draw none: my father allows me more cash than I know what to do with.—Did not I always tell you Louisa (directing his discourse to his wife) that I was sure parson ——— was a gentleman in disguise? "You did." I could have sworn to it the first time I saw you walk, and heard you preach. Your manner and action in the pulpit, and the language you made use of, were entirely out of the common methodist track. Well, well, I am truly glad to find that you are a gentleman (my father's money instantaneously trans-

led me into one, you perceive, discerning reader), hope to see you in the garb which befits your station as soon as you become tired of your singular fro— I could have told him that he might be grateful in that respect in less than a month, but his character precluded a wish to cultivate his acquaintance, treat him with more than common civility. His was the magnet that bound me to his mansion. Truth she was the most fascinating creature I had set eyes upon. Her personal attractions were least charm. She was all mind, and when her spoke out of her eyes, he must have been more mortal who could have withstood the shock. At last I now, for the first time, discovered the great mighty difference betwixt desire and love. Before had the son of Venus fairly planted an arrow in my bosom, and it was a triply barbed one, for to this hour has it lost its hold.—Nevertheless— she was the wife of another—the unhappy consort of a man who deserved her not—but not a whit the less his wife for all that. I bore this constantly in mind, and endeavoured to stem a torrent which was carrying every thing before it—and resolved to think none of her, but as a beloved friend. The prudent man will say that, when I found myself in such imminent danger, I should have torn myself away from

I once essayed to do so, but the effort proved abortive. The mischievous deity had made a prisoner of me, and, despot like, withheld from me the privilege of parole. I had often before heard of love at first sight, but had considered it as visionary, and was now astonished for my want of faith. We were alone together in the drawing room shortly after, when the object of my adoration, the matchless Louisa, was particular in her enquiries touching my family, and here, by shame be it recorded—I sunk the fact of my father's being a mechanic; contenting myself with saying that he was a very rich man, and proposed setting one hundred thousand dollars upon me as soon as I came of age. I also made her acquainted with the particulars of my history as would bear telling; which necessarily satisfied her that I was not a methodist preacher from choice, and that in a very few days I

should have done with it for ever : intelligence afforded her no small degree of pleasure, as she told me. Confidence naturally begets confidence repaid mine by imparting her short story. Her was an ancient and respectable one. Her father had been opulent ; but bad management, extravagance, and securityships, had nearly ruined him when he had married Mr. —, to please him ; it being his first wish of his heart to see her well settled. What a profanation of the term ! That to a rich man, or a rich woman, is to be well settled for life ! Her heart was perfectly free, and she could not love him, had he conducted himself towards her in duty bound ; for the man was handsome and well informed, and extremely agreeable when he was so. But, so far from entreating her kindness in addition to other ill usage, he had repeatedly forced her sex, and beaten her !!! They had occupied separate apartments for many months past, and I but a decent respect for the opinion of the world prevented her from separating entirely from him. Finally, her father's pecuniary difficulties had lately obviated by the acquisition of a large fortune bequeathed him by a brother, who died in the Indies. I devoted as little of my time as possible to the sick man. Louisa was my constant companion ; we rode out together, walked together, dined together, and, occasionally, I read to her in some familiar author. The dreaded Saturday at length approached, *go I must*. I had to preach to the largest congregation in my circuit the next day, and the church fifty miles distant. We parted :—a tear stood in my eye, as I, in broken accents, pronounced the sad farewell. But we parted in the sweet hope of meeting soon again ; and that reflection rendered our separation the less bitter. I say, our ; because I had seen enough to satisfy, at least my vanity, that I was not given my affections to the winds. I had promised to return immediately after my twelve months' absence expired. When two little weeks more had passed over my head, I should be freed from that engagement—Ah ! could I only have been endowed with truth of foreknowledge, and falsified my word ; how

years of pain and anguish would have been spared me : nay, it is more than probable that retributive justice would not have overtaken me.

The idea of soon becoming a citizen, and shaking off the unbecoming dress of a circuit-rider, which the " Mary affair" had rendered odious to me, and which recent events had not contributed to restore to favour, added wings to my speed ; and, ere the nightingale began her song, my earthly part was safely deposited in the tavern of brother ———, situated within one mile of the church of my destination. I was grateful for, but relished not, the rustic civilities of its master. The transition was too sudden.—The polished society, which I had just quitted, formed so great a contrast with that of the rude boors amongst whom I found myself precipitated,—that—faugh ! I dissembled my disgust, retired to my repose, and—" Time is ever on the wing," discharged my duty, to the best of my ability, until the halcyon day when I doffed my methodistical coat.

There was a country town of some importance about twenty miles from the church wherein I preached my last sermon. Thither I, in all haste, repaired, intent upon a transformation. It afforded one fashionable taylor,—a merchant taylor, the animal designated himself. It was a " sine qua non" with me to visit his warehouse. I selected such cloths as I approved of, for coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons, desired him to take my measure, and ordered them made up with all despatch. Instead of proceeding to measure me, he haughtily observed, that the commodities I had chosen came very high (I had been in too great a hurry to price them) ; that money was very scarce ; that he gave no credit ; and could not see what occasion a methodist preacher had for such elegant clothes. I would have caned the fellow for his insolence, had I not reflected that his carcase constituted but the ninth part of a man. I therefore pocketed the affront, with all the meekness of a divine, exhibited the state of my funds, and offered to pay him in advance, provided he gave me good and sufficient security for the punctual delivery of the articles. He *felt this*, was all submission, and assured me, *upon his honour*, (think of that,

master Brook !) that every thing should be ready in three days.

O, money, money ! what is it that man cannot do with thee ? And what a poor devil is he without thee ! It is ridiculous to speak of the merit of a man who is pennyless ; our world would not give ten dollars for a ship load of such. But I have not time to apostrophize.

The all-important business of my dress having been discussed in all its branches, I next procured an elegant gig, with suitable horses, hired a dashing servant, and my taylor, having proved himself to be a *man of honour*, I was enabled to give my cast-clothes to a methodist preacher who had not yet seceded,—who was about my size, whose wardrobe was in a poor state of health, and needed such a recruit.

Every thing was now in readiness for my contemplated and promised visit to Louisa. I am at the outer gate of her avenue : have scarcely power to direct the servant to open it—I enter her piazza—and—oh !—grief of griefs !—she knows me not !!! I reflected not upon the wonderful alteration which the *honourable* taylor, the hatter, and the barber, had made in my appearance,—was disconcerted,—felt like a sheepstealer, I suppose. And here endeth the tenth chapter of the marvellous memoirs of Obadiah, ex-methodist preacher.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Short and Sweet, or Sour and Indigestible,—as you like it.*

LEARNED reader, you are a traveller of course ; inasmuch as it would be a *solecism in nature, for a man to be learned who has not travelled*. This is my theorem : now for the proof. A fool will quit his native land,—it is perfectly immaterial what land that is,—and take the tour of Europe. He will return, after a three years' absence, (mark the change induced by foreign climes !) an amateur and a connoisseur, a *petit maitre*, *cognoscenti*, and the deuce knows all what. Ergo, he returns a learned man. There's a syllogism for you : beat it if you can. A prophet is no prophet,—at home,—take my word for it : he must at least travel first. —Now if this is not chopping logic, it was never chopped threadbare in a certain great house not many hundred miles from Washington. My theorem, proof, and syllogism, are profound as a bottomless abyss, when compared to some which have been sported there. A man's theorem, proof, and syllogism are of some avail though, when they obtain for him fifteen hundred dollars for services, which, when rendered, are not worth to any nation fifteen hundred ———. But, oh ! dire mishap ! when, in endeavouring to secure fifteen hundred dollars per annum, he loses six dollars, *certain*, per diem,—what is to be done then ? Some of our great men, who have withdrawn from the struggle, can answer, I dare say. Learned reader, I have used you extremely ill ; but you will not bear me malice,—there's my hand ; shake it, and let's be friends. Have you ever, in the course of your peregrinations, met with a very convenient kind of creature yclep'd a chambermaid,—lasses who will make a bed, and tumble it, merely for the pleasure of making it over again ? answer, aye. Heaven bless 'em, I say.

I so far recovered myself as to inquire if Mr. ——— was at home ? He was not. The setting sun, and no

tavern being near at hand, affording a plausible pretext, I solicited accommodation for the night. It was courteously granted. I was invited into the house, and instructions given to the hostler to pay proper attention to my horses and servant. I am seated in the drawing room,—my patience is almost exhausted. At this distressing crisis, a smart chambermaid (who had made, and tumbled, many a bed, I warrant her) entered, gazed intently upon me, and recognized the *ci-devant* circuit-rider. Why, la, mistress, is it possible you have forgot parson —— ? We were both electrified ! Had decorum permitted it, I would have given worlds for the privilege of casting myself at her feet, and declaring the fervency of my love ; but I still recollected that she was the wife of another, and the reflection harrowed up the finest feelings of the human heart. Louisa was taken unawares ; her rigid prudence momentarily forsook her ; ~~she~~ thought not of our relative situation, and received me in the most tender,—I had almost said, *unjustifiable* manner. We, for the time being, forgot that there was an insurmountable barrier betwixt us and honest happiness, and kissed and embraced as though we had been licensed so to do by the church. But this state of things did not last long, we regained that sense of right and wrong, of which we had been deprived by a delirium of joy, and were overwhelmed with confusion. Poor Louisa ! She now knew what it was to love for the first time, but it was to love hopelessly. She had, however, the satisfaction of being convinced that it was returned with compound interest. It was, notwithstanding, a night of general rejoicing ; for I was a favourite with all the servants, having remembered, not to forget to distribute a handsome largess among them, when I left this hospitable mansion ;—for, if hospitality is a virtue, Mr. —— *certainly possessed one*, and that in a very eminent degree, as well as his wife. He had perfectly recovered, was summoned from home by urgent business, and not expected to return for a fortnight. For a fortnight !!! I was base enough to remain with my soul's idol ; and, not having the fear of God before my eyes, acted the part of a villain : in a word, we—forgot—ourselves.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Henceforth, let no man trust the first false step  
Of guilt. It hangs upon a precipice,  
Whose deep descent in last perdition ends."

MY heart was not yet hardened, nor did my conscience sleep. I could not look the injured husband in the face. He was now momentarily expected. To bid Louisa "adieu" was a task beyond my powers. I committed my thoughts to paper, to be delivered to her by one in whom I could confide—and—stole away—like a thief—in the night!

How mysterious and unfathomable are all thy ways, Great Author of our being! Had we but practised a moderate share of self-denial, and been less precipitate, our desires would have been honourably gratified, and the crime of adultery spared us. For the fatal barrier which divided us, and which we trembled to think of, was about to be broken down by an immutable decree of Fate: ten days' patience, and all would have been well.

In *six* hours after I left his house, I met the mortal remains of Mr. —, in a hearse, which was conveying them to the cemetery of his forefathers!!!

He had been keeping it up, as it is termed, for three days and nights, when he was attacked with apoplexy, and died almost instantaneously. Had the dagger of an assassin been stricken through my body, my feelings could not have been more painfully acute. I fainted in my chair! When I recovered my senses, I understood my malady had been ascribed, by the innocent bystanders, to grief for the untimely fate of my friend. Honest souls! They dreamt not that it proceeded from the compunctious visitations of that inward monitor, which unerringly points out to us *every deviation* from the straight path of rectitude. But Louisa was now—free. Celestial sound! My measures were promptly taken: I was resolved that she, at least, should have nothing to upbraid me with, and

retraced my steps. When arrived in her neighbourhood, I hastened on before the corse in order to make her acquainted with the — tidings. She was startled at seeing me—had evidently been in tears, but they vanished on my appearance, as morning dew before the summer's sun. She was greatly shocked when I disclosed my errand. The deceased had been her husband—she had injured him in the nicest point—his honour, and he had been suddenly cut off, in the flower of his days, with all his imperfections on his head. Still she wept not—I—even I—would have despised her if she had. He was interred with all the pomp and circumstance becoming his—fortune. And I wooed Louisa to be mine—honourably mine. She refused me not. For obvious reasons, we determined to postpone the celebration of our nuptials for six months, and she was in the interim to reside with her father. On examining Mr. —'s papers, we were not a little surprised to find that he had left her his whole fortune, some trifling legacies excepted. He called her, in his will, "his dearest dear Louisa." What a strange mortal! Peace be to his ashes!

A regard for the character of my beloved by this time rendered a separation indispensable, for even the servants looked as though they suspected something, and already regarded me as their future master. I had also been absent from my most affectionate family seven months, who had expected me to be with them three weeks before. It was arranged that I should remain a month at home, then pay her a visit at her father's, and be announced to him as the particular friend of her late husband. Necessity knows no law—I tore myself from her bewitching arms, and, in due season, reached the residence of my father.

## CHAPTER XIII.

—————"My griefs are fled!  
 Fled like a dream! Methinks I tread in air!—  
 Surprising happiness! —————  
 Never let love despair!—The prize is mine!"

TO say I was received as usual by my family, would be to utter a falsehood. They were in raptures at the sight of me—my father hung over me delighted. "Well, my son, you have put off that vile Methodist dress, I see—and put it off for ever, I trust." So promised you when we last parted, my father, you will find me a man of my word. I was sick enough of it, believe me, before I had discharged my duty to the Convention. Never more will I ascend a pulpit in the capacity of a minister." Obadiah senior uttered a sigh, and wiped away a falling tear! "You are now nearly one and twenty, my son.—Be your own master from this hour. I could wish however that you would study some profession. It is true you will have a handsome property, consisting of lands, houses, and money; but there is nothing more uncertain than all earthly possessions. A man is rich to-day, and a bankrupt to-morrow. Even the most cautious and prudent have had their pecuniary affairs brought to ruin. But it is not so with a profession. You are a master of one, and you can hoard it up for a rainy day. You cannot be deprived of it, unless it should please the Almighty to bereave you of your senses. But remember, Obadiah—I wish not that you should do a thing which is disagreeable to you. I respect it, you are your own master, to all intents and purposes." "I before stated to you, dearest sir, that it was my earnest wish to study medicine. My sentiments have undergone no change, and if it meets with your approbation, I will enter upon it immediately." "It does, my darling—it does—next to a minister, I would choose to see you a physician. Dirty only excepted, it is the most useful and ho-

nourable of professions. And, as your conscience will not suffer you to continue to take care of the souls of your fellow-creatures any longer, I conjure you to learn how to take proper care of their bodies. It must be a delightful occupation, to restore to the blind his sight—the deaf his hearing—and the maniac his reason.”

Recovered from the fatigue of my journey, I was so fortunate as to be received as a student, by Dr. W——, an eminent physician, and surgeon, and what is better than all, a most excellent man. There does not live a better, for heaven be praised, *he yet lives*, to heal the sick, enlighten the student—make his family happy, and is, *indeed*, an ornament to society and his country. I'll wager you *one* fivepenny bit now, inquisitive reader, that I have already set you a guessing what Dr. W—— it is that I allude to—and another, that you have already thought of *Dr. Caspar Wistar*, professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania. Perhaps you have hit the right nail upon the head. If you are a resident of Philadelphia, you can easily resolve yourself, and should I win, you are hereby required to pay two fivepenny bits to *my publisher*: If the boot happens to be upon the other leg, he will settle with you *on demand*, for I am *vastly particular as to my debts of honour, as all men of honour are; else they would never think of discharging demands for which there was no value received.*

My theological authors were now changed for anatomical and physiological ones, and the log house pulpit-orator metamorphosed into an indefatigable student of physic. I had opened a correspondence with my Louisa, and heard regularly from her by every mail. Her elegantly written and endearing letters solaced my drooping spirits, and enabled me to bear, with something like composure, a lengthened absence, for she had changed her mind, as to the month, and forbid me her presence for four. She dared not trust herself with me sooner, and wished to sin no more. And she was in the right on't, as we had been not a little apprehensive that a *little Obadiah* was about to threaten to make his appearance upon the stage. It proved

a false alarm, however, but it pointed out to us the necessity of running no more risks.

After many struggles, I plucked up courage, and opened the state of my heart to my mother, suppressing the fact of the lady's being so recently a widow. She readily undertook to talk the matter over with my father. He was well acquainted with the name and standing of her connections, and charmed with the idea of her being a prospect of his Obadiah marrying into an aristocratic family; for although a mechanic, he was devoid of pride and ambition. Who would have thought thirty years ago that a son of a sashmaker Bloomfield would marry the grand-daughter of a lord,—ha, ha, ha? We must not count our chickens before they are hatched, rejoined my mother; Obadiah *thinks* *of* *her*, but he may be mistaken, you know. I see, dame, it will be a match;—our lad is no fool. I would not give a sixpence for a young man who would not tell whether his girl liked him or not. Dost thou see I was not sure of thee when I first went a wooing to thee? ha, ha, ha! We can tell, with half an eye, how the land lies, unless a coquette's in the way. The old one himself could not form an opinion at what a woman will do, who has none of her own. His consent was, of course, obtained; and his will was another's: for my father was a great admirer of old fashions, and was master of his own house, to his own ends and purposes. Can your better half say as much for my pretty dear? I really can't say, sir: it is a point.

The four months, which had appeared to me as so many years, went by at last; and I was at liberty to go where my inclinations led me,—to once more visit the best of womankind. My father contrived a cure for me highly respectable letters of introduction to her parent; and, thus provided, I set out on my journey for Wheatlands, the name of his country.

Doubtless my horses blessed the hour when they entered its gates, for they had a fatiguing time of it. I was so fortunate as to find Louisa alone, and, if possible, more enchantingly lovely than ever. Ready you have ever been in love, and had that love returned, you must have felt, as we did, on embracing

the object of it after a long absence. Had her father been at home, he must have discovered our secret. By the time he returned, we had so far regained our self-command, as to behave to each other as friends. She had previously prepossessed him in my favour, and I was most graciously received. I now delivered my letters, the purport of which was far from being calculated to depreciate me in his eyes; and I received a most welcome invitation to make his house my home so long as I chose to remain in that part of the country; which was gratefully accepted.

It is impossible for a man "over head and ears in love" so to act as to escape the observation of a prudent and affectionate parent. In less than four and twenty hours he was satisfied of the nature of my visit, and closely questioned his child upon the subject. She confessed to him that I had written to her a few days before, and that she had not a doubt but I would declare myself her lover at a proper season.—And when he does, I foresee that you will not require a ten years' siege. But are you aware, Louisa, that he is the son of a mechanic? I am (I had acquainted her with this on her husband's decease); but have understood that his father sustains an unblemished reputation.—And is very rich,—ha, girl?—If I ever marry again, father, money shall never be taken into the account; I have a superfluity of my own, and shall seek for happiness.—Right, child, right; but is not something due to your family? Your grandfather was an earl; my brother, your uncle, is in ill health, and I may live to succeed to his title. The only daughter of an earl to intermarry with the son of a carpenter! how will that tell in England? "Why, papa, you really speak as though I was—was—" "Spare your blushes, my daughter, and don't betray yourself more than you have already done. I was merely trying you. I have lived long enough in the world, more especially in this highly favoured country, to learn that it is worth and education, not a title or a genealogical tree, as ancient as the flood, that makes the man. Our titles and estates may descend to our posterity; but we cannot bequeath to it our virtues, when we possess any. Your Obadiah—" "Fie, papa!" "Well, then, Mr.

omfield,—appears to be an unexceptionable lad, in every other respect,—has come highly recommended from some of the first people in ———; and, as married your first husband to oblige me, and, notwithstanding he was a gentleman born and bred, drew me with a witness to it; it is but fair that you should please yourself. I could wish that he was more respectably connected, but let that pass. He is studious, my letters inform me: we must therefore treat the plebeian in the physician; for *every physician* at least ought to be, a gentleman. You have a most dutiful daughter to me; and will make an excellent wife, or it will be his fault. Go to child: I have been desperately in love myself, can judge of *your* present, by *my* then feelings.”

She hesitated. “Nay, nay; let us have no unnecessary airs, or I may retract.” She kissed and left, joined me, and made her report. Thus encouraged, I threw off that reserve, which had almost tied my tongue when in his presence, and exerted myself to become as agreeable to him as I already was to laughter. I soon succeeded, for I happened to catch his fancy at first sight; and when one man is disposed to be attached to another, it is no difficult matter to find the way to his affections.

After continuing four weeks with him, I solicited his consent to our union, and did not ask for it in vain:—but he coolly remarked, “That he believed we loved each other before Mr. ———’s death.” This was striking upon a tender chord. I blushed up to the eyes, and was dumb. He did not *appear* to notice it, and went on:—“Poor thing! she is but little more than a child, and has suffered, in the matrimonial state, never so young a woman suffered before;”—adding, “Young man, if *you* do not make her a good husband, will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; my legacy to you will be my everlasting curses!!!”

There was something so awfully solemn in his manner that I shuddered: I could not have been more horror-stricken had I been bit by a mad dog! To fix on our wedding-day was next in order. An early day was named, with his entire approbation; it being his decided opinion, that Mr. ——— had so acted to

Louisa as not to merit any respect to be paid to his memory. I joyfully returned to ———, and easily prevailed upon my doating parents to witness the ceremony. It was a great undertaking to travel nearly two hundred miles at their advanced age ; but had it been a thousand, they said, “ they would see me married.” With what delight did I introduce them to the chosen of my heart : she embraced and kissed them. — Her condescension, as they termed it, almost overcame them. — Worthy souls ! they could scarcely believe their own eyes, and marvelled greatly at my enviable destiny. “ She was such a beautiful, sweet-spoken creature ; with not a bit of pride ; had hugged and kissed the old carpenter : — verily, Obadiah, I shall soon love her as much as though she was my own flesh and blood, — I feel that I shall.” — “ I love her as much already,” said the old carpenter’s Deborah.

We were married ! What could I wish for more ?

## CHAPTER XIV.

“————— If ever thou shalt love,  
 In the sweet pangs of it remember me ;  
 For such as I am, all true lovers are ;  
 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
 Save in the constant image of the creature  
 That is belov'd—————,”

SHAKESPEARE.

WE remained at Wheatlands a fortnight after our nuptials, caressed and caressing,—happy, and diffusing happiness to all around. My father had settled, in conformity to his promise, one hundred thousand dollars upon me. My wife too was very rich, independent of her expectations from her father ; but what is wealth when put in competition with—almighty love ! 'tis but as dross.—Louisa and myself never threw away a thought upon it. Blessed in the possession of each other, we sighed for nothing better on this side heaven ! Our parents participated in our felicity, particularly my father-in-law. He had offered up his darling a filial sacrifice on the altar of wealth, and her misery was the result. He had never ceased to reproach himself for it. He now saw her as he wished her to be, and all his former sufferings and self-upbraidings vanished into air,—*thin—empty—intangible air !* there's a touch at the sublime for you : I was very near the clouds then.—Softly ;—now I tread on earth again. My father's business requiring his presence, my father-in-law accompanied us to ————. He would see us settled, he said, and be as much with us afterwards as his private affairs would permit. We soon went to housekeeping, and he returned to Wheatlands.—I now resumed the study of medicine, dividing my time betwixt my books and my wife. The lectures were to commence soon afterwards in Philadelphia. I resolved to attend them ; and repaired thither, accompanied by Louisa. (I guess as how you'll never find out where I was born, inquisitive

reader : you calculated upon Philadelphia all along,—didn't you ?) I carried letters of introduction to professors Wistar, Rush, Shippen, Woodhouse, and Barton. How Dr. Kuhn, the professor of the practice of medicine, came to be passed over, is a mystery to me ; but it was no fault of mine. I was highly delighted with each of them, Kuhn excepted, in their public and private capacities. No anatomical chair was ever better filled, in particular, than were those of Shippen and Wistar. Indeed it is now a matter of extreme doubt with me, whether an anatomist superior to Wistar ever existed. I have said that I was not pleased with the professor of the practice of physic :—there was no originality about him. A disciple of Cullen, he adhered as closely to his "*first lines*" as though they had been the rock of his salvation, and was above the drudgery of benefiting us by a recapitulation of such improvements in his branch, as must have been suggested to him, in the course of a long and extensive practice—provided he ever was at the pains of thinking for himself ; which was much questioned by many, and by none more, *I suspect*, than professor Rush, who had a most sovereign contempt for the doctor and his acquirements. However, he might have been very amiable in his private capacity, for aught I know, not having had the honour of a personal acquaintance with him. He certainly was extremely popular as a physician, and was doing the most lucrative business in the city, in the line of his profession.

About this period, my Louisa became pregnant ; an event which afforded to us no small satisfaction. " If it should only prove a boy, my son," said Obadiah, senior, " but we must be thankful for whatever it pleases God to give us." How very common it is, with all classes, to wish that their first born should be of the masculine gender :—was it not your case, friendly reader (you must necessarily be a brother Benedict), when your wife was *enciente* for the first time ? And yet, I believe that, in most large families, the daughters prove much greater comforts to their parents than the sons.

My life was now completely barren of incident. Every thing kept on the even tenor of its way. " My

were cloudless, and my nights serene." The force of my passion had softened down into the purest affection,—an affection which had for its basis, esteem, respect, and reverence for the object beloved, who was perfect as it is possible for mortal to be.

During my necessary attendance on the professors, which occupied my entire mornings, the favourite pursuit of Louisa was, the angel-like one of searching out objects of charity as were really deserving of it. I listened attentively and kindly to the narrator of a tale of woe, sympathize with him, and relieve his distresses as far as that could be effected by a supply of the necessities of this world; was to her the first of luxuries, for it was a luxury of which her soul only partook. Of our ample fortune, a liberal portion of the income was devoted to this object; but it was required to discriminate: we had already been frequently misapplied upon, and given to *the vicious*, what was destined for the exclusive benefit of *the good*. Our door was therefore closed to the impudent and immoderate mendicant; and the silent sufferer, who was ashamed to beg, and too honest to steal, was diligently sought after.

## CHAPTER XV.

*"When we take the most distant prospect of life, what does it present to us but a chaos of unhappiness, a confused and tumultuous scene of labour and contest, disappointment and defeat? If we view past ages in the reflection of history, what do they offer to our meditation but crimes and calamities?"*

THE usual period of gestation being nearly expired, I engaged Dr. D——, the most distinguished accoucheur in the city, to be with Louisa on the important occasion. I expected soon to be a father! Louisa was in raptures at the thought of unfolding another self in the maternal arms. Our parents too exhibited a childish impatience to view their second generation, for my sisters were as yet unmarried. None of us anticipated or dreamt of evil. How wisely was it ordained that prescience should not belong to mortals. How inconceivably wretched would it have made us. We should die ten thousand previous deaths, did we but know the hour fixed upon for our dissolution. I have a leaning to predestinarianism (is there such a word belonging to our language? I have my doubts whether there is), religious reader, and have combated it with all my might, but it retains its place, and I fear I shall never be able to tear it up by the roots. We were all most anxious for the accouchement of my wife—sacred name! to take place—alas! we knew not that it would bring a pitiless storm along with it to burst over our devoted heads, and plunge us, from the acme of earthly bliss, into the profoundest abyss of woe!!! Twenty-four years have since rolled over my head, but the wound has never been healed, and the pains of memory have made it bleed as freely as ever. Ere power is denied me, I will hasten to the dread catastrophe. Louisa was taken in labour. Dr. D. soon discovered a malformation of the pelvis, and that it was impossible for her

to be delivered, without destroying the infant. She was too much exhausted before we consented that it should be done. The operation was performed, and the child extracted. Louisa was taken with convulsions, and in less than three hours afterwards, her spotless soul winged its flight to the mansions of bliss!!! I was removed by force from the body; my senses departed from me, and I almost sunk under this most unexpected and cruel bereavement. For months I kept my house, and was so sinful, that I *would not* partake of consolation. The situation of my poor dear father-in-law at length aroused me from this tempest of grief. He had lost his all! the only tie which bound him to life, and which had enabled him to bear with manly fortitude the deprivation of his *excellent wife*, remained to him no longer. I endeavoured to comfort him, but, "who is it can minister to a mind diseased from such a cause?" His case was a hopeless one: no human prescription could reach it. A heavenly physician stepped in to his aid, and effected a cure, by removing him "to the place where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

But I was still rich: my parents and three affectionate sisters, who joined their tears with mine, and keenly felt the chasms which had been made in the family circle; were yet spared to me. For their dear sakes, I endeavoured to bear up under this heart-rending visitation of him "who ever does aright," and stifled, as much as possible, my sighs and moans.

Louisa—Sainted shade! If it be permitted thee, look down in pity upon the lonely partner of thy sub-lunary joys—Watch over, and direct, his devious steps, so that they may never lead him from *the way which is right*. Do this, and we shall meet again. Yes, my Louisa, we shall meet again, to part no more—in Paradise!!!

## CHAPTER XVI.

### *A strange Olla Podrida.*

A LIVING monument of all that is great and good, called upon me one morning : he was in deep black. I think it probable that he never before looked upon, so wo-begone a figure as his friend Obadiah. I am proud to say, *he was my friend*. There is a partnership in grief, my Bloomfield, said he, on entering, and I am come to share it with you. I should have been with you before, but the rod of him who loveth whom he chastens has fallen heavily upon me also. I had intermixed so little with the world since I saw Louisa for the last time, and taken so little interest in the concerns thereof, that I knew not to what he alluded. His looks however spoke volumes, but in manly language. The true mourner need not wear the habili-ment of sorrow. He proceeded to console me, *by telling his tale*.—And—oh how sensibly did it make me feel my inferiority to him, both as a man, and a christian ! The yellow-fever had stripped him of parents, wife, and children, at one fell swoop ! His wife—the counter-part of my Louisa, and yet he murmured not ! It was the will of heaven, and he humbly bent the knee to it. Reader, if you are so wretched as to be an unbeliever, you are entitled to, and have my commiseration, and fervent prayers for your conversion. Had my friend been a stoic, he could scarcely have survived such an accumulation of misfortune, but he was a christian, drew largely upon the bank of his religion (such drafts are never protested, be the drawers never so poor and needy) ; and was comforted. I had been fool-hardy enough to fly in the face of my maker, had neglected to resort to my bank ; and was miserable. My inestimable friend, however, soon brought me to reason, and I became decently resigned to that, for which there was no remedy.

Having gathered together my scattered ideas and almost scattered intellect, the healing art again engrossed my attention, and proved a solace to those leaden hours which heedlessly dragged each other along. I attended a second course of lectures, passed the fiery ordeal respectably, and was authorised to attach M. D. to my name. My parents hailed me doctor, and for the first time, since—I—was—*unmanned*—we had a jubilee in the family. My father-in-law had made me his sole heir. I was worth about \$300,000, under three and twenty, and although Louisa was a non-such, the world was not deficient in amiable women: I might marry again, and beget a numerous progeny. Obadiah senior, and his faithful echo, Deborah, would have applied a sponge to my widows'hip (another coinage) in twenty-four hours had it depended upon them. They had again "set their hearts," but it was upon another thing. The one wished to be a grandfather, and the other a grandmother. Two of my sisters had been married eighteen months: now, whether it was their fault, or their husbands' fault, or that it was owing to their barrenness; in which case, it would have been nobody's fault; so it was, there was no fruit produced, nor a distant symptom of the soils' improving by cultivation. My youngest sister was a very good girl, but so monstrous ugly, that her money (\$50,000 certain on the day of marriage) had so far failed to buy her—what most young ladies of seventeen are desirous of having. What a shocking thing it is that a hale, hearty, buxom wench should lead apes in ——— against her inclination, merely because she was out of the way when beauty was sharing. Philanthropists and friends to your country, and to a tenfold increase of its population, it rests with you to correct the procedure.—Establish an ugly club—select these unfortunates—envelop their heads in a bag—their unseen beauties may vie with those of any lady in the land; and—accommodate them as they wish to be accommodated. But do it; I charge ye do it, in an honourable way!—These things being premised, it is not at all to be wondered at, that my parents despaired of a grand-child, save through my agency.

I was tolerably well grounded in the theory of the profession, but in order to be a master of it, it was indispensable that I should be *practically familiar* with it: experience must therefore be had, for never was there a more correct adage than this: "they who teach deceive; analogy may mislead, but experience leads to truth."—There is as much difference between a theoretical and a practical physician, as there is between gold and pewter in value. My circumstances rendering it unnecessary for me to court the business of the rich, I sedulously exerted myself to get an extensive practice amongst the poor, and soon succeeded. I then established an hospital and dispensed the general good. Hundreds were relieved by me, and ere long I reaped an abundant harvest of gratitude.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"Away ! no woman could descend so low.  
 A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are ;  
 Fit only for yourselves. You herd together ;  
 And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,  
 You talk of beauties that you never saw,  
 And fancy raptures that you never knew."

I HAD now been a widower upwards of two years, and my parents were unceasingly intreating me to marry again. They were both pretty ancient, and still no prospect of a grand-child. I was then, as I am now, a passionate admirer of the matrimonial state, and as desirous of issue as they could possibly be ; but to fix upon a proper successor for Louisa was the difficulty. My duty to my parents, however, outweighed all selfish considerations. My heart, it is true, was buried in the grave of my first love, but I thought it not unlikely I should meet with a woman whom I could esteem and respect, and who might give me children ; and bring to me something like happiness. In pursuit of this object, I went more into company than usual, and, whilst in search of a wife, became acquainted with a young lady, whom I shall call Maria ; handsome and very accomplished, and agreeable. I think I might have loved her, had I never known the paragon of her sex. As it was, she brought my desires fairly into action, and was, as I believed, altogether unexceptionable. I addressed her, she did not "play me coy ;" and in six weeks the vacuum in my bed was filled up. I soon discovered that my new wife was constitutionally a wanton—a discovery which occasioned me, as you may well suppose, many heart-aches. She *appeared* to love me, but it was of that sensual description which disgusted me. Her soul participated not in it. She brought forcibly home to my recollection a remarkable observation of one of the greatest physiognomists I ever knew. We were walking together in Market-street (Philadelphia), one

afternoon, and fell in with a Miss B. with whom we were both acquainted. She was a young lady upon whom it was impossible to look "without thinking of something not to be spoken of;" (a phrase of the virtuous and modest lady Mary Wortley Montague's;) so lascivious was her walk, and the look out of her eye. After we separated, my companion, as was his custom, abruptly remarked to me, "Nothing but the dread of a nine months' tell-tale prevents that girl from being a s——— privately; but she is as nature made her: God help her poor husband, if she gets one."—My wife was far from giving me any cause of complaint, conducting herself with the most perfect propriety to every gentleman who visited at our house. Still, when I brooded on her natural defect, I could not avoid anticipating that this state of things would not last long. She became pregnant; and I derived some consolation from being satisfied that that child, at least, was lawfully begotten. She gave me a son in nine months from the day on which our nuptials were celebrated; and all my uneasinesses were temporally forgotten!

The stranger was received with exceeding great joy: the sight of him appeared to renew my parents' ages. He was christened "Obadiah," at my father's express desire, and his mother was out of her confinement, when I was visited by a young gentleman, a school-fellow, whom I shall denominate Blackheart. We had been greatly attached to each other during our boyhood, and I deemed him worthy, in every respect, of the most exalted friendship. For seven years we had not seen each other! Our meeting was a most affecting one. Even Maria, albeit she was not much given to the melting mood, shed tears on witnessing it. He also was a physician, but his father had preferred the Edinburgh school, from whence he had just returned, with the same forbidding aspect he carried along with him (he was even uglier than my sister! , but in manners—a perfect Chesterfield!!! He was, moreover, a finished coxcomb,—performed on several instruments, sung a good song, told a story with much humour,—could cut a caper with his heels—"à la Française," comb a lady's lap-dog, and *steal him too, if she required it*,—abounded with small-talk;—in fine, he

was a perfect master of *all those pretty littlenesses*, which are considered as *indispensable appendages* to a lady's man of the first water, by most of the *weaker part* of the fair sex, and, I grieve to add, that many of the *well-informed* are of the same opinion. For my own part, I was shocked at the metamorphosis, and afraid that my friend was irrecoverably lost to me, for it was not reasonable to suppose that such a trifler as he now was, could love any body but himself. The belles, however, would have, nem. con., voted me a boor, had they penetrated into these my private sentiments; for they, pretty creatures, esteemed him a phoenix! Never was mortal man so caressed before, as Dr. Blackheart was in my native city: and what rendered this yet more unaccountable, was his public avowal of his disinclination to matrimony,—a state which was, with him, an everlasting theme of ridicule. My wife, too—fool that I was ever to dignify her with the title!—she, forsooth, vowed he “*was the most charming man she had ever seen;*” and this to my face! I smothered my resentment, but, by a sort of involuntary instinct, carried my hand to my forehead!!!

I can with truth say, that a spark of jealousy was not engrafted in my system by my Maker; but I was well assured that my honour was in the keeping of a being, cursed with uncontrollable passions, and confident that the citadel of her virtue would not withstand an apology for a siege, when assailed by “the most charming man she had ever seen.” Meantime, I could form no plausible pretext for dispensing with the visits of this *dangerous* Edinburgh doctor. For me he still *appeared to retain* his youthful affection. With me would he laugh at the follies of mankind; acknowledge his own; ascribe them to the fashion of the times; artfully shift them from his own shoulders, and ingeniously contrive to set them down to its account. Nor did he fail to insinuate himself into my purse, from which he had already extracted two or three pretty considerable sums.

He was one day, as he conceived, *enterprising me* with an account of his amours, whilst in Edinburgh. I should have declined the regale, had I imagined that any one was within hearing; but my wife, without my

knowledge (and prompted, as I then *hoped*, by female curiosity alone), had secreted herself in an adjoining room. She had accidentally heard the commencement of the conversation ; it was entirely suited to her taste ; and she chose to be as wise as I would be. In the course of his strange and *incredible* disclosures, he declared to me, upon his most sacred honour, that, in that single city, he had been improperly intimate with no less than twenty-seven married women, within two years !!! I shuddered ! Not that I believed him,—God knows I did not ;—I had not as yet crossed the Atlantic, but I was tolerably well versed in history, and knew the ladies of Edinburgh, *from character*, to the very full as well as he did, who had resided amongst them : the sun does not shine upon more chaste women. —I shuddered at the profligacy and wanton falsehoods of a man, whom I yet loved, in opposition to my better judgment. Old habits are not easily gotten over, and that accounts for it. He proceeded :—What do you think of that, friend Obadiah ? with all the sang froid imaginable ;—wasn't that doing pretty well for so ugly a dog as I know myself to be ? There really is no accounting for the taste of some ladies : why they should have such a violent penchant for us hickory-faced fellows, is a mystery which I have never, for the soul of me, been able to fathom. I'll engage, now, that you can't say half as much : and, whether you consider it as flattery or not, I must tell you, that, in the whole course of my travels, I never set eyes upon a handsomer man ; nay, don't blush,—still as modest as ever, I see.—Deuce take me, if I can divine how you managed to court your wives,—curse me if they must not have met you more than half way. I had coloured,—but it was with indignation. How necessary is it for a moralist to go into court with clean hands ! I too had been a seducer ! I too had committed adultery ! With a beam in my own eye, I dared not attempt to remove the motes which were in his, according to his own statement. I endeavoured to force a smile, but felt a real inclination to weep. I knew you would be shocked, quoth the doctor, at the heinousness of my offences, and consider me as having sinned past redemption ; but hear what I have to say in extenuation

of my backslidings, before you pass final sentence upon me. You must know, then, that I went, well stocked with letters, to Edinburgh; the polished inhabitants of which, vied with each other in paying me every attention. In truth, they overwhelmed me with civilities and hospitality." "And in requital thereof," mentally thought I, "you debauched their wives and daughters,—unprincipled monster!" "The world cannot boast of a more delectable city than the New Town;—such women! and such claret! Gods! I am carried off at a tangent into the Elysian Fields, whenever I think of the pleasures which have gone by. My father is as rich as a Jew, you know, and your most obsequious his only child. When I was about to sail for Europe, the old curmudgeon opened his heart, and not only accommodated me with a considerable sum in good sound cash, but unlimited letters of credit. I should have been a fool and an ass, had I not made use of them,—ha, Obadiah? Thus furnished,—may be the young American did not astonish the natives. I bled freely upon all occasions; retained in my service, as pimp, a son of the identical Cadie Fraser, of whom such honourable mention is made in Smollet's "Humphrey Clinker,"—took out my degrees as a buck, a blood, and bon vivant,—and soon became, as is the case with every pigeon in that country, who willingly suffers himself to be plucked, a favourite with man, woman, and child. Not having leisure for study, I purchased my diploma, and gave a needy Scotchman, a superior classical scholar, fifty goldfinches to write my thesis. By the bye, I am told, Obadiah, it is an elegant thing; for, may I never kiss the young rib of an old dotard again, if ever I took the trouble to read it; Latin pure, and subject handled in the ablest manner. Apropos, you have a copy, and can judge for yourself. Once in the good graces of the bonny, and boney, yellow-haired lasses, my next step was to ornament the brows of their unsuspecting husbands. With some I proceeded by sap,—with others by a coup de main; and when they struck their flags, I should have been unworthy of the name of a man,—another Joseph,—had I not marched in with drums beating and colours flying!!! Ha, ha, ha!

Two or three of the dear creatures were, between ourselves, in such a piteous taking, that they benevolently dropped their 'kerchief's without waiting for the etiquette of a challenge. But I warily guarded against tampering with the maids, and they could hold out their lures too. A married woman *can* and will keep such a secret inviolable ; but the poor spinsters—alack, and alas a day ! in a time of need, *they are not already provided with a father for the illegitimate.*”

I was doomed to undergo the penance of listening to this execrable rodomontade for more than an hour, when he suddenly stopped short, recollected an engagement, and requested of me the loan of some more money ; adding, that he would be engaged in a party at loo in the evening,—“ And we shall play deep, Obadiah, d—d deep. I really am ashamed to trouble you again, my dear fellow ; but I played such havoc with the old codger's pocket whilst abroad, that he has looked as sour as double-distilled verjuice ever since my return. I shall, however, “touch him for a few” shortly, my mother having lent me her aid,—the grey mare was always the better horse,—and then I will repay you all.” I gave him the sum required, with all despatch, and he took his leave.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“ O, what authority and show of truth  
 Can cunning sin cover itself withal !  
 Comes not those words as modest evidence  
 To witness simple virtue !———”

MY *friendly* tormentor being gone, I was left a prey to melancholy and dire forebodings, and with steps “solitary and slow,” bent my course to my study, the usual scene of my meditations ; and was deep in thought, when I heard a rap at its door. It was my wife, with our boy in her arms. Such a passport was, perhaps, at that time requisite, for she—even she, was the sole and only cause of my disquiet.—“ The most charming man she had ever seen,” still stuck in my gizzard—added to which, was my recent acquaintance with his principles and morals, or rather, to speak more properly, his no morals, and no principles. The sight of my infant however restored to me my wonted complacency, and I received her as though every thing was right. She soon explained to me the cause which had procured for me this unexpected visit to my sanctum sanctorum. For she well knew, that when I retired to my study, I chose to be alone. After having apologized in the sweetest manner imaginable, for intruding upon my privacy, (for she had a tongue which “ could wheedle with the D—l” —“ the most charming man she ever knew,” had slipped out, when she was off her guard)—You really must not be angry with me, my dearest husband, observed she—I know I have been much to blame, but I was not sensible I was doing wrong at the time ; and have come to confess my fault. I accidentally overheard every word Dr. Blackheart said to you this afternoon—’Tis true, I should have gone away as soon as I ascertained the tenour of his discourse, but we women are frequently more inquisitive than is becoming. What an abominable wretch he is ! I could not have supposed it possible that such depravity existed upon earth, and must in-

treat you to forbid his visits at our house, for, however innocent I may be, my character, which is far dearer to me than life, may suffer in consequence of them. Such a viper is positively unworthy of the notice of any gentleman—the doors of married men, and those who have grown up daughters ought, above all, to be for ever closed against him; in order that the weaker sex might not be exposed to his insults. Not that I apprehend any of our ladies would for a moment listen, much less lend a favourable ear, to his odious propositions. Thank God! I have too exalted an opinion of the virtue of the American fair, to harbour such a thought. If the boaster speaks truly, which I very much doubt, our women must be a superior order of beings to those of the old world.”

Credulous Obadiah! He swallowed all this with as much avidity as though it had been gospel. How deeply—how cruelly—how unmeritedly—had I wronged the dear angel, from whose lips issued such noble sentiments as these! I clasped her to my bosom—kissed her in an agony of remorse and self condemnation, and at that propitious moment, a feeling for her, nearly allied to love, found its way to my heart, for the first time. She was surprised, and evidently highly gratified, at the warmth of my manner. I had always treated her with the utmost kindness, but had never before played *to her* the part of the “enthusiastic lover.” I continued to bestow upon her kisses and caresses, and gave those cares to the winds which had nearly shipwrecked my peace. This momentary delirium over—I warmly applauded the correctness of her opinion—told her it was in exact unison with my own—that unquestionably Blackheart, from his own account of himself, was unfit society for any female who set a value upon her reputation—that it would however be improper to break with him all at once, as it might excite suspicion—but that I would shake him off gradually; and ended with saying, that she could not have made to me a more agreeable request. She acknowledged, but at the same time deplored, the necessity there was for my adopting this line of conduct, declaring that it would require the utmost stretch of her politeness to treat him again

with common civility. Blithe as a lark, I proposed that we should divide the evening betwixt our parents, to which she joyfully assented. We drove first to Obadiah senior's, being nearest our residence. I entered his house with the air of a bridegroom. I had not been so happy since the death of the ever to be regretted Louisa. My mother was astonished, and, making an opportunity, desired to speak with me in an adjoining room. "What has produced this wonderful alteration in you, my son? For months past, you have been evidently out of spirits, and always in the dismal. I was afraid you did not live happily with your wife, until you assured me to the contrary; but now, all of a sudden, you are a new man, and look and talk as you were wont to do, when our dear lost Louisa was alive. If I was not aware of your remarkable sobriety, I should certainly suppose you had been drinking." It was too tender a point to make a confession upon to any one: I therefore told her, that I had been a little uneasy in mind, but that the cause was now removed, and must remain a secret, even from her. This half and half explanation was far from proving satisfactory to my mother, who panted to know *the whole story of the matter*; but she found me resolute in my determination, and pressed the thing no farther. Happily for me my other parent, who was now in his second childhood, had not noticed the "hidden grief," which had blanched the once blooming cheek of his son—for my mother was too prudent and good a wife, to divide suspicions with him, which could only tend to make him miserable, when exhausted nature craved repose. Our visits paid, I returned to my dwelling, and retired to my apartment contented with my lot.

## CHAPTER XIX.

“————— O she is fallen  
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again ;  
And salt too little, which may season give  
To her foul tainted flesh !”

THE next morning I received despatches from Boston by express, apprising me that my eldest sister was dangerously ill. She had gone thither with her husband, on a visit to his relations ; had taken a violent cold by the way, and was attacked with pneumonia, soon after her arrival. Her situation was deemed most critical. Indeed my brother-in-law, who was aware of my great attachment to her, charged me to expedite my journey ; or I might never see her more. He well knew that the age and infirmities of her parents precluded the possibility of their undertaking such a journey, and conjured me to keep her situation a secret from them. Such a reservation was most painful to me, but it was proper. A disclosure could do them no good, and might have been productive of much harm. I accordingly told them, that indispensable business called me to that city, and easily obtained their permission for my unmarried sister, who was extremely fond of travelling, to accompany me. I wished much for Maria to be of the party, but I would not deprive my son of the protection of both his parents, and his tender age required that he should be left behind. I was now under no apprehensions of my wife's acting indiscreetly—thought no more of Dr. Blackheart, or any other blackhearted fellow—bid my family a most affectionate farewell, ascended my vehicle, and drove off at a round rate, within two hours after the arrival of the express. My professional business had been committed to the charge of a physician upon whom I could rely. I presently explained to my companion the object of my journey, who was more obliged to me than ever for taking her along with me. As

travelled post, you may very well conjecture that my days did not elapse ere we reached Boston. We found our sister alive it is true, but almost in the last extremity; however her physicians yet had hopes of her, they were the most skillful in the place. They long since discarded all nosological arrangements, being productive of great evil to the patient; and ascribed for the symptoms, not the name of a disease. One of them had been upwards of forty, the other upwards of thirty years in the practice. I had the honour to be admitted to a consultation with them in the case, in the issue of which I was so deeply interested; and acquired more practical information from them in the short space of two hours, than I could have derived from books in as many months. It was not a consultation on pneumonia simply, but a dissertation on the practice of physic generally. They had been anxiously awaiting our arrival, being satisfied the sight of us would prove a cordial to their patient (who had not lost her senses, although as much affected by her disease as it was possible for her to be) and hoped that with their conjoined exertions, a favorable crisis might be the result. Nor were their hopes fallacious, for in twenty-four hours afterwards, my dear sister was evidently better; and in a reasonable time became convalescent. Nevertheless she had been so very ill, that she regained her strength but slowly, and we were hourly in dread of a relapse. Extensive nursing at last succeeded in restoring her to a state of health that I might venture to leave her, but I had been six weeks from home.—An aged man who idolised his child, and who was trying to save his wife. I left my youngest sister with that man who was so lately rescued from the jaws of the enemy, and hastened back to my family. My wife received me, as Louisa would have done, as to external things—I could not dive into her thoughts, and read what was going on there. My son and parents were well, and my medical friend had discharged his duty faithfully. Thus far—all was as it should be. In the evening Dr. Blackheart called in to pay me his respects, and congratulate me on the recovery of a patient so dear to me. Maria received him with so

distant a politeness that I was amazed he did not notice it. Had I been so treated by any lady, my feelings would have been most severely wounded ; but it was highly gratifying to me, with whom she had kept her word. Excellent woman, thought I—what an idiot I was to be under any apprehensions with regard to this man ! It is evident she abhors him. He notwithstanding staid supper with us, and it appeared to give her pain whenever she invited him to partake of what stood in her neighbourhood. At last he made a finish of his unwelcome visit, and I, being much fatigued with travelling, courted repose.

I had ever been in the habit of rising early, and was stirring soon after the new day made its appearance. Having availed myself of the benefit of a cold bath, as was my constant practice for several years ; I was about visiting my hospital in order to economise time, before breakfast, when I was cautiously stopped by an old and faithful domestic, who had aided my mother in nursing me, and whom I had long since ceased to consider in the light of a servant. She set her finger upon her lips with an air of mystery, and beckoned me to follow her, looking carefully around in order to discover, as I presumed, whether we were noticed. A cold chill ran over me, which was succeeded by a vertigo, and it became necessary for me to throw myself into a chair, and call for a glass of water ; which was promptly furnished me by old Margaret. My houses had not been burned—there had been no depreciation in the price of stock, and my friends were in excellent health.—No evil was then to betide me, unless it was through the medium of my wife. All my previous suspicions recurred to my imagination with ten-fold force. I considered the deed as already done—and done by Blackheart, in despite of the artful behaviour (for artful I was now sure it was) of Maria, the night before. I wished, and yet dreaded, to hear the awful secret which old nurse was about to impart to me ; for that she had something of importance to communicate was but too evident from her manner. When sufficiently recovered, I obeyed her summons, she led me to my study, and after we had entered it, prayed me to lock the door. This done,

she entered upon what would have been a tale of horror, had I loved my wife. My dearest Oby—master I mean, if Miss Beckie had not been so ill all this might not have happened: (what all? thought I—I would know the *all* without any circumlocution.) But it would though, for *whatever is to be, will be*. (Sound logic this!) Here have been strange doings since you left us, my child—such doings! Lord have mercy upon us!—There's no trusting any one now-a-days. Ah master, master! all is not gold that glitters.—To think of her deceit at supper last night.—Whose deceit? Answer me quickly, nurse.—Don't talk so loud, my dearest Oby—or you'll spoil all. Why my mistress's to be sure—but—whisper—whisper—for if they find out that I told upon them, they'll be the death of your poor Margaret. As I'm a living creature, and have a soul to be saved—but it will shock you too much, master.—Go on, nurse, I am prepared for the worst.—Well then that same Dr. Black-devil filled—your—place—while you were gone to Boston. I thought so, said I, involuntarily. Good God! continued nurse, you thought so, and yet went away and left her at his mercy!—But I have good reason to believe that they had made a beginning before you went. You don't tell me so, nurse. It is not possible! I tell you it is possible and certain too, that I went unexpectedly into the parlour one day when you were out. She was seated in his lap, her arm around his neck, and they were kissing away, *for dear life*. Now when a married woman sits in another man's lap, and suffers him to kiss her, it is not at all unlikely but she will consent to grant him the last favour.—And this happened before my departure for Boston?—At least two days. Had I not been abundantly convinced of the integrity and veracity of Margaret, I could not have given credit to this. She now descended to particulars, and not a doubt remained upon my mind but Blackheart had been admitted into my house by the abandoned hussey, and had occupied my bed, on the very first night after I left the city!!! After having disclosed every thing, Margaret returned to her apartment, unobserved by any one. What was to be done in this case? Maria's family was a very respectable one; her

parents were very much attached to me ; she had three sisters unmarried, and a brother whom I dearly loved. Some respect was due to, and to be had for, their feelings. The whole was not to be disgraced, because one daughter had acted infamously. I took counsel of an experienced friend, who was a "man of the world" in every sense of the phrase ; in pursuance of which, Maria was to be treated as usual, until I caught her in the very fact. We correctly concluded that this would prove no difficult matter. I could not play the part of a dissembler long. Accordingly, in conformity with our arrangement, I invited Blackheart to sup with me the next evening but one. He attended. Supper over, a thundering rap was heard at my door—a servant entered with a pressing message from his mistress, requesting me to visit her husband immediately ; who was extremely ill at his country-seat twenty miles distant. I affected to part with Maria with great reluctance so soon after my return, but as the gentleman was an intimate and valued acquaintance, there was no alternative. Go I must. As soon as my equipage was ready, Blackheart took his leave, and I drove to the residence of my counsellor. In about an hour Margaret joined us, and announced that my quondam friend was—where he ought not to be. I had taken care to secure a noiseless admission into my premises. We took a dark lanthorn, and found them in bed together!!! And you put them both to death, says the fashionable reader—I could not murder the mother of my child. You at least slew your false friend.—No such thing—he that is unworthy *to live*, is certainly not good enough *to die*. I told Blackheart that for the sake of my son, and wife's connections, I deemed it advisable to keep his atrocious villany a secret ; and ordered him, as he valued his life, not to boast of, or divulge it ; giving him fair warning that if he did, no distance nor place, not even the altar ; should screen him from my vengeance. I then commanded him to retire, which he did without uttering one word. Madam was also dumb ; for there were three witnesses to her shame. You have acquitted yourself like a hero, remarked my confidant, and I honour you for it.

The most painful part of the business was yet to come. My heart bled for her excellent family. The most savage torture is as nothing, when compared to what their ingenuous minds were about to suffer. But the die was cast, and the wound must be inflicted. There was no parrying it.——— I reviled not Maria, but desired her to dress herself, as I meant to return her to her parents. To them, her secret must be revealed; with them, it would be safe. For the world another story would be prepared. *She* burst into tears, who had continued sullen before, fell upon her knees, said she dared not ask for my forgiveness, but entreated me not to expose her to her parents. I was not to be moved from my purpose. I lifted her into a carriage, retaining my son, broke in upon the peaceful slumbers of those who gave her being; and, heaven knows how unwillingly, revealed to them her worthlessness, which was corroborated by my companions, who was well known as a man to be relied upon, and who had been an eye-witness to it. This done, I flew from the house of misery and wo, returned to my own, which was but little better; and watched over my boy until he awoke to comfort me.

## CHAPTER XX.

*The Rencontre.*

AS the dissolution of a matrimonial co-partnership never fails to furnish the thousand tongues of scandal with abundant matter for conversation, and is invariably a nine days wonder, I had resolved to cause it to be circulated, that Maria and myself had separated by mutual consent—that there was a dissimilarity in our tempers which rendered it impossible for us to live happily together; but that we had delayed it to the last moment, in the joint hope that so painful a resort might become unnecessary. In short I cared not to what cause it was ascribed, save the right one; and it was a matter of indifference to me how much I was censured upon the occasion, so as her reputation remained pure and unsullied, in the eyes of the world. But her evil genius ordered it otherwise; as will shortly be seen.

I had forced down a cup of coffee, appetite for breakfast I had none; when the name of a gentleman, who was a first cousin of Maria's, was announced. He was invited in, and I was about to receive him as usual, when I perceived a loftiness and coldness in his manner, which forbade it. He bowed as stiffly as though the macarone had corsets on, and delivered me a letter in silence. It was from the brother of Maria, and contained what follows:

SIR,

If, in addition to being an infamous calumniator, scoundrel, and villain, you are not a coward, you will not fail to meet me at ———, Delaware, at six o'clock to-morrow morning, then and there to answer for your outrageous attack upon the fair fame of the sister of

HENRY S. CLEMENTS.

P. S. My cousin, who will hand you this, is fully empowered to make the necessary arrangements with such *gentleman* as you may fix upon for your friend ; provided you can prevail upon any one to act for such a disgrace to civilized society as you are.

DR. BLOOMFIELD.

*Wednesday morning.*

I was shocked at the perusal of this challenge, the first I had ever seen. To keep Maria's dishonour a secret was now without the compass of possibilities : she had published it herself. " I wait for your reply," observed the cousin, unlocking his lips. You shall have it in two hours ; I must reflect a little first : to rush uncalled into the presence of one's Maker is a very serious thing. " In two hours then we shall certainly hear from you." Even so, sir. He departed. It appears, as I subsequently learnt, that Maria had resolved to brazen it out ; and, as soon as our backs were turned, solemnly avowed her innocence to her parents, denied every thing, and endeavoured to persuade them, that my friend and self had *fabricated the tale* in order to ruin her. But they lent a deaf ear to the ebullitions of her effrontery, being convinced, however dreadful the conviction, that it was true, true, too true. With her inexperienced and loving brother she was more successful. He gave ready credence to whatever she thought proper to tell him, and, like another Chamont, he vowed to wash out the stain from her character with my blood ; believing her to be a much abused and innocent woman. Hence his invitation to a *leaden feast* in Delaware.

I despatched a servant for Col. M'Donald, my associate in the discovery of Maria's guilt, and in the interium communed with myself. I had never as yet stood powder and ball, but several of my brothers had, and some of the same blood which animated them, coursed in my arteries and veins. They however had marched into the field under their country's banners, and fought for its liberty !—When they fell, it was in the bed of *real honour*, and their kindred boasted of their martyrdom in the hallowed cause of patriotism and independence. But does the duellist, who is the votary of false honour, die gloriously ? Did any man

ever derive satisfaction from the circumstance of his father's having fallen in a duel? Ah no! and now I was imperiously called upon to engage in one—Wherefore? Why forsooth, because my wife had thought proper to make a cuckold of me, and deny it afterwards! A hard case. Don't you think so, master Brook? I had ever been opposed to duelling, and am still opposed to it, except in very extreme cases, from conscientious motives. If I know myself, I was never afraid of my carcase, but of my soul. I was ever appalled when I reflected upon what was likely to become of that. Still it was unavoidable to take the opinion of the world into the scale, and that was friendly to the horrid practice. What was to be done? I was a young man of some standing in the community. Was this to be lost to me by boldly refusing the challenge for the sake of my immortal part? Or was I to endanger my everlasting felicity, by *appreciating more highly* the whim of mere mortals, than the commands of my God, and accept it? I am weary of conjectures. Here comes Col. M'Donald. He, I trust, will end them; for by his decision will I be governed. I put the challenge into his hands. He read it attentively. "The lad is scurrilous enough, upon my troth. Have you come to any determination respecting the matter?" Not as yet. I sent for you in order to deposit with you my honour. I know it will be in safe keeping, and from this moment I place myself under your guidance. Right child; I am old, and, unhappily, too conversant with this sort of business. You shall not fight *a duel* with him, it would be a sin and a pity; but if I do not bring you honourably off, say that the blood of the M'Donalds has become degenerate. In two hours I am pledged to give him an answer. I'll wait on the fiery spark immediately, and see if I can't bring him to reason. I marvel whether he will condescend to consider me as a gentleman. If not, I'll e'en send home for the pedigree of my clan—ha, ha, ha! and away he went. He returned in about half an hour, very much flustered. I never was so ill used in all my life, Obadiah: this young dog is determined to kill, or be killed, for he has carved out another difficulty for himself. Would you believe it,

he had the audacity to give me, to give a M'Donald, the lie direct; and accuse me of being a complotter with you, in a vile scheme to destroy the character of his sister. I was about to give him, what the lie invariably gets in Scotland, a sound drubbing; for old as I am, I am able to dress most of your fair weather chaps; but I thought better of it, and told him he should have to attend to me, provided he did not require a wooden jacket before he had done with you; adding, that you had your private reasons for not accepting his challenge (I knew your *sentiments in regard to duelling long since*, Obadiah, and *cordially approve of them*); but would be in Delaware at the place and time appointed; and if he was *really in earnest*, he might attack you, and you would of course defend that life which your Creator gave you. He said he wished for nothing more, that he always knew you had something of the parson about you, and would remove your qualms of conscience, by compelling you to act upon the defensive. There is no getting over the thing, my dear fellow; I am very sorry for it: both your lives are too valuable to be thrown away for such a hardened monster, as the woman must be, to whom, in an inauspicious hour, you gave your name. But art not afraid to smell gunpowder I hope?—You will be the better judge to-morrow, my dear sir.—Well, child, all that I can say upon the subject is this, that you have come from a good breed. I had an admirable sample of it during the revolutionary war, for I had the honour to hold a commission in the same regiment to which your brothers belonged, and Caledonia herself never produced braver soldiers. But we must bustle, Obadiah; we have little time to spare, as I intend, God willing, we shall be upon the ground before the hour appointed. “My will can be as well made in half an hour as in a thousand years. After that is disposed of, I’ll just go see my parents, and be ready to set off in an hour from this.” See your parents! see a fiddlestick. No, my young friend, that will never do. You have need of all your pluck, let me tell you. You must think of nothing but your honour now. Make your will, and call for me as soon as you have done. See your parents indeed! the sight of them

would deprive you of one fourth of your manhood. Adieu, Obadiah, behave courageously to-morrow, and my life for it you come off with flying colours. I sent for an attorney and witnesses, had my will duly executed; and in less than an hour we had set out upon our journey. We arrived, at a late hour, at a tavern, in the neighbourhood of the place fixed upon for our rencontre; accompanied by my surgeon. My friend, who was a duelist in his heart, whatever he might say to the contrary, had furnished me with a pair of excellent pistols with hair spring triggers, and in complete order for "*bringing down a bird*," as he termed it.

The morning came. The pistols were loaded and primed. Before the hour-glass could again perform its function, Henry, or Obadiah, or both of them, might be no more numbered amongst the living! awful thought! and yet I felt not half so uncomfortable as when I ascended the pulpit for the first time. I had truly repented me of the crimes I was sensible of having committed; believed that I had made my peace with heaven; and was prepared to die. Indeed I considered my death as inevitable, for Henry was a first-rate shot; he thirsted for my blood; and I had fired at, and missed a door!

We repaired to the scene for action; it was ten minutes before six; my antagonist, that was to be, did not suffer me to cool my heels long; for in five afterwards, he rode furiously up, dismounted, and made at me, frantic with rage. "Defend yourself." "I am prepared to do so," said I. "Bravo," observed M'Donald, "You are as cool and collected as I could wish you to be." My brother-in-law fired and missed me. I discharged my pistol in the air. He called out to me to draw the other, said he was not at all obliged to me for my forbearance, and that he never would quit the contest, until one, or both of us fell. I again received his fire, and was slightly wounded in the arm, returned it, but without effect. Our pistols were reloaded. M'Donald tapped me on the shoulder, "You are a brave boy, a brave boy, we'll see 'em out, if they are all trumps." We resumed our stations—(it had been so agreed upon by our seconds,) and fired

together. Henry fell, and I escaped unhurt. I sprang to his assistance, but he dashed me from him indignantly. He was shot through the body, and I feared mortally wounded. My surgeon without waiting for me to desire him to do so, united his efforts with *his*, and whilst they were probing his wound, his second, the cousin, who had brought me the challenge, stepped up to me, took my hand, and pressed it betwixt both of his. Dr. Bloomfield, said he, you have acted most nobly upon this trying and melancholy occasion. Come what will, no blame can attach to you. I pray you pardon me for my excessive rudeness, of yesterday. I had not then seen my unele and aunt, or, depend upon it, I should not have been the bearer of such a communication to you. A summary of his sister's representations had been hastily given to me by your brother-in-law, and I took it for granted, that she was the most aggrieved woman upon earth. What a weathercock is man? Yesterday morning I could have seen your throat cut with delight; to-day, I felt as much interested in your fate as though you had been my brother. You must not return to town without a letter from me to Henry's parents. They shall be convinced, that if their son does die, he is indebted to his own obstinacy for it; and that you are guiltless of his blood. By this time the surgeons had got through the examination of their patient, bled him copiously, and pronounced a doubtful prognostic. He was tenderly removed to the nearest inn, and put to bed. Being still as inveterate as ever against me, I resolved to return to the city, leaving my surgeon to act in conjunction with his; with a request that he would write me particularly by every mail how Henry did, for I sincerely hoped he might recover. I was furnished with the promised letter, and our homes soon received M'Donald and myself.

My first care after my arrival was to despatch the letter to my father-in-law. In about an hour he was with me; burst into a flood of tears, and called me son. "If our Henry's madness costs him his life, you must supply his place." The vile wretch has confessed all. After perusing my nephew's letter, and communicating its contents to my distracted wife; I ordered her

to be called. She dared not disobey the summons. See, madam, said I, read this! "It is your work." She had scarcely cast her eyes over the paper ere her aspect assumed a demoniacal appearance; "I was sure he would have killed him, he was so excellent a shot; and then I should have married my dearest dear Blackheart, the only man I ever loved. He can shoot too, but his precious life must not be endangered; poison! let me see, yes, that will do. He shall be poisoned. And then I shall be happiest of the happy." We thought her frantic. It would have been a mercy had she been so. My poor brother—he thought me innocent. ha, ha, ha! If he must die, let him die in that belief; if it will avail him aught. But I now glory in my shame, and this night shall give me to my beloved. I can exist without him no longer. Bloomfield told you the truth, old man; and she flounced out of the room. I made no effort to prevent it, she has left my house, and has doubtless joined the corrupt partner of her guilt. I endeavoured to soothe the excellent man as much as in me lay. "If it only pleases God to restore my Henry to us, I think I shall be able to bear Maria's backsliding like a man. For my poor boy to lose his life in such a cause is horrible, insupportable. But come with me to your mother-in-law, who is solicitous to see you, and assure you she is not angry with you, and, by all means, take your boy along."

## CHAPTER XXI.

*A specimen of Dr. Blackheart's epistolary flowers.*

TO go to Delaware and find their Henry a corpse, would have been an aggravation of their wo; and this consideration at first deterred his parents from undertaking to pay him a visit, but natural love soon prevailed, and they set out on the journey. Previous to their departure, however, we had positive information that Maria was living openly with Blackheart in Wilmington, Delaware. The intelligence did not occasion me a momentary pang; on the contrary, I thanked my lucky stars for being freed from a syren of such peerless depravity.

The situation of Henry continued critical for several days, but *a very free use of the lancet*, proper regimen, and medicines, at length subdued every unfavourable symptom; and in fourteen days after *our rencontre* my surgeon wrote me that he was out of all danger. Singular to relate, a conviction of my innocence had contributed greatly to so favourable a result! No advice could have been more grateful to my feelings. I hurried to his sick bed as fast as my horses could carry me. The warm-hearted, mistaken, and contrite, Henry, is again my fast friend! I remained with him until he was able to travel, and we returned together.

So you have fought a duel, and in all probability killed your man, was the surly remark of Obadiah, senior, to me, the day after my return from the bloody field; fine doings for a christian truly. Pardon me for contradicting you, father, but I did not fight a due. Ah, my son, don't make bad worse by attempting to salve it over by calling it a rencontre. I tell you, Obadiah, it was a duel to all intents and purposes, and if your brother-in-law dies, in the eyes of God you will be his murderer. Did not you go to Delaware for the express purpose of being met and attacked by him? Did not you carry col. McDonald's hair spring trigger pistols, the

the most deadly of all weapons, along with you? Were not you first upon the ground? And yet it was a *rencontre*. I have had the dictionary looked for the meaning of that word, and find that it implies a "sudden *unexpected* combat." And yet you rode some fifty miles to put yourself in the way of it! colonel M'Donald is a very good *worldly* man, but he is too much of a grandee, in his notions of honour, to be fit company for a christian, such as you were. Forshame, Obadiah; call it no longer a *rencontre*, but a duel; and before you sleep to-night, pray to God to pardon you for having infringed one—nay two—of his most sacred commandments. He is full of loving mercy, and you will not call upon him in vain. Meanwhile your earthly father forgives you: it is the first fault of note he ever knew you to commit, and he trusts it will be the last. But you are wounded in the arm, my darling? "A scratch honoured sir, a mere scratch." I have known a cut of the finger bring on spasms and carry off a human being. Have the best advice, my boy, there's no knowing what may happen, there are so many outlets to life. "I could almost find it in my heart to bear malice against that Jezebel who has occasioned all this mischief. But no! A true christian loves those who persecute him, and I hope I am a true one, although an ignorant old man." There was no getting over the shrewd observations of the "old carpenter" touching the *rencontre*, as M'Donald would fain have us call it. When we fired together *especially*, there was something so very like duelling in it, that, like the (supposed) proximate cause of many diseases, it might, without any great stretch of propriety, be construed the "*morbis ipse*." Psha! Plague on it! I will smell of the shop—but set it down to the account of Dr. Rush, not Obadiah junior.

Henry was declared out of danger, and I heard no more lectures on the theme of duelling. Indeed my father privately acknowledged to my mother, that as it was so well over, he was glad it had happened, for they now know that Oby *will fight*, and will take care how they meddle with him again. My late antagonist was now perfectly recovered, and more devoted to me than ever. To endeavour at the reformation of his

sister was his first care, but he might just as soon have reclaimed *Moll Flanders*. She would not even see him—would not see that brother who had nearly lost his life in defence of that, which she had not. She sent him word, that she had rather a thousand times “go upon the town” than return to her family, and sustain their perpetual taunts for her dereliction from virtue. She was incorrigible, and he abandoned her to her fate. Blackheart wearing the cloak of a friend, had free access to my house, and, availing himself of the privilege, had seduced my wife; but, as I was thoroughly impressed with the belief, from her natural temperament, that she had met him more than half way; I had determined to leave him to that punishment which is invariably sooner or later inflicted, by the anguish of a guilty conscience. In fact, I had *faithfully promised* my parents so to do, but the following letter induced me to alter this determination.

I was about to sit down to my dinner one day when colonel M'Donald stepped in. “There is something which will perhaps act as a provocation to a good appetite. Obadiah. Read it, and tell me what you think of it. One of my countrymen would call it a ‘bonnie epistle.’ It was put into my hands a short time since by the gentleman to whom it is addressed, who is a young man of sterling worth. Such a correspondent is, however, no credit to him. He thought you ought to see it, and I accord with him in sentiment. It was written to him whilst in Charleston, South-Carolina, from whence he has but just returned, or it would have been in your possession sooner.”

### THE LETTER.

Dear Theodore,

The substance, and length of this, will I hope, prove a sufficient apology for my not having written sooner. I have such glorious news to communicate to you! Prepare to envy me, you dog for I have lived in clover for several weeks past. You will scarcely believe me, but, upon honour, I am not exercising the privilege of a traveller now. You recoll-

lect our quondam school-fellow Obadiah Bloomfield, and how very much attached *we appeared to be to each other* whilst at the academy. On his part it was real—I know it was—but it was impossible for a lad of spirit (I was always a lad of spirit, was't I, Theodore?) to respect, much less love such a canting, whining, sanctified, piece of stuff as he was. By the bye, he was afterwards a methodist preacher, as I always predicted. It was, however, convenient and necessary for me to keep well with him. My father was an old skin-flint, and allowed me but one dollar per week.—One dollar per week for pocket money—but his furnished him with cash enough for both of us. Many a time and oft have I milked him of it until his purse was as empty as a bottle that had not been filled for a century. His purse then was the object of my adoration.—That I loved with a most cordial affection; and whenever a fresh remittance arrived, a few sweet words were sure to give me a controul over it. This state of things continued until we separated, and I did not see my tool again until my return from Edinburgh. I soon learnt that he was married, and reckoned amongst the richest men in the city. I instantaneously resolved to play the same game over again; waited upon him, and affected to be almost overcome with joy at the sight of him. I played my part, indeed, to a miracle.—Lavater himself would not have suspected the imposition. The gudgeon swallowed the bait with avidity, and I was introduced to his wife as his first friend. Gods! What an inviting creature she was—my mouth watered as I looked upon her; and I instantly marked her for my own. *Friends* should have every thing in common, Theodore. I know you never mean to marry, or I should not make such a declaration *to you*. I was received by her in the most enchanting manner imaginable, and left nothing unessayed, to render myself as agreeable as possible to them both. I was rewarded by a pressing invitation to dine, and make his house my home; if I was not more comfortably accommodated. Nothing could have better chimed in with my views upon his better half, than a residence under the ass's roof; had not our habits been so very dissimilar. With him, every thing went on like clock work: a

regular hour for breakfasting, dining, supping, and morning and evening prayers, into the bargain—Ha, ha, ha ! I would never have been an acceptable inmate in such a mansion. The cloven foot would have been too soon visible. I however parried the thing with admirable dexterity, and was requested to favour them with as much of my company as could be spared from other engagements. And I did favour them accordingly—his wife frequently, without Obadiah's knowing a syllable of the matter. Still, however, I was obliged to feel my way with the utmost caution. She might be a virtuous woman (this I doubted most damnably from the second day of my acquaintance with her, but the knowing ones are sometimes taken in), and, in that case, would have blown me at once to her husband ; had I presumed to offer to take any improper liberties with her. His coffers, which I had already laid under contribution to the tune of 2000 dollars, would then have been for ever shut to me, and I should have had to curse my own folly in secret for it. I went however as far as I durst with safety ; extolled her beauty and accomplishments to the skies ; envied her husband the possessor of such a jewel ; lamented that my absence from the country had prevented me from putting in my claim, &c. &c. All which trumpery was well received. I now unmasked my battery in consequence of a young *maid* servant, (whom, I kept in pay) reporting to me, that she heard her mistress say, in presence of her master, that I was the most charming man she had ever seen, and he expressed no displeasure at it. I always knew Obadiah to be a most egregious coward, and as ignorant of the world as the sucking babe ; (but I never believed him to be quite such a great fool before,) I made love to her openly, and in less than forty-eight hours introduced her, "*nothing loth*," to a dark house. Admirable places these, ha, Theodore ? A few days afterwards we were surprised in very suspicious circumstances by an *old woman servant*. The cuckold was from home visiting his *charity* patients, and we were toying and kissing in his parlour, she sitting upon my knee ; when *she* opened the door, and caught us in the fact. She started back—I beg pardon, said she, but I verily thought it had been my

master. This was delivered, with such a tone of assurance, that I—even I—felt it, and was abashed. She retired, and I expressed my apprehensions to Maria, (that is her name,) lest she should betray us. Make yourself perfectly easy on that score, Edward. She dare not do it. But apropos, I strongly suspect that my beautiful spouse is jealous of us. You don't say so, said I, alarmed at the idea of sporting no more with his dollars. As sure as you are a living man, *I think* he is, and you must not take it amiss if I use you like a dog shortly; *whenever he is present*. I shall avail myself of the first convenient opportunity to tell him that I abhor you, and pray him to forbid you the house. I know he won't do it, but it will answer our purpose effectually. I myself accidentally afforded one in a day or two; Maria made use of it, and easily discovered she had been correct in her conjectures; but she quizzed the dolt finely, and set all straight again. The very next day he was called to Boston by the illness of a favourite sister, and has been absent five weeks, during which, being his true friend, I have performed family duty for him. When he will return I know not, but between ourselves, as "constancy never was for me"—I begin to get tired of the warm-constituted jade, have sprung fresh game, and expect momentarily to bring it down. Hasten back then, dearest Theodore, and take her off my hands. You are a handsome lusty youth, and will suit her to a T. Depend upon it, you will have no difficulty to encounter. I'll underwrite your success in a week, for a five-penny-bit. Hasten back I say, or I shall be obliged to turn her over to somebody else.

Thine sleeping and waking,  
as Old Spec. used to say.

EDWARD BLACKHEART.

THEODORE Z. THOMPSON, Esq.

I could scarcely command patience enough to get through this infamous scrawl. Never had my passion completely put down my reason before. I was indeed beside myself. "Nonsense," said McDonald, "there

is no necessity for all this boiling over. It will only bring on a head-ache." I had been dancing about the floor, and uttering imprecation after imprecation. "What do you mean to do? You must act first, and row vengeance afterwards. That's our way in dear Scotland." Do, said I, I'll see the fiend's heart's blood; I'll tear him limbless. What a blind dupe have I been! "Come, come, Obadiah; this will never do; you are no longer a boy. It is impossible that you can condescend to fight with such a reptile, and I am sure you would not be a murderer. You must horsewhip him, my son, and soundly too, and the sooner 'tis done the better. Suppose we set off on the expedition to-morrow, for I am determined to witness the sport. It would be an indelible disgrace to use powder and ball against such '*carriou*.'" The mention of "horsewhip" acted like a charm upon my angry feelings, and speedily restored my inward peace. I gave into the scheme with rapture. "We must take 'Sweetlips' (his pistols) along with us Oby, for fear of accidents, and your brother-in-law will doubtless like also to see the show." (He had previously apologised in the handsomest manner to the colonel for his harsh treatment of him, and was become a great favourite of his.) Invite him by all means.—I shall do so with much pleasure. You certainly were destined to be my guardian angel, my dearest sir; already am I indebted to you for my life, for had it not been for *your arrangement* that we should fire together, Henry would without doubt have killed me upon the late painful occasion—And—now—Heaven only knows, what rash act I should have committed, without your counsel. But the horsewhip is as music to my ears. I will immediately procure me one calculated for actual and lasting service, through the medium of my coachman, who ought to be a judge of such commodities. He was sent for, and the necessary orders given.

## CHAPTER XXII.

*The Flagellation.*

MR. THOMPSON had, highly to his honour, written to Blackheart, declining all further communication with a man of his stamp, and apprising him that he had forwarded his hateful letter to me. Notwithstanding Obadiah was "an egregious coward," it appears, that the disclosure was highly unpalatable to him. From that moment he considered his life in jeopardy, and nothing but want of funds prevented him from flying to some distant place, in order to get out of the way of his "tool." He provided himself with pistols, and did not wait many hours, before he had an opportunity to use them. We entered Wilmington incog. (having put off our journey one day in order to have Henry with us, whose business called for such delay) and a messenger was despatched to him with colonel M'Donald's compliments desiring to see him, at the tavern where we put up, on business of importance. The really chicken-hearted doctor enquired, with fear and trembling, if the colonel was alone? and was replied to in the affirmative. Then I'll wait upon him immediately, and he was as good as his word. M'Donald received him with a malicious grin. Your most obedient, Dr. Blackheart, I hope Mrs. Bloomfield is quite well.—Mrs. Bloomfield sir! upon my honour sir, it is not in my power to answer your question, for it is many weeks since I—saw—that—lady.—I understood she was with you.—With me sir! I assure you, you are altogether misinformed, why should she be with me? do you know that letter sir? (sternly) That letter, sir, let me see, bless me; it has my name signed to it. A forgery! a vile and audacious forgery sir, as I'm a living creature. I never set eyes upon it before, as I hope to be saved.—There is a person now in the house who will swear to the

ity of it. Shall I call him?—By no means sir, not the least necessity for it—fending and was ever my aversion, and besides I am parangaged, and must bid you a good afternoon.—you have seen *this person*, take my word for ah come into court. “Mr. Bloomfield! he’s an upon earth I would choose to see;” and effort to escape, but the colonel was too quick and secured the door. Henry and myself the room. “I am under manifold obligations Dr. Blackheart, and an opportunity is now ne to repay them, observed I, leisurely unhe whip lash, for I resolved to proceed coolly ss. Don’t do it, Obadiah, don’t do it, I’ll kill u do, for I am armed; drawing a pistol from et; and so am I, following his example. I e towards him, the whip in my right hand, l in my left; and began to dust his jacket with good will. The pusillanimous seducer sufferstol to fall from his hand, and roared aloud for The noise assembled the good people of the ho were not a little astonished and diverted g one man tamely submit to be horsewhipped r. I had given him at least fifty, well laid on, espied an open window, and made his escape t, but I was as active as he, and followed up line through the most public street; to the of his lodgings; to the no small amusement pulace, who cheered as he whisked along a not far short of three hundred yards! To r triumph complete, and my revenge more e flagellation was witnessed by Maria; who acted to a window by the noise, and whom I saw. Old colonel M’Donald, who brought ar, added to the general mirth by frequently out, “whip the scoundrel well, Obadiah, don’t carcase.” Cowards are always cruel to those ower. Blackheart discarded the lost Maria, ed her into the street, as I afterwards learnt, *night*, in consequence of her reviling him for those pistols, which he had so ostentatiously her presence. We returned to our lodgings satisfied with the issue of the undertaking,

and were refreshing ourselves after our fatigue, with a glass of punch, when several of the most respectable inhabitants, who were acquainted with our old friend; called to pay their respects to him. Henry and myself were introduced, and we received several invitations for the evening, which the peculiar circumstances in which we stood, prevented us from accepting. Henry's sister, and the woman who had made me a father, was hard by; the kept mistress of one of the *offscourings* of the earth. We should have been insensate, had we not felt this as we ought. We had no further call to Wilmington, and might have been comfortable *anywhere else*; but our quadrupeds had been hard driven, and required some repose; nor would it come amiss to ourselves. We however insisted upon colonel M'Donald's going whither he listed, and privately engaged him to impart so much of our story to our accomplished visitors as would content them, that they had not thrown away their intended hospitality upon ingrates. He departed with his friends, we set us down to a game of chess, and whiled away the time until his return, when Morpheus made willing subjects of the whole concern. Henry and myself occupied the same apartment. About daylight the next morning we were awakened by a loud rap at the door. The latch was turned, and in stalked the colonel, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, whom we had not before seen. I am sorry to disturb you, my lads, quoth the former, but this prototype of Lucifer is not yet sufficiently curried—he is courting another basting, and you Henry must greet him with it. There is a small balance due him by you, but I had hoped it might be dispensed with; his stomach is too voracious for that though. Give me leave to introduce you to Mr. Allworthy, a magistrate of Wilmington. This done, we were notified that Blackheart had applied to him for warrants against us all, but that he had declined issuing them over night, purposing to see us first and learn particulars; which accounted for his unseasonable visit. We thanked him for his forbearance, the necessary explanations were entered into, and Blackheart's famous letter tendered him for examination. We had dressed ourselves, and I was busied

reading the physiognomy of this "man of peace;" and long since been an enthusiastic disciple of Larr. Never had I looked upon so unexceptionable a face, the cardinal virtues shone out at every of it. I conceived that it was indeed Fielding's worthy who stood before me! We had not fallen the hands of the Philistines here. "I have frequently read of such characters," remarked Mr. Allworthy, when he had done with the letter," but hitherto posed them to be creatures of the poet's brain. I am content that a discretionary power does not belong to my office, but his affidavit is already with me, and I am bound by my oath to act upon it. He is to call at my house for the warrants about this time; but I can only postpone granting them until eleven o'clock. You think proper to leave the city in the interim, cannot be served of course." We took the hint, immediately ordered our carriage. "You have heard perhaps," continued he," that the barbarian was cruel enough to kick the unfortunate woman out of doors last night." "My sister kicked out of doors, I am alive to hear it—gracious God." "Himself tempted of committing the atrocious act to me." Henry did no more, he caught up colonel M'Donald's sword, and was in the street in a twinkling; we followed but he was already out of sight. That he had gone in quest of Blackheart was not to be doubted. We proceeded to his lodgings, his host informed us that he was gone to the justice's, and no gentleman had been there in search of him. We enquired for poor Maria; he knew not what had become of her, after she was so ignominiously used by her paramour. We thought it most probable that my brother-in-law obtained directions to Mr. Allworthy's and, interdicted the doctor whilst going thither; which was the reason. When we came up with them we found that he had given him what an Irishman would call "a nate going with his shillala." In fact Blackheart really, or pretended to be, unable to move. "I presume my carriage is by this time ready," said Mr. A. with emphasis. A word from the wise ought ever to be sufficient. In fifteen minutes Wilmington no longer detained us. We travelled with rapidity until we

had passed the boundaries of Delaware; and then walked our horses to the first inn. We were now safe from all pursuit, if any was intended; and resolved to remain where we were for that night.

As Blackheart was not yet reconciled to his father, who had threatened to disinherit him as a just punishment for his late scandalous conduct; it was not unlikely that Maria had been thrown upon the world destitute and penniless. She was generous to a fault, and necessarily but an indifferent economist. It was therefore presumable, that she had carried but little money with her, and equally so, that that little was already expended for their joint maintenance. Common humanity therefore dictated to us the propriety of forwarding to her an immediate supply. We could not think of her being brought to want: and accordingly hired as an express, a countryman, for whose honesty our landlord vouched, and took the liberty to write to Mr. Allworthy, enclosing what we deemed a sufficient sum, with an earnest entreaty that he would find her out, if in Wilmington, and give it her, without intimating whence it came. The next evening restored us to our homes and friends, I found my boy as well as I could wish him, and it was next in order to pay my duty to my parents. I had left — without taking leave of them. They had found out that M'Donald and Henry were of the party, and hourly expected to hear of the spilling of more blood. "He has returned" hallooed Obadiah senior to his Deborah, who happened to be in another room, "and is apparently unhurt." Have you again escaped my son?—I am as well as ever I was, my father. Blessed be God for it! we have been in a piteous taking during your absence, my boy. I hope every thing is now settled, and that you will frighten us no more. Every thing *is now settled*, honoured sir, and to my entire satisfaction. I am grieved that you anticipated evil, and were unhappy on my account. I trust it is the last heart-ache which ever will be inflicted upon either of you by me. Amen! said the pious man. But you have not kept your word with us, Oby—It is painful to me to reproach you with it, but to break a solemn promise is a very serious thing, a sin. I am sure you have been in pur-

suit of Blackheart, of whom you had pledged yourself to take no notice. Circumstances alter cases, father, listen and blame me afterwards, if you can. My mother had by this time joined us, and I read Blackheart's letter to them. A profound silence of some minutes ensued. 'Tis too much ! at last, said Obadiah senior. Old and enfeebled as I am, *I* would not have pocketed it, (and he spoke with great warmth) blame you indeed ! such provocation would almost absolve one from an oath. I hope you overtook him, and used the black-guard as he deserved. I made him feel the weight of my arm until he was sick of it. You beat him then ? No but I horsewhipped him soundly. Served him right, served him right. And he actually got up, and capered about the room. Did he make no resistance ? He took it as kindly as he would another thousand dollars from my coffers, those coffers which he will lay under contribution no longer. In a few days a letter was brought me from Mr. Allworthy by mail. He had been diligent in his inquiries regarding Maria, and had with some difficulty, ascertained that she had sailed in a packet bound to New York the very day after her rupture with the doctor. He was still confined to his bed by the bruises which he had received from Henry, but considerably better than he had been ; and *was become a sincere penitent !* Yes, incredible as it does appear, Mr. A. has no doubt of the fact ! time will test the reality of his conversion. A man of little faith, as it respects his case, I am slow of belief. I have known many hardened sinners terrified into a just sense of the enormity of their transgressions, when lying on what was supposed to be the bed of death ; and loud in promises of amendment should life be spared to them, but no sooner had they recovered health and strength, than they returned to their evil courses with a tenfold gout. The Lord, in his infinite mercy, grant, that it may not be thus with Blackheart.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Dark Houses.**Engendered in Hell—the offspring of the Devil.*

AS honesty has ever been, and ever will be, the best policy, before I fairly enter upon the object now had in view, it may not be amiss for me to warn all ladies under forty and five—Wilkes's number, to pass on to the twenty-fourth chapter. The less they hear of dark houses and bundling the better. A lusciously amorous tale will sometimes excite corresponding emotions in the chastest bosom. It has never been my intention to bring a blush upon the cheek of modesty. Should I have done so already, it has been an error of the head, not of the heart—the subject matter, and not the historian, is in fault—for—I am bound to give you the black, as well as the white side of the picture.—“Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.” If therefore, my fair readers, have stumbled upon any thing resembling “a double entendre,” in the course of the preceding pages; in justice and equity the indecorum is not chargeable to me. Hereafter I pledge myself to be more circumspect, and whenever any thing *bordering on the brogue*, that is, has a leaning towards *smut*, is about to leak out—the signal shall be the same as is made use of, at day-dawn, by the Edinburgh servant maids, when they are about to impregnate its atmosphere with the most delightful of all sweet smelling odours—“Garde Loo!” If, in contravention of such salutary admonition, you will read the interdicted lines, your blushes be—upon—your—own—faces! I have thought proper to exempt ladies of and over forty-five, from such restriction, because they will have lived long enough in the world, if they have not grossly mispent their time, to read any thing, even books of infidelity, with safety and impunity. Not that I am of opinion the dear *elderly* creatures should not *marry after forty-five*. Far be

such illiberality and cruelty from me ! Ours is a free country, and the ladies, above all, should do as they please in that respect, even though they be four score and ten !!! Besides, I know a lady of fifty-two, who was ground young and brought forth twins ! Fact upon my veracity as parson, physician, and historian. There's encouragement for such of you as are fifty to take another draught of the matrimonial cup, and to drink deeply too ; as perchance your time may be but short. Who knows but a son may yet remain quietly inurned among the ovaria, who, if you only bestir yourselves, will break loose from his trammels, and one day become an admiral ! (for depend upon it we shall ere long boast of admirals in our navy.) Your having no teeth is no reason that you should not conceive. "Mit Got's plessing, and py his goot lefe, a man may pite off his own noshe !" In imitation of that great transatlantic luminary, George Alexander Stevens, whose "Lectures on Heads" put bread into the mouths of many a hero of the sock and buskin ; and who learnedly observes, in his profound dissertation on law—that—"law is law"—I—Obadiah, junior, announce, without fear of contradiction, to Jew and Gentile, Mahometan and Pagan, that bundling—is bundling ! "I protest against such definition—I am a yankey, and my father was a native of Yorkshire (Eng.). You must not attempt to hoax me. You *promised* us a chapter on *bundling*, and I will have my pennyworth—I guess as how I will." "Refresh your memory, petulant sir, and *I guess* you will find a condition annexed to it." "True—but I considered it as a joke, well knowing you had not *children* to deal with—however, you are an odd mortal—a most whimsical M. D.—and disposed to have your own way in every thing. I acknowledge I was hasty, and will cheerfully compound for whatever dish you may be pleased to serve up to us ; only let it be *well seasoned*, or the hyp, with which I am at present tormented, will not be chased away." You may lead me with a cobweb to the end of the world, my dear sir, but I am not to be driven an inch, even by Bonaparte, or Wellington, or Blucher, with all their invincibles at their backs. You are a prey to the hyp, you say. I have imbibed the

infection from you then, or the wind is easterly to day. Indeed it must blow from that quarter, for nobody appears to be at home in my upper story. Again, it will be impossible for me to set a highly flavoured dish before you, without a proper intermixture of wit and humour. Now as I, in my best days, only laid claim to the possession of a very small spice of the latter,—how is the olla podrida to be manufactured (by me) without the aid of plagiarism?—Humour is very frequently mistaken for wit, candid sir.—I know it—and when the wind changes, will endeavour to gather together my scattered wits, and palm some of it off accordingly ———

Garde Loo! Garde Loo! Garde Loo!

I can readily perceive, by the contour of your phiz, my dear half Yorkshire—half Yankey friend, that you are dying to know what bundling is, and am considerably embarrassed thereat; because the *wholesome* practice is kept up in your Yankey state of Connecticut to this day. To what cause then is your ignorance of such mode to be ascribed? Not to parsimony—bundling, costs nothing. I will put the most favourable construction upon it. You have been but lately unloosed from “dear mama’s apron string”—and, modest soul! are yet to learn that woman was made for man. Ha! ha! ha! that’s a good one, as Sheltzy would say, and reminds me of a story in point. Once upon a time, a match was made up, by the old folks, betwixt a beautiful and buxom damsel and a very stupid young lad, who had not as yet been initiated into the mysteries of Venus. Well, the knot of knots was tied, and Solomon required *to salute his bride*. “Stop father,” said he, “let me go and look into the Dictionary first.” “For what, you fool?” “Why indeed and I don’t know what ‘*salute*’ means.” “Kiss her, you simpleton,” said his mother. “Why la, ma, an’t you ashamed to bid me be so rude. *Miss* would slap my chaps if I went for to do such a thing.” The cake was drawn through the ring, ample justice done to the eatables and drinkables, and our new married couple bedded. The girl’s family invariably breakfasted at sunrise, but had no expectation of the

bride's making one of the party : however she was up and dressed in time and took a seat with them. Albeit she ate not—but sat silent, and looked—wondrous serious and—monstrous sulky. Joan smelt a rat. Old married ladies have excellent noses in matters of matrimony. “Where is your husband, my dear?” said she to her daughter. “My husband,” echoed she ! “husband ! oh, you mean Mr. —, I left him asleep !” “Follow me into the next room, Beatrice—I wish to speak to you in private.” She was catechised, and the experienced dame convinced, that her daughter might just as well have been put to bed to a log. Benedict had gone to sleep, instead of attending to his connubial duties ! Alas, poor Beatrice—how grievously wast thou disappointed ! Fye—fye—Mr. Author—aren't you ashamed of yourself ? Wherefore ? If you will put evil constructions upon my innocent meanings—I can't help it—not I. Besides did not I cry “Garde Loo !” which means, according to Winifred Jenkins' translation—“The Lord have mercy upon your hats, caps, coats, petticoats, &c. &c.”

In my youthful days I set out on a visit of pleasure to New York, accompanied by a friend, much about my own age. It was necessary for us to pass through New Jersey, and we were determined not to lose so fair an opportunity of being eye witnesses of the manner in which the humbler class BUNDLE in that state. (Yankey, Ah now we are about to get it in good truth.) We travelled a few miles out of our way into a county famous for it, put up our vehicle at an inn, about two miles distant from a farmer's, who was said to have some beautiful daughters ; and set off on foot for his residence, about sunset. We purposely loitered on the way, and did not reach it until dark, knocked boldly at the door, and asked a shelter for the night. But we had nearly reckoned without our host, for the farmer was extremely ill-disposed to accommodate such guests, being well assured, from our appearance, that we were not pedestrians in reality, and came there after no good. Our guns however saved us. We told him we *had been* shooting, which was a fact (in the morning) ; had lost our way (which was, we trusted, excusable, although false ; goaded on

as we were by a triple portion of *femality*—I mean female curiosity, unlearned reader), and offered to pay handsomely for our fare and lodging. After asking us as many questions as a native of Connecticut would have done; I intend no offence to you, my Yankee friend; he, very reluctantly, suffered us to enter his habitation, wherein we found a mammoth table laid for supper, and his wife and *ten children* sitting around (what we greatly needed, it being a very cool evening), a good fire; but as to compensation he would not hear of it. Now that we were fairly under his roof, our host doff'd his sour looks and treated us; hospitably indeed!—Yankee. And I have an idea his sparkling cider paid for it.—Author. You are in the right on't.) Not so our hostess, who scowled at us from under her long black eye-lashes, and drawled out a scarcely audible monosyllable, whenever we endeavoured to engage her in conversation. Some maternal advice stood me in stead at this crisis, and I will impart it for your benefit in particular, my male readers; as I never knew it to fail, and as it has frequently procured for me, in the course of my travels, the very best the house afforded, when, in all probability, had I not practised upon it, I should have had to set down to a “beggarly account of empty” platters! “Ever bear this in mind my son, if you wish to get suddenly into the good graces of the mother of a family, always pay great attention to, and take particular notice of, her children, especially the youngest, who is generally the pet. If you can *conscientiously* praise them for their beauty, so much the better; and a little small change, when you deal with the poor, will never be ill bestowed.” (Between ourselves, *I have found it answer precisely as well with the rich.*) The dame's youngest child was about four years old, and really a pretty boy. The trinkets attached to my watch chain attracted his attention; he cautiously reconnoitered my countenance; and seeing nothing forbidding in it, ventured to take hold of, and play with them. His mother bid him “quit,” with an angry tone of voice, but I encouraged, and soon prevailed upon him to take a seat on my lap; extolled his beauty, kissed him, and after we became sociable, made him a present of a sil-

ver dollar. (Our country was not inundated then, financiering reader, as it is now, with paper trash.) I now ventured to take a sly peep at the phiz of our cross hostess, and—verily, verily, I say unto you, friend Yankee, it was shortened at least an inch. Proud of his prize, the urchin soon “quit” me, and exultingly exhibited it to mother, sisters, and brothers. I thought I might at this moment dare to take a good look at the grown-up daughters. They were three in number, two of them handsome, and to judge by their smiling looks, *we were not considered as intruders by them*. Supper was announced, and the mistress of the house, in a charming humour, for my friend, more liberal than myself, had given a dollar a piece to her three other young children. (Yankee. You paid dearly for supper, I think. Author. But the bundling, my dear fellow; the bundling !!! Yankee. Is yet to come.) Our walk had given us an unusually good appetite, and we played an excellent knife and fork. (A Carolina phrase, curious reader.) The free-and-easy meal ended, and thanks returned therefor, the viands and table were removed, and preparations for our lodging began to be made. There were but two rooms to the house. (Yankee. So much the better.) A field bed extending from the hearth to the chamber partition was speedily ready. We were directed to sleep next to the chimney; the three girls next to the chamber, and two young men, their brothers, in the centre; as a barrier betwixt us, I presume. The dame retired to the chamber with the younger children, and was soon followed by her husband, after he had carefully outed the fire and candles, and apologised to us for the necessity he was under of requiring us to undress in the dark. And this is what is termed bundling !!! (Yankee. True. And I guess as how you both walked in your sleep, ha, ha, ha. Author. That’s tellings!!!)

\* \* \* \* \*

The restriction is not yet taken off.

Garde loo ! Garde loo ! Garde loo !!!

What is a dark house ? the untravelled and innocent reader will very naturally enquire. It is a place of assignation, kept for the vilest purposes, by one of the *devil’s imps*, usually ycleped—a procuress. This

abandoned wretch is wonderfully accommodating, for if it be inconvenient for the gentleman to cater for himself, she will, at a very short notice, provide him with a lady !!! in which case the parties are necessarily unknown to each other, and most generally continue to be so, so far as it regards their names. You are doubtless astonished, my moral male readers, at my making use of the word "lady;" and with good reason, but I cannot, consistently with truth and my duty, substitute another for it. These dark houses are never frequented by *known* "free and easy lasses" (who occupy buildings well lighted up), but by members of the genteeler classes of the community—ladies by birth and education are the source from whence they derive their encouragement and support. You shudder! the heart's-blood flies into my face, and I blush—whilst—I—write—it—down—blush for the wantonness—the depravity—and degeneracy, of my fair countrywomen!

In these sinks of corruption—"Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askalon;" in these mansions befitting the damned; a father, a loving father, has been introduced to his only daughter and child; a tender husband to his faithless wife; and an affectionate brother to his unworthy sister !!! You are not only incredulous, but consider me as an infamous calumniator of "God's first and best gift to man;" and, such is my respect, veneration and adoration for the chaste part of the sex, that I should be *proud* to confess, in the presence of the world, that I have been romancing; but *these are facts, notorious in* ———; and it is equally so, that something very like an interposition of Divine Providence, prevented the commission of crimes which would have effectually destroyed their peace of mind, so long as they sojourned upon this earth; and endangered their happiness hereafter. The parties are invariably ushered into a dark room, "They preferring darkness to light, because their deeds are evil," and disguise their voices as much as is practicable. In these instances it was not sufficiently well done, and a general recognition was the happy consequence. Is there is a living pen adequate to the description of *what must have been* the feelings of the

father; husband; brother; at those awful moments?  
 I boldly and unhesitatingly answer in the negative;  
 and would recount to you the dreadful results, but my  
 soul sickens at the recollection of them. \* \* \* \*  
 People of P——; N——, and I fear I may add, B——,  
 where is your religion; your morality; your public  
 spirit? Above all, where is your police? Slumbering, I  
 suppose, in the tomb of the Capulets. Are you not  
 aware that it is a crying sin to connive at such atrocities?  
 Are ye quite sure that the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah  
 does not await you? Awaken, I conjure you;  
 awaken from your twenty years lethargy, or voluntary  
 blindness, and apply the proper corrective. To abolish  
 a dark house is no Herculean task; you have but  
 to will it, and it is done; for the power is in you, and  
 if you do not exercise it—we be unto you!

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*The Penitent.*

FOR two years after the supposed reformation of the gallant doctor, nothing worthy of record happened either to me, or mine, except positive accounts of the fate of the ill-starred Maria. Shortly after her arrival in New York, she found her way into one of the brothels with which that city abounded, and still abounds; reigned lady paramount for a season, then acquired (as is almost always the case with those hapless females who are lost to all sense of decency and shame) a predilection for strong drink, and soon became a very slave to that most odious vice. Her paramours soon deserted her (for what can be more disgusting than a drunken woman?), and she was now a prey to disease, and encountering the very extremity of want. You may very well imagine, kind-hearted and charitable reader, that many hours did not elapse, after the receipt of this lamentable intelligence, ere Henry and myself were at her bedside, ministering to her relief.

But oh, what an interview! what an interview!!! Were I to live a million of years, so deeply is it graven on the tablet of my memory, that it would be as fresh in my recollection as it is at this hour! \* \* \* \* Ah; ye frequenters of dark houses!! could you only have witnessed it, you would be hardened indeed if you did not turn from the errors of your ways, "assume a virtue if you had it not;" and learn to properly appreciate the inestimable value of modesty and chastity.

Maria was once one of the loveliest of the lovely; one of the fairest of the fair; look at her, lying hopeless and forlorn on the bed of death! where are her beauties now? gone, for ever gone! not a vestige of them remains, for she is an object shocking to behold! the wife and sister is recognized by the husband and

brother only through the medium of a remarkable mark ! the lack-lustre eye ; the bloated and livid-coloured face ; and ulcerated carcase ; are all that remain of that Maria, whose personal attractions commanded the admiration of all who looked upon her, but two short years before !!! You visit dark houses, do you ? they are prefatory to a brothel. Pause then—— I implore you ; pause, in your mad career ; and reflect upon the probable consequences. As yet you are not utterly undone. *Thus far* your character stands fair with the world. Your associates know not of your lewdness. Your secret may remain safely buried in your own bosom. Repent you thoroughly of the sins already committed, and tread the delusive paths of vice no more.

Maria knew us ; covered her face with the bed-clothes, and wept aloud ! A Nero or a Caligula would almost have kept her company. A distressed widow with four children, whom she maintained with the sweat of her brow, had found her lying in the snow in the street (she had been turned out of the brothel), and gave her a shelter, else she might have perished there, for she was very much intoxicated. Read this, Mrs. or Miss Gadder to dark houses, and then to dinner with what appetite you may. The excellent woman, into whose truly christian hands our wretched relative had fallen ; had not only taxed her scanty means to procure for her nourishing food, and abundant covering, but, as soon as she was in fit condition, communed with her on the state of her soul ; frankly telling her, that a few days more and the sun would set upon her mortal career. This was as a thunder-clap to the object of her charity. Situated as she was, it was impossible that she could wish to live ; indeed she did not ; but she was yet afraid, terribly afraid to die ! To die, carries nothing forbidding and dreadful along with it to the pious and the good ; many of these *thirst for the moment*, when they are to put off this mortality for the immortality ; an immortality of blessedness out to the bad ; awful summons ! horrible, most horrible sound ! Erring, sinful mortal, thy soul is demanded of thee !!! Enter ye faithful stewards into the mansions of my father ; for in my father's house there are many mansions ; or,

depart, ye cursed ; whither ; ah whither ! enquire of your consciences, and they will respond you faithfully. To die, is a debt which we all know we are one day to pay : but, alas ! how few of us is there satisfied of our readiness to pay it, safely pay it, on demand.

The tortures of the damned can scarcely exceed those now experienced by the miserable Maria, certain as she was that everlasting ——— must be her lot, for few women are better versed in holy writ than she was, and at this awful period, spite of herself, she was a believer ! She groaned therefore in the spirit, and with convulsive sobs told Mrs. Harmony (that was her kind entertainer's name), that for her there was no hope ; that she had spurned at, and trampled under foot, the most sacred laws, both human and divine ; that although she believed firmly in a Saviour, she had no opinion of a hasty death-bed repentance, however thorough it might be ; and that she considered herself, body and soul, as a lost creature. Her feelings now so completely got the better of her that she fainted, but speedily recovered through the good management of Mrs. H., who was overjoyed to find her in such a frame of mind ; sent for a devout and able divine, and introduced him to her. She received his visit most kindly, and made a full and free confession of all her backslidings to him : adding, that she dared not pray, and had been too vile a sinner ever to be forgiven, or make her peace with God. He rebuked her for succumbing to the foul fiend Despair ; comforted her, encouraged her to put her whole trust in *our blessed Redeemer*, who is great and mighty, and willing to save ; who calls not the righteous but sinners to repentance ; and prayed to him to intercede for a pardon for her at the throne of grace. He next prayed for her, and then put a Bible into her hands, after marking such passages therein as were applicable to her deplorable case ; and calculated to satisfy her that her sins might yet be forgiven her. He then left her ; repeated his visits daily ; performed devotional exercises with her, and we, in truth, found her a *sincere penitent* ; which was a great consolation to us.

Previous to our arrival she had told her reverend friend, that she felt herself so much changed from

what she had been, that she believed she could die in peace, provided my forgiveness and that of her family was obtained; but how could she venture to solicit it, particularly from myself; for whose blood she at one time was monster enough to thirst! A pardon! If we sinners withhold a pardon from the broken and contrite spirit who acknowledges its faults, and implores forgiveness, how can we look for mercy at the hands of our heavenly father? We not only freely granted her wish, which was communicated to us by Mrs. Harmony; but offered up our prayers with hers in behalf of a once lost sheep, who we now flattered ourselves had found its way back into the fold. From that interesting moment, she said, the king of terrors would be the most welcome of all visitors to her. Her fear of death had entirely vanished away; and the most faultless of all human beings could not have met it with more joy and fortitude than she did four days afterwards. The day before her death, considering her peace as thoroughly made, Henry and myself had a long conversation with her, in the course of which she candidly confessed that she never had loved me, but had married me, because I was rich, and because she wanted a husband! That there was no congeniality in our dispositions; did me the honour to say, that I was much too good for her. And that the greatest fault she had ever found with me was, that I never flattered her!!! That to be flattered was the ruling and darling passion of her life; that Black-heart had administered the "delicious essence" most bountifully; had succeeded in rendering me not only ridiculous but contemptible in her eyes; and her ruin was the necessary consequence. Ah—beware of flattery! my fair countrywomen. In the seducer's hands it is a most potent, and too often, irresistible weapon; and has paved the way for the utter destruction of many, who had once been the pride and ornament of your bewitching sex. It works slowly but surely, because you are unsuspecting of its great influence over your hearts, until it has taken such deep root there, that your best efforts will oftentimes be unavailing to eradicate it; and the spoiler's evil purpose is half accomplished.

The last words which Maria had ability to utter were, "The Lord in his infinite goodness have mercy upon me, as I have truly repented me of my manifold sins."

Yet a few moments more, and her lamp of (mortal) life was entirely extinguished.

As we were abundantly convinced of the unfeigned, though late, reformation of Maria, we determined to deposit her remains in the vault of her forefathers; and accordingly had them enveloped in a leaden coffin, and shipped on board a vessel bound to ———. For ourselves we returned by land, much edified by the heart-rending scene we had been the melancholy witnesses of.

On our return home, singular to relate, almost the first intelligence which reached our ears was an account of the death of Blackheart, who expired (remarkable coincidence!) on the same day with Maria. It appears that he was no sooner recovered than the devil resumed his empire over him, and he continued to perpetrate atrocity after atrocity until he met with his earthly deserts. He had been an unsuccessful wooer to the beautiful and chaste wife of a respectable, and *Herculean* young farmer, for a considerable time; who very imprudently concealed the circumstance from her proper protector; and one day found her alone in her chamber. He had long been in waiting for such a glorious opportunity to carry his horrid design into practice (having already satisfied himself that nothing was to be accomplished by fair means), and was about to treat her, as Tarquin treated Lucretia, in days of old; when her husband providentially returned, and, without ceremony, inflicted the same punishment upon him, which was underwent (but successfully) by the Abelard of *Eloisa*. Hodge however, unfortunately for Blackheart, was no surgeon, consequently the operation was performed in a bungling manner; and his chance for recovery a very slim one; for, notwithstanding the most able surgical aid was afforded him, he died, in the most excruciating agonies, of *tetanus*, a few days afterward. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," ought to be inscribed upon his tomb-stone, should his father think proper to throw one away upon him.

I cannot let slip the opportunity which is afforded me, of giving *to you*, my dearly beloved and much respected married countrywomen, a little good and wholesome advice : And that is—Never to act as Hodge's wife did, when an unprincipled libertine dares assail your chaste ears with improper proposals. You *may* let him off the first time—(I say *may*—Mark that ! ) upon his giving a solemn promise never to repeat the insult.—But—beware of the second. Communicate it immediately to your husband. The gallant will construe an opposite conduct into a tacit approval of his suit ; continue his persecution ; and you will have to do it at last ; or “fall a martyr to a villain's wiles.” And do you *in particular* beware of flattery. If your husband is fool enough to besprinkle you with it, it is all well and good. He has a right to do with you, and to you, *in kindness*, whatever he pleases : but a married woman compromises her claim to prudence, I had almost said, *decorum*, when she listens to, and approbates it from another man.

## CHAPTER XXV.

————— "This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else ; make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow."

I WAS now for the second time a widower, and as uxoriously inclined as ever, notwithstanding it had been my ill fortune to draw worse than a blank, at my second venture in the matrimonial lottery ! In fact, the mischievous little deity had been taking very unwarrantable liberties with me, some months previous to the demise of Maria. The present object of my adoration was a widow. (I should always prefer a maid. Yankee. Every man to his humour. Author.) A widow about eighteen, (Yankee. A good age that, however.) who had had one child and lost it, as well as her husband, twelve months previous. (Yankee. I should never desire or expect *my widow* to remain a widow for my sake for a longer period than that. Author. And it is long enough of all conscience: even Auld Robin Gray required no more.) I was charmed with her at sight, as a merchant would say ; but it was *her character* which bound me to her in chains stronger than adamantine ones ; (Yankee. I had thought that your heart was buried in the grave with your matchless Louisa. Author. True. But you graduated at Yale, didn't you? Yankee. I have my degree, fortunately, in my pocket: would you choose to inspect it? Author. By no means. But if you did not graduate *ex speciali gratia*, you must be sufficiently conversant with the classics to know that it is possible for a man to have two hearts (or souls, either you please). Yankee. I take your meaning, and stand corrected.) for my principles would not suffer me to exchange a word with her, whilst I had a wife alive. I had therefore shunned her, as I would plague, pestilence, and

ne, as I abominated the idea of a divorce, and so deeply smitten that I well knew if I once became well acquainted with her, I should address her, or wrong, wife or no wife. She was the countess of Louisa the regretted, if what every body of her was to be believed; indeed she appeared to have no enemy. Was very handsome, and very accomplished. This much I knew from actual knowledge: in short, what with hearsay and my own decision, bottomed on her physiognomy, she was a woman ought to satisfy the most fastidious wife-seeker. I was now at liberty to follow the bent of my inclination—being too honest to put on mourning for a woman whose loss I considered as one of the greatest blessings which could have been conferred upon me. To become acquainted with, and address this incomparable widow, was now the *order of the day* for me: but, independent of its being extremely doubtful whether or no I should find favour *in her eyes*; if possible, a yet greater difficulty to surmount, as my father was one of the haughtiest men breathing; my patrician—who valued himself upon having descended from his family for a thousand years back, and ascribed to a demonstration that there never had been a connection connected with it. Obadiah was the son of a penter!!! Ergo, it was not within the pale of probabilities that his consent to our union would be obtained, even though the lady should be disposed to be kind. Whilst I was endeavouring to devise means and means to overcome this obstacle, fortune directed me to the fair source of my disquiet. I was returning home, about nine of the clock one beaumont-light night on foot, and overtook a well educated female; without either a beau, or servant in attendance. My gallantry was immediately elicited, and I volunteered my services to see her home; notwithstanding I entertained doubts of her quality. She graciously thanked me, and unhesitatingly placed herself under my protection; observing that the master and servant were both absent from the house she had been visiting at; however, as the distance to her father's residence was so trifling, she had been courageous enough to venture upon it alone. She had scarcely opened her

mouth ere I was all of a tremor: Indeed she told me afterwards that my arm shook so violently she was apprehensive I was about to get an ague. (It was a very cold night—friend Yankee.) I was fortunate enough to recover myself sufficiently in a moment or two to express my extreme satisfaction at the agreeable rencontre, called her by name, and added that I had long since wished for the honour of her acquaintance. She laughed and rejoined—I did not expect to have a compliment paid me by Dr. Bloomfield, I assure you. We were now within a few paces of that door which was to separate us—perhaps for ever! My agitation returned upon me with increased force, but she restored me to myself by a pressing invitation to walk in. Her father's character was as completely absent from my thoughts, at this period, as though he had never had one; and I joyfully accompanied her into his mansion. The family were in the drawing room up stairs, whither we repaired, and I had the superlative felicity of being introduced to the greatest of all great men, in his own conceit; and—her excellent mother. The patrician received me with such a formal forced politeness as abashed and mortified me, more than I had ever been abashed and mortified before; and I should have instantly taken my leave, had not his wife made ample amends for the deficient urbanity of her *worst half*, by thanking me, in the most *consoling* manner, for the care I had taken of her daughter; and insisting on my taking a seat near the fire, in such a way as evinced a determination not to be withstood. I spent a most delightful half hour with the ladies—the self-created grandee not deigning to open his lips the while—then arose, and took my leave, as gracefully as I could. The old lady looked at parting as though she would have said, “you should be invited to repeat your visit, if it rested with me.”

I had barely got without the drawing-room door, when the father inquired of his daughter, in a very harsh tone of voice, “where she had picked up with that son of a carpenter?” which question must have been overheard by the elegantly dressed servant who was lighting me out. I was greatly hurt thereat, and after he had done his duty, bidding me good night

very respectfully, and was about to close the door; I slipped some dollars into his hand, with these words, "the son of a carpenter gives you this." The man was very grateful, became my staunch friend, and is now my confidential body servant. I walked slowly home, ruminating upon the events of the evening, and retired to bed in a most disconsolate condition. My interview with the really fascinating Sophia—musical name! had firmly rivetted my chains, but it was now quite certain that her father would hoot at the idea of my marrying into his family; and throw every stumbling block in his power in the way of its taking place: of the ladies I did not utterly despair. Sophia was a widow, it was true, but she had the reputation of being a most dutiful daughter, and of having made a most excellent wife.

To live happily without her was impossible—the thought of it agonizing!!!

"*Nil Desperandum,*"

said my guardian angel. "Court her, Obadiah, and if you are so fortunate as to obtain *her consent*, a fig for the frowns of the cross-grained patrician. I foresee that the mother will be of your party. You are well acquainted with Mrs. Modish, with whom Sophia is intimate; and can visit, and see her there, whenever you think proper." I shall, without fail, pay my respects to her to-morrow evening.

Having in some measure put off the blues, I was favoured with a delicious night's rest; for I dreamt several times, and always of—Sophia. I arose, cheered with the hope of seeing her *in reality*, in the evening; attended to my business, and dined with my parents, together with my son (now in his fourth year), whose endearing prattle would occasionally draw off my thoughts from the dear mortal, before whose shrine I shortly purposed to bow. I returned home early, resolved to be more attentive to my dress than usual, although I had always, *even when a methodist circuit-rider*, being denominated, a neat man: but my intention of calling on Mrs. Modish *this evening*, was effectually thwarted, by a card of invitation from her, to a private ball, to be given on the next. Was the hand of Sophia in this thing? My vanity said—yes. My

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better judgment—no, no, no ! I shall certainly see her there, thought I, and be rendered happier by the sight, than ever Bonaparte or Julius Cæsar were; by *reflecting upon* their best fought battles, notwithstanding they warred for ambition, glory, and immortality. (Yankee. And mayhap for lucre. Author. I am no politician—ergo, I cannot undertake to resolve you: however, this much I will say, that your countrymen always choose to be paid for *their labour, and well paid too*, if the thing be attainable : always bear it in mind, however, that I mean to cast no imputation upon their—or your—patriotism. During our revolutionary war, Boston was the cradle of liberty. Yankee. I would not give a cent for a fellow who had not a due regard for the *main chance*. Author. I was aware of that, my dear vender of notions, and admire *economy* as much as you can possibly do: but, meanness, avaunt !) I had read over my *ticket* for the ball perhaps twenty times, so delighted was I with the reception of it; when I suddenly recollected that Richard the third was to be performed in the evening.

The part of Richard by Mr. COOPER.

Perchance Sophia may visit the theatre; I understand she is a dear lover of the drama. I was dressed and at its door in a twinkling. If she is not within I shall deeply deplore it, but will have the satisfaction of again seeing the third Richard in the world. (Candour requires me to acknowledge that Cooper is inferior to Cooke and Kemble in that character.) I am now in the house; there is a crowded audience, and the play has not yet commenced. I walk from box to box, scarcely noticing my other acquaintance, but looking with all my eyes for—you know who. And at last I recognized her sitting with some ladies, who were my intimate friends, and her father was not in the box. I would have given thousands to be assured he was not in the house. I hastened to them, my heart bounding with joy; they were so kind as *to accommodate themselves* to give me a seat betwixt two of them; and one of these two was—Sophia.

Such of my readers as have really and truly loved, will felicitate me on my enviable situation; whilst *those who have been the votaries of wealth, and bow-*

ed wholly to its shrine; considering the lady as an expensive (and even troublesome) appendage, notwithstanding her purse affords the means of defraying every expenditure; may sneer and laugh, and laugh and sneer again. God help all those who marry for money alone (a beautiful and amiable *poor* girl of sixteen, for instance, to a wealthy old dotard of sixty!!!) albeit—to make use of a homely old-fashioned phrase, “the pot cannot boil without a little of it.” A man will do much better, and live much happier, to earn an honest livelihood by shoe-blackening; and a woman by going out to a service; than by uniting themselves to beings whom they despise, or abhor, for the sake of a little paltry pelf. The couple that marries for love will—give and take—bear and forbear—and endeavour to make a pleasant intermixture of the good and bad things with which our world abounds:—but for those who marry from interested motives—I mean pecuniary ones, there is nothing to be certainly calculated upon, save eternal jarrings, and sparrings, and bickerings. Psha! I am sick of the odious subject. I had scarcely time to greet my fair companions, ere the performance began. I well knew they came there to witness and be entertained by it, and not to be seen; and strove to conduct myself accordingly. In spite of me, however, my eyes would be playing truant, and devoted themselves to Sophia, when they should have been monopolized by the performance of the elegant Cooper. She caught them thrice in the very fact, and scowled not at me. Indeed, methought she looked upon me, “more in pleasure than in anger.” Happy augury! thinks I to myself—thinks I, it will do. She has discovered my love for her—and—I may yet call her mine!

In the course of our chat between the acts, she enquired, if I had received a card for Mrs. Modish’s sociable ball? And whether I proposed attending? I replied to both questions eagerly in the affirmative. I was sure you would be invited, continued she, because I called upon her this morning, and chanced to mention my obligation to you of the last evening.—I interrupted her by saying with warmth—“the honour, —the obligation—the every thing—was mine.” “So,

so; another compliment from the grave Dr. Bloomfield. I must boast of this. I find I have been mistaken, as to your character for gallantry: I was told that you never complimented any woman."—You are the second who ever deserved from me, what *the world* may denominate a compliment—but what I have uttered as truth.—A continuation of the delicious mental repast, to those who were in a fit state to enjoy it, put a stop to any reply on her part. I spent a very pleasant four hours in the theatre, and the performances over, I was impudent enough to solicit a seat in Sophia's carriage, which was frankly granted me; and I once more saw her into the dwelling of her father, taking care to engage her, by the way, as my partner for the ball, as often as Mrs. Modish's regulations would permit. We met there at the time appointed, and, believe me, I had not a few competitors for the honour of her hand—some of whom were rivals of a description to be dreaded, even by the vainest of the most vain.

The conquest Sophia had made must have been noticed by the whole company, and a very brilliant assemblage it was; for sure I am, I was so much beside myself—so much intoxicated with admiration of her mental and personal charms, that I could take no pains to conceal it.

Again we separated; but I contrived, by the kind assistance of Mrs. Modish and some other female friends, to see her every evening when the weather would admit of it. Such an intercourse could not exist long without an *eclaircissement*: it took place: Sophia ingenuously declared to me that I was far from being disagreeable to her:—that if she ever did marry again, her faith would be plighted to your humble servant, and none other: but—ah that—but—I ever despised the word, and yet these memoirs could not have progressed, through my hands, without *a free use of it*—but—she could never marry me so long as her father lived, because she would not, without his approbation; and she well knew that it was unattainable. In vain did I state to her, that I *conscientiously* thought the circumstance of her being a widow rendered her, to all intents and purposes, her own mistress—and that as

she had married her first husband to please herself and parents, she had already discharged the duty which she, in that respect, owed to them as their daughter, and was not amenable in the second instance. She was steady to, and immoveable from her purposes, and although her very unusual decision militated against my earthly peace and happiness, I could not, for the soul of me, avoid loving her the better for it, inasmuch as a dutiful and good daughter must make a good wife. Provided always nevertheless that she is not coupled to a brute of a husband.

Sophia had told me that her mother was not only pleased, but charmed with our projected match. But (another but !) the inexorable patrician, his heart was to be softened down to a yielding consistency. Money works wonders sometimes ; to me, in this case, it was but as dross. I resolved to try its powers ; old men being too frequently avaricious. The aid of colonel McDonald was again necessary. I draw upon him for it, he is with me ! he is indisputably a gentleman, according to my would-be father-in-law's ideas of gentility, for he is younger brother to a Scotch earl. I entreat him to act for me. He consents ; but he, even he, gives me no manner of encouragement : indeed, tells me, that my case is a hopeless one, and he is in habits of the greatest intimacy with the queer mortal, who has the control of my sublunary destiny at this crisis of crises !!!

"That carpenter business is indigestible in that quarter, Obadiah. Mr. ——— had rather give his daughter to a *well-born* rake, rascal, infidel, gamester, and poltroon, than to the most amiable plebeian in existence. It is in a sensible and well-read man, who has seen a great deal of the world (and such an one Mr. ——— unquestionably is), a most ridiculous and unwarrantable prejudice or weakness, and I shall endeavour to reason him into a reasonable frame of mind ; but I charge you, be prepared for the worst."

I had all along been my own steward, superintending my pecuniary concerns with the exactness of a financier, and they had thriven exceedingly under my management : So much so indeed, that it was impossible for me to fairly expend more than one fifth part of my in-

come. The large balance I had invariably realized at the expiration of every year; and the city property which my father had given me, being advantageously situated; had advanced fifty per. cent. in value. I was therefore by this time one of the wealthiest men in ———, and had hoped to tempt the father of Sophia, by proffering a considerable settlement. Colonel M'Donald was commissioned accordingly, but here again he threw cold water upon my hopes. "Your flame's father is not to be bought, young man. Abstracted from his boundless family pride, there are few more amiable characters. And as to money, he is one of those thoughtless beings who set no manner of value upon it, has already straitened himself in his circumstances by his charities, and a liberality, which know no bounds, and *by paying for the extravagances* of his only son, who is one of the most dissipated chaps in the world; and a professed gambler into the bargain. Many a cool thousand has the old gentleman had to post up for the hopeful cheeld's losses at loo, and faro. However we shall know precisely upon what ground we stand, in the course of an hour or two; as he is always at home about this time a-day. If the negociation fails, Oby, it will be by no fault of mine: I shall put my best leg foremost, be assured."—And away went this pattern for men of every age.

He is gone!!!

I can neither sit, or walk, read, or write. \* \* \* \* \*

He has returned!

Ill-omened face——It is all over. \* \* \* \* \*

The father (an affectionate one, in every other respect) has said, that he had rather see his daughter—his unoffending and dutiful daughter, with whom his assent was, a "*sine qua non*"—whose heart too he knew to be deeply interested in the affair—he had rather see her ~~A corpse~~ than wedded to the son of a carpenter!!! \* \* \* \* \*

Was that "carpenter's son" an immoral man! No. Was there any objection to his character or standing in society? None, none, none! but he was the son of a carpenter! this was the head and front of his offending, no more! alack, and alas a day, the son of a carpenter!!!

He boasted to me of the gentility of his genealogical tree, which was just one thousand years old, continued M'Donald. I inquired, if he had not ancestors previous to that period? Unquestionably, rejoined he. **ARE YOU QUITE SURE, MY FRIEND, THAT SOME OF THEM WERE NOT HANGED?** He became almost offended, and, for your sake, I backed out. I had just as well have not done so, for the worst part of my tale is yet to be told. What can be worse than what you have already communicated? groaned I. Recollect that you are a man, Dr. Bloomfield, and bear your mishap like a man, or I shall blush for you. Mr. ——— in my presence, solemnly charged your Sophia (for I prophesy she will yet be yours, if you have but patience) never to speak to you more. Is it possible that the barbarian carried his cruelty so very far? you surely doubt me not, Obadiah: but reason had now abandoned its wonted seat, and passion held him in complete controul. I repeat it, Oby, *you must be patient*, you are both young enough to wait events, and who knows what a few months may bring forth? If any man, even the great Jefferson, had predicted, whilst Bonaparte was in full march, with his prodigious forces, for the invasion of Russia; when kings bowed down before him, and trembled at his frown, that within eighteen months, and *he would be powerless*; would he not have been deemed a fit candidate for a mad-house? cheer up, man; the game is far from being lost yet. It was her confession of love for you (he had never suspected the thing before) that set him beside himself. Now for a crumb of consolation, my lad; you have a warm friend in the mother, a very warm one indeed; they are a most affectionate couple, and when that is the case, a woman possesses a well nigh unbounded influence over her husband. There is a proper time to exercise this, and rely upon it, *it will be exercised to the utmost*; whenever there is any, the most distant, prospect, of your cause being benefited by it. Positively you must not be so chicken-hearted. The daughter and mother are already gained; and, depend upon it, maternal good management will do the rest.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*Sophia writes to me!!!*

HERE again my religion supported me, and was the only source from whence I extracted a sufficiency of fortitude to enable me to bear, with becoming dignity, this greatest of all earthly disappointments. I endeavoured to believe that "whatever is, is right;" and within a month had regained, to outward appearance at least, my usual serenity of mind.

A letter from Sophia was now handed me, I broke the seal of it, with fear and trembling; read it, all ye who would be dutiful daughters and matchless wives: read it, I say, and act as Sophia has acted, should you, unhappily, be ever so delicately situated.

"Dear sir,

Your inestimable friend, colonel M'Donald, has, of course, apprised you of the result of his conference with my father, and of the very unkind restriction which he has laid upon me, but he is my parent, and imperious duty requires that I submit to what cannot, for the present, be remedied, with as little *seeming* reluctance as possible. But you will wrong me, cruelly wrong me, if you for a moment imagine that the sentiments I have entertained for you, have undergone any change. Ah, no, no, no! Appreciate the poor Sophia's feelings by your own, and you will judge of her aright!!!

You should have heard from me immediately, but I had and still have, great doubts of the propriety of the measure, and if it be a deviation from the straight path of rectitude, I pledge myself *to you* that I will never be justly chargeable with a repetition of it. I pledge myself *to you*, because, next to my God.—But I must restrain myself. \* \* \* \* \*

It is true I was not forbid to *write* to you, but I am

er, and I hope too honest even to avail myself  
*vibbles* of one—I know it to be the fixed resolve  
 -father to break off all correspondence betwixt  
 it is sufficient for me that *I do know it*, to  
 ordingly, until it shall please heaven to smile  
 us on our loves. I should forfeit all claim to  
 racter of a dutiful daughter, if I conducted  
 se ; and—if you are as good a man, as I firmly  
 you to be ; you will not love me the less for

not hardly of me, dear (here the word  
 field” was erased, but still discoverable,) sir,  
 ould read my heart. you would pity me, more  
 u commiserate yourself, for, it is the settled  
 f anguish unutterable, I had almost been sinful  
 to say, despair !

uty to the betrothed of my soul shall also be  
 y performed. Surely there can be nothing  
 in that ? no orison shall ever escape my lips in  
 our name, and that of your interesting son’s,  
 be mentioned conjointly with my own, solicit-  
 same measure of good to be meted out to each

is the last time, it almost annihilates me to  
 this is the last time that I can commune with  
 the obdurate heart of my sire is melted :  
 redly, there will be no impropriety in *our*  
*at each other* when we chance to meet, and ex-  
 3 thoughts, through the medium of these or-  
 ich are never deceptive ; and which have too  
 ly betrayed the hidden secrets of a female  
 nd is this, this all the consolation which shall  
 ided to two such true lovers as we are ? hope,  
 ver-failing refuge of the miserable, now, even  
 ispers to me, in the most soothing accents  
 n imagine, that it will be but for a season, for  
 season, and all will then be well. My mother  
 s me up with similar expectations ; she desires  
 to you, *her love*, and bids me say, if you are  
 it, you will disconcert all her plans, for our  
 benefit. She says, she must work *by sash* : her  
 as a celebrated engineer, you know.  
 your to look cheerful when we meet. I shall

do so too. If you despond, what may not be expected of a poor weak woman? Be careful of your precious health, kiss your dear little Obadiah for me, and be true. Dare I doubt your *constancy*? Not so, I would much sooner be suspicious of my own. Adieu, dearest of friends, adieu. Let us put our whole trust in the great Author of our being, and we may yet be happy.

Bless you! Bless you!

Sophia —————

Dr. Bloomfield.

P S. You will offend me, seriously offend me, if you reply to this, in any shape. We are doomed to suffer in silence, and the mandate must be obeyed."

Could I offend, or even disoblige, the idol of my soul? impossible! an expressed wish of hers was ever a law for me. I murmured at, but submitted to, the very unexpected requisition.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*Containing the commencement of an Episode, introduced for the benefit of all very young men, who have suddenly come into the possession of a handsome fortune.*

ONE of the most beloved and inestimable friends, which the desolating hand of time has left me, was deprived of his father, when he had just attained to the ticklish age of twenty and one; who bequeathed him twenty thousand dollars, in cash. He had been regularly bred to merchandise, was now out of his time, and it was the earnest wish of his parent that he should embark in that business, on his own account. This his wish was communicated by him to his son, whilst on his death-bed, but he exacted no promise from him on the subject; very correctly judging, that if he left him otherwise than a free agent, it would greatly detract from the value of his legacy. It seems, however, that his seven years of slavery (as the young gentleman termed it) had excited in his breast a disgust to trade, notwithstanding he was a great proficient in the business; and such a favourite with his masters, that they had frequently intimated to him their willingness to admit him as a partner in their house: provided his father would add, to the general stock, the identical sum which he was now possessed of. Richard well knew that his fortunes would be more than half built up, by his coming into the measure; for those who held out the most liberal lure to him were quakers—men of sterling honour and integrity, who were doing a very extensive, lucrative, and *safe* wholesale and retail business—merchants who avoided *shipping* (which has ruined *ten*, where it has made the fortune of *one*) as they would a filthy garment—and who credited none whose notes were not discountable at bank, and took especial care

to have them discounted, with all despatch ; for *fear of accidents !*

But Richard was free—and free he would remain.

No more of "Profit and Loss" for him, and it had well nigh turned out so ; as will be seen in the sequel. One would have supposed, that he had been calculating dollars, and cents, and mills, long enough to know the value of them. But no such thing—he was yet to be taught, that *money was one of the absolute necessities of life.*

Well—the remains of his excellent friend were respectably returned to their mother earth—dust to dust ! ashes to ashes ! And Richard—wept !!! But when he reflected that his father was not a very old man, and that, had he not been carried off by a violent disease (as his family was a long lived one), he might have lasted a score of years more—he thought of his twenty thousand dollars—and—Richard was—comforted—Yea—verily—was he.

Richard was not kept long out of "his ready," for the executor was an honest man, and his father had left the world (as every man of family, *in particular*, ought to leave it ; who was not born with a *wooden ladle in his mouth*) with every debt cancelled, *save his funeral expenses*, and doctor's bills ; and *time was not allotted him to discharge them, you know.* (Yankey. I have heard of children being born with teeth, but always considered it as fabulous ; but *I never did hear of a child's being born with a "wooden ladle" in his mouth, in all my born days.* What the deuce mean you by the phrase ? A. You shall have an explanatory chapter on the subject, in good season. Y. A chapter on a *wooden ladle !* A. I have promised. Y. I would as soon expect from you a chapter on "shoe brushes." A. You shall have *it also*—well thought of. A. *celebrated shoe black carries on his trade directly opposite to me.* Recollect that Swift's Stella is *said to have said*, that the dean could write elegantly on a "broom stick"—(and, *use it dexterously afterwards.*) Y. Yes—but I also recollect, that dean Swift, and yourself, are very distinct persons. A. "Be quiet—I know it." Have you, in the course of our literary acquaintance, discovered any thing like

vanity about me? Y. Why *I guess* as how—I *have not*. On the contrary—I have considered you—for an author—mark me—as perfectly sensible of your own defects—and manifold they are—as the critics will one day convince you. A. The critics—*hired ones I mean*—may kiss my—great toe! I value them not.) Richard had now fobbed his “twenty thousand” in good looking bills of the “old national bank,” (which was then, “in the full tide of successful experiment.” Present a bill, emanating from its source—only present it—and it would be *cash’d at sight in good sound specie*. Y. And the new national bank (one of the greatest blessings which congress ever conferred upon a distressed mercantile community; and one of the best plans which could have been resorted to, to secure to us, the sinews of war), the *new bank* (and its branches), will *shortly do the same*, so sure as the deservedly popular “B—— J——,” is its president. A. I was deeply interested in the old bank, and possibly—hold a *few* shares in the new. Ergo—as a friend to my country—to her best interests—and—to—myself—I respond you—Amen.) But what was he to do with them; he was predetermined to work no more: and although twenty thousand dollars is a good round sum to look upon—it must be *well invested*; in order to enable its possessor to live comfortably upon the interest of it. In this instance—Richard’s knowledge of interest, and compound interest; marine insurance, and bottomry; was as dross to him. He had travelled those grounds too often over, and he would sooner brave a Lapland climate, than encounter them again. ’Tis true he had seen and counted over, hundreds of thousands of dollars; but they were not his own. He had now come honestly into the possession of twenty thousand—each and every one of which, as a faithful servant, was bound to call him master—provided the gift of speech had not been denied to inanimate substances, as well as to beasts. And he deemed the fund an inexhaustible one!

Richard had scarcely as yet tasted of, what are termed the pleasures of life, by the vicious and weak of every community. He had been too well brought up for

that ; but he had now given his cage *the go-by* ; and was determined to show his young associates, that he would be as liberal and frolicsome—that is, as wasteful and dissipated—as the very best (worst) of them. Meantime his money burnt in his pocket. He was miserable until he entered upon his mad career. But—alas—poor fellow ! he was not miserable long, according to his then ideas of misery. An elegant house was speedily taken, in the most fashionable part of the city, and splendidly furnished—a full complement of servants hired, and corresponding liveries clapped upon their backs—his cellars crowded with the choicest liquors, and *his friends* invited to partake of a sumptuous banquet. Nor had he forgotten to add a flashy curricule, and two pair of horses, to his enviable establishment. “Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.” It need hardly be added therefore, that no one was rude enough to reply to his invitation—“nay.”—The company assembled, and a merry set were they. Could it be otherwise whilst they were feasting at another’s cost ? The Champagne flew about—cut glass decanters, tumblers, and wines, were demolished—and Bedlam let loose ; to the great annoyance of the adjoining *peaceable* inhabitants ; who verily believed they had gotten—Lord Rochester—number two—for a neighbour. Fortunately however for their night’s repose, this state of “confusion worse than confounded” did not last long. Champagne is a very insidious wine, and has a wonderful knack at suddenly tripping up the heels of those who quaff of it. Richard, who had never before exceeded half a pint of wine at a sitting, became *non se ipse* by eight o’clock ; and was conveyed to his bed, in a state of insensibility, an hour afterwards. Albeit, he was far from being *the only one* who made a brute of himself. His guests, who were regularly-bred wine bibbers, had no idea of quitting the “drink of the Gods” because *an accident* had befallen their entertainer ; but continued—to pour down libation after libation, to the only one whom they ever in sincerity worshipped—until—aye—until they were all unable—to—tell—their—own—names. \* \* \* \*

Eleven of the clock the next morning found Richard awake—sober—and upon the stool of repentance !

Not that he had counted the cost of the entertainment, or thought of the damage which had been sustained by his moveables. Oh no! he was too choice a spirit for that. He was upon the stool of repentance, because he had a most excruciating headache, great nausea of the stomach. In brief, to make use of a favourite bacchanalian phrase, he felt like the very devil!!!

At this auspicious moment, for such a one it ought at least to have been to Richard, in Richard's case; who should drop in upon him, but his very worthy and approved (former) good masters, the quakers. They had accidentally found their way *into the dining-room*: Richard was a bachelor, and *very young* house-keeper; his servants had already dived into his prodigal character; and it was not yet cleaned out.—What a scene did it exhibit to eyes which, next to immorality, deprecate ——! they looked upon it with astonishment and grief unfeigned; when one of them, stronger stomached than his brother, “with cautious steps and slow,” ventured into the vicinity of the tables; and picked up a fragment of a superb decanter, which was not enveloped in ——, viewed it in sullen silence for a while; then passed it backwards to his partner, with, friend, what thinkest thou of that?—Nothing more than that the mistaken unhappy youth is driving headlong to destruction. But we will save; reclaim him.—Never; so long as one of his twenty thousand dollars remain to him.—Thou and I must, at all events, make the effort; he was a good lad—*Tru. (to the servant)* Hast thou told *thy master*, friend, that *his old masters* are in waiting? *Servant (aside)* What a beautiful pair of drab-coated “thee’s and thou’s,” have we not got here! ha! ha! ha! if they had only done us the honour of a call about dark last night; how they would have been quizzed and be-devil’d! *(to the quakers)* I informed my master that you were in the house, who returns his most respectful compliments, and begs to be excused from seeing you to-day; as he is very much indisposed.—Indisposed, is he? we wonder not at it; servant as thou art, thou oughtest to be indisposed, and blush too, when thou lookest upon those trophies of last night’s debauch; unless, indeed,

thou ceasedst to be a man, when thou hiredst thyself for a servant. Return again, and say to thy hopeful master, that Mr. Trueman and Mr. Steady must and will see him; thou surely didst not mention to him our names, or Richard would not have been so rude as to refuse to see us; because, forsooth, he is indisposed.

*Servant. (aside)* He only said, that he would sooner look on the devil than either of your ugly faces. *(to the quakers)* I shall deliver your message. *(bowing very low and suppressing a laugh.)* *Trueman.* Verily, friend Steady, I am afraid we have found our way into one of the tabernacles of Belial; didst mark the insolence of that coxcombical lackey? *Steady.* Yea. And it did so excite my choler, that I had nearly forgotten I was one of the faithful, and kicked the miscreant. *Trueman.* Truly I wonder not at it; for even mine anger was enkindled, 'who am thy senior by a half score of years. *Servant. (returns)* Please to walk up, gentlemen, *(eyeing their dress from head to foot, and chuckling)* and shews them the way into the bed-chamber of his master; who is reclined on a sofa of exquisite workmanship; and *and has a beautiful young maid servant rubbing his head.* He gives to his old masters a most flattering reception. The usual greetings over, Trueman says to him, Thy servant hath insulted us, Richard.

*Richard.* Which servant?

*Trueman.* He stands before thee.

*Richard.* Is it possible! I am grieved to hear it. *(to servant.)* Begone, scoundrel, and never let me see your face more.

*Trueman. (aside to Steady.)* I like this.

*Steady. (to Trueman.)* As a gentleman, he could have done no less.

*Servant. (falls on his knees before Richard.)* Pardon me, honoured master; pardon me, kind, good gentlemen, and I will never do the like again. It must have been the devil which tempted me——

*Trueman. (interrupting him.)* Yea, verily, Satan is unjustly accused by thee. Thou hast not yet been taught thy duty, and art still to learn, that *it is not the garb which makes the gentleman.* But we wish not to deprive thee of thy bread: forgive him this offence,

friend Richard. If he repeat it, thou wilt owe it to thyself to discharge him.

*Richard.* Begone, sirrah; you may retain your place, in compliment to my old master; but rely upon it, I shall not hastily forget your misconduct. Another mis-step, and you seek for other service. (*servant bows and retires.*)

*Trueman.* (*after silently examining the premises.*) Well, Richard, I perceive thee hast not idled thy time. Thy provident father hath not been six weeks dead, and thou hast got thee into a noble mansion, for which thou doubtless art to pay a noble rent; hast put into it the most costly furniture; and in order that thou mightest be *perfectly comfortable*, (archly) hast provided for thy *head-rubber*, a damsel young, and beautiful to behold. I prythee now, canst tell how much thy outfit cost thee? hast calculated how much thy yearly expences must amount to?

*Richard.* (*deeply blushing*) You may retire, Lucinda. My head feels better. (*she goes out.*)

*Steady.* We came not to rebuke thee, friend Richard; nor to be impertinently inquisitive. Our visit is the fruit of friendship; thou knowest that we loved thy father; and we hope art satisfied *that we love thee*. Thou art a very young man; young men are necessarily inexperienced; and few there are who are not thoughtless. Friend Trueman would know how much of thy twenty thousand is already expended, and how long thou calculatest upon the balance lasting thee; but I would spare thy feelings. Thou wouldst be frightened, indeed thou wouldst, if thou knew (for sure I am thou canst not know) what a great hole *thy outfit alone has made in those dollars for which thy parents toiled so long and hard.*

*Trueman.* (*aside to Steady*) I stand corrected, friend Steady; "The lion's cub is to be stroked, not chafed;" thou art the younger man of the two, but, in this instance, hast approved thyself by much the wisest. Thou and I wilt take no retrospective view; that sponge which must one day discharge the national debt of Great-Britain, shall be applied to free friend Richard of his difficulties.) Richard, for once be

wise ; again do we tender unto thee a co-partnership in our house ; which at the worst will yield a nett ten thousand per annum, to *each of us ten thousand*, as thou well knowest. Have done then with thy vanities : sell out thy furniture ; discharge thy servants, and re-let thine house. After doing all this, if thou findest thyself *worth sixteen thousand dollars*, it is more than friend Steady and myself expect. Heretofore our price of partnership was twenty thousand : we will now content ourselves with whatever may be remaining to thee ; because we wish to serve thee, and lead thee back into the paths of industry, frugality, temperance, and morality, from which the evil ones of this world have, for a moment, tempted thee to stray.

*Richard.* Your offer, my much respected friends, is a most noble and disinterested one, for which I pray you to accept of my most grateful thanks ; but I have unfortunately imbibed an invincible aversion to trade : an aversion now so deep rooted that I fear it will be impossible to eradicate it. However, ten thousand dollars a year, certain income, is worthy of almost any sacrifice to a feeling, which possibly has its origin in prejudice, and *unjustifiable pride*. Will you have the goodness, honoured sir, to allow me three days reflection on the subject. I lament that five minutes should be required to make up my mind respecting so very advantageous a proposition, but our passions are oftentimes our master.

*Trueman. (interrupting him)* It is unnecessary to say more, Richard : we cheerfully accord unto thee the three days requested, and take our leave, in the hope that thy *good angel* will hover over thee, and open thine eyes, so that thou mayest see thy *true interest*, and act accordingly.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Another great triumph for Christianity!*

ENDEARING and flattering as was Sophia's letter, it had a very ill effect upon me; inasmuch as it threw me all aback again, and I became, by ten thousand times more disconsolate than ever. I even ceased to hope, considering her as utterly lost to me; was baby enough to keep my chamber, and entertained serious thoughts of quitting my native land, and residing abroad, until the death of her father; should it be my lot to outlive him, which I greatly questioned. My friends, however, after the first violent paroxysms of my grief had, in some measure, relieved my bursting heart, contrived to set before my mind's eye, such a picture of my extravagances, as caused me to be ashamed of myself; for it was so correctly drawn, that I could not avoid acknowledging the accuracy of the likeness on the instant. Again I became a man, and again devoted myself to the arduous duties of my profession: happy, thrice happy was it for me that I did so!

Several months had passed away without the occurrence of any thing material, when I was called up in the night to visit the child of a man, who kept one of our most celebrated hotels; which had been suddenly attacked with croup. I hastened to, and remained with it, until it was perfectly relieved, and was about to return home; when a bustle, of no common description, below stairs, commanded my attention, and I soon made good my way into the room from whence the noise proceeded. Assuredly the hand of heaven was in this thing, for the abandoned brother of Sophia was one of the party; *was very unpleasantly situated*; and an opportunity was offered me, which I eagerly embraced, to render him a most important service.

What that service was———must not be told:  
———for on this night he sowed the seed of  
all his work, as will be seen in the sequel.

"Our business done and over," I offered him a seat  
in my carriage, which he thankfully accepted: and I  
put him down at his father's.

I arrived at home pleased with myself, and in good  
humour with all mankind: for my resentment against  
the father of my love was necessarily banished from  
my *breast* when I inflicted upon him in the person of  
his darling boy, a christian's vengeance,—returned  
him good for evil:

I went to bed, but could not sleep: this may bring  
forth something, thought I. The son *must* speak a  
confidant of the father; and if he has any bowels——  
I continued to conceit a thousand things until the sun  
looked in upon me, and silently rebuked the sluggard.  
Having a number of patients on my sick list, I did not  
get through attending upon them until dinner time,  
and had just re-entered my habitation; when, hearing  
a knock at the door, and no servant being in waiting,  
I answered it myself. It was the brother of Sophia!!!  
I absolutely thought he would have devoured me, and  
hailed with rapture the favourable augury. "You must  
admit me as one of your *first friends*, Dr. Bloomfield,  
for I feel myself to be such. Twelve hours ago I  
was unworthy of, and should not have aspired to, the  
honour. You will now find me a reformed man.  
Henceforward it will not be disreputable, I trust, for  
any one to associate with me. And it is you, even  
you, who have wrought the miraculous work; for,  
believe me, nothing short of a miracle could have  
effected it. But I must not keep you in suspense:  
there is a letter for you; read it, my preserver and  
benefactor, and be as happy as——I wish you to be."  
It was from his father; the patrician had designed to  
write to the son of a carpenter!!! If I was astonished  
at receiving it; how much more so was I, at its con-  
tents!!!

"Dear sir,

"I have wronged you, and ask your pardon. As a  
christian, I know you will cheerfully grant it, and for-

give and forget the injury. You have humbled me into the dust, by the weight of obligation which you have heaped upon me. To you I am indebted for the everlasting soul of my only son ; but for you he would have died in a state of reprobation ; you have shown me how much greater, how much nobler, the *true christian* is, than the *man* ; even though that man should chance to be an emperor. Where is my ridiculous family pride now ? gone ; and remembered only to be laughed at ; you have removed from my eyes a film of thirty-five years standing. Will it ever be in my power to cancel a thousandth part of the debt I owe you ; Never ; never !!! But all that I can do, shall be done, and quickly too : I will not be reconciled unto myself until then. Fly to me, my son ; hereafter, it will be my glory and pride so to call you. Your Sophia, who is apprised of every thing, anxiously expects you ; my wife (who has had many altercations with me on your account) pants to encircle you with her maternal arms ; and the sight of you will not be less grateful to

“ Your Father-in-law ; that is to be.

“ Dr. Bloomfield.”

What a triumph was this for the holy cause of christianity ! Yes, unbelieving reader, for the cause of christianity ! For that blessed religion, which will one day (and I pray God it may not be a distant one) reign lord of the ascendant ! A day on which the Christian—the Jew—the infidel—and the heathen, will, like a band of brothers, bow down before the cross ! and look unto salvation, only through the medium of him, who offered up his most precious blood as an atonement to the God-head, for the sins—the incalculable sins, of the degenerate descendants of Adam ! \* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
To Sophy's mansion —————,"

I WAS in such an ecstasy after the perusal of Mr. ———'s unlooked for, and most gratifying letter, that I had well nigh forfeited all claim to the character of a *steady man*; and that too in the presence of a gentleman, with whom I had never exchanged a word previous to the last twelve hours; he having looked down upon me, as a being of inferior order, as well as his sire. I had just presence of mind enough to order my carriage to be got ready *in a hurry*, never dreamt of changing my dress, or of inviting my brother-in-law, that was to be, to partake of some refreshment. He however was resolved to show me, that he already considered himself at home in my house; helped himself to a glass of wine without ceremony; and countermanded my orders without scruple. There is no necessity for your carriage, my dear sir, I came in my curricule, in order that I might have the pleasure of being your *Phaeton*; and of driving you, as near as may be, to the *Sun* of your affections. Peradventure I should have said *Moon*; but I am too much overjoyed myself to be select as to my language. I needed not to be solicited twice, and had actually put on my beaver; when he reminded me, that it was indispensably necessary to exchange my grave professional garb for gayer attire. "You surely will not wear black on so blissful an occasion as this." I was in, and out, of my dressing room, and ushered into the presence of Sophia, in less than twenty minutes!!!

The old folks had been thoughtful enough to afford to us a private meeting. And the difficulties which we had surmounted added to the felicity of it.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

*Obadiah is married for the third time.*

appeared to me that we had not been together minutes, when the old gentleman, impatient to see me the greatest of all reparations for the unparalleled indignity, with which he had treated my respectful application for permission to become a member of his family; knocked at the door, requesting admission, which was instantaneously granted. Again he asked my pardon, embraced, and called me, "his son." His lady joined us, and received me as affectionately as though I had been one of her own offspring. My *Phaeton* was now summoned to attend. The father united my hand to his daughter's, and prayed that God would bless and sanctify our union. What an interesting moment! Sophia had nearly sunk under it. Indeed, she must have fainted, if her ever-attentive brother had not promptly furnished her with a glass of water; whilst I, for the first time, supported her in my faithful arms! She was soon restored to herself, and all parties busied in wishing us joy; in which her brother, very thoughtfully, contrived to relieve our feelings by giving a new turn to the conversation, if indeed it can be implied by half uttered sentences, in hurried accents.

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Dinner was announced, when, on entering the room (I suppose of my astonishment, feeling reader, if you can!) I found my father, mother, and sisters, together with their husbands, already assembled there!!! Mr. ——— had determined not to do things by halves—— he called on my father, with whom he was well acquainted in the way of business; acquainted him with the wonderful revolution which had taken place in my private affair; and honoured him with a most pressing invitation to dinner, extending it to all the family, accom-

panying it with a positive injunction, however should be kept *a secret from me*. He wished the thing genteely, he said, and surprise me at every way.

What an alteration had the performance of as a christian, and as a man, brought about in tunes !

But the old carpenter, and his dame, were tiredly out of their element.—They still labour a considerable degree of restraint, for they were guests of a man, who had until very—very lately proud as Lucifer—who had been notorious for mechanics as he did his *menials* ! (A man substantive, but let it pass—a verb has been tumbled into one ere this—finish—for instance). rather had they been in the humblest cottage on bread and water ; than about to sit down at a splendid table of Mr. ———, now o'erspread with most costly luxuries of the season ! But so was *he* changed, that every obstacle appeared before him ; as did the plundering Tories, and the Whigs, before our gallant whigs during the revolutionary war. Or, as the British fled before our *near* Baltimore (during the late contest), and the justly-merited death of Ross, of library burning, printing-office destroying, memory. (N. B. a certain person, who styles himself doctor, charged with Madeira, and influenced by the gold, which he acknowledges to have received for professional services *to be rendered* to an uncourteous countryman, who was accidentally wounded by the Goths and Vandals had a temporary possession of Washington ; when he eulogised *him* and the noble Cockburn, at the fag end of a certain compilation, which he has had the effrontery to trude upon the world ? Those who have the best knowledge of the "*Patriot*,"—(the doctor is a native of our America, incredulous reader)—were loth—exceeding loth—to answer in the manner. For my parents were so overwhelmed with his titles, and affability : that it was impossible for them to continue uncomfortable long : in fact, dinner was half over, ere they looked and acted pretty well.

though they had been at home : it was, in every sense of the phrase, a dinner of love ; and still none of us seemed to eat with an appetite, or make half a meal : the state of our minds rendering but little nutriment necessary for the support of our bodies ! The fruit service was now set upon the table, and then—aye and then—the *new man* ordered the servants to withdraw, and remarked to us, after they had so done—that, as there was none but the family present, he wished us, *the lovers*, to fix upon a day for the wedding—looking *wickedly* at Sophia, and myself—and, the earlier a one you name the better—“ Ha, brother Obadiah ? ” tapping my dad, who was seated on his right, familiarly on the back ; neither you nor I are chickens—and *I should not die in peace* (Oay must give us his last sermon on the night of his marriage, as *I* have never had the satisfaction to hear him yet) *if I did not see your son married to my daughter*. He has won her most honourably. May he long live to wear her. Amen ! quoth Obadiah senior—a word, with which he was precisely as familiar, as with his joiner’s plane !

Mr. ———’s wife now took up the “ speaking cudgels,” and observed, that it always rested with the lady and her female friends, to discuss and arrange so important a point. We shall shortly leave you to your wine, and possibly we may be able to report progress when you join us at tea. For Sophia—her giddy—happy parent—had brought the subject of our wedding day so abruptly upon the carpet—that her delicacy was affrighted, and the wings of the wind conveyed her to her apartment. And the face of Obadiah junior was suffused with blushes.—Yea—verily it was—bashful reader—but don’t mention it.—\* \* \* \*

The other ladies retired a few minutes afterwards, bearing along with them *an emphatic charge from our male parents*——To have mercy upon the young people!!!—The conversation now became general, and my brothers-in-law, who were both lawyers of respectable standing at the bar (of course well educated), and very agreeable companions ; contributed not a little to the merriment, sociability, and interest of the evening: provided, always, nevertheless—that they de-

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icipating it. • Our daughter is to have a public wedding, in conformity to your own resolve ; and, let me tell you ; that we must be exceedingly industrious, or a week will not suffice for the necessary preparations.” “ Now you are reasonable again. That may do ; yes, Dr. Bloomfield, the whole city shall know that I am proud of my son-in-law. This day week then let it be, and God grant we all live to see it.” Again the pious old carpenter ejaculated “ Amen ;” for he was now so old and infirm, that he was seriously afraid he would be gathered unto his fathers in the interim.

Every thing being so happily concluded upon, I had the audacity for the first time to salute the lips of my Sophia ; surely I may now call her so in sober earnest. She chastised me with her fan, but the blows were so tenderly inflicted, that they would not have harmed a newly-hatched humming bird. “ Bravo ! bravo !” exclaimed her father, “ I like a lad of spirit, and have at last found out, that you are a boy after my own heart *in every respect.*”

The week soon glided away, for I almost lived at his house ; we had a very brilliant and well-attended wedding ; only two hundred persons witnessing the ceremony ; I am now for the third time a brother Benedict, and for the second time perfectly happy.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

*Woman.*

*A poetical trifle. Written by somebody, in all probability,  
certainly not by me, who am not even a poetaster.*

W H O, in this world of care and strife,  
Doth kindly cheer and sweeten life,  
As friend, companion, and as wife ?

'Tis Woman !

Who, by a thousand tender wiles,  
By fond endearments, and by smiles,  
Our bosom of its grief beguiles ?

'Tis Woman !

From whom do all our pleasures flow ;  
Who draws the scorpion stings of woe ;  
And makes the heart with transport glow ?

'Tis Woman !

Who, of a nature more refin'd,  
Doth soften man's rude stubborn mind,  
And make him gentle, mild, and kind ?

'Tis Woman !

Who binds us all to one another,  
By silken bands, of father, mother,  
Of husband, children, sister, brother ?

'Tis Woman !

When, hours of absence past, we meet,  
Say, who enraptur'd runs to greet  
Our glad return, with kisses sweet ?

'Tis Woman !

Who by a word, a touch, a sigh,  
The simple glancing of her eye,  
Can fill the soul with ecstasy ?

'Tis Woman !

she lost, ensnared to vice,  
 well has she repaid its price,  
 earth is made a paradise  
 By Woman !

be with mandate stern prepare,  
 cope with famine, death, despair,  
 all, undaunted I would bear  
 For Woman !

me upon some desert shore,  
 and which the angry tempests roar,  
 constant heart should still adore  
 Dear Woman !

me to mountains white with snow,  
 the chilling winds for ever blow,  
 there contented I would go  
 With Woman !

deep, within the mountain's side,  
 in a cavern for my bride,  
 when my treasure I would hide,  
 My own dear Woman !

## CHAPTER XXXII.

• *The Young Man's Episode continued.*

RICHARD'S true friends had not taken their departure long, ere he was joined by several of his false ones. They had another prodigal to prey upon, and were resolved to worship him, and flatter him, and stick to him, *like leeches*; so long as he had one dollar to rub against another, and no longer. Of this poor Richard was not, could not be, aware. He loved them, and, in the fulness of his untainted heart, he verily believed, that they returned his love; for their hollow professions passed as current with him as virgin gold. He received them therefore with open arms, but the honourable pecuniary independence, which had been held out to him by messrs. Trueman and Steady, was yet uppermost in his thoughts: indeed he had almost made up his mind to accept of it, when these harpies made their appearance. And what do you think they came for? why truly to initiate their *duple* in the art and mysteries of dram-drinking: or, to speak more fashionably, to teach him how to cure his head-ache by a repetition of *the indiscretion* which had occasioned it. "A hair of the dog is good for his bite"—is a phrase in high repute, and well understood, amongst toppers. Richard had set out hospitably, it was true, but his friends had no idea that their stomachs should be exclusively benefited by his specie. Oh no! they knew better things. *To eat and drink him out* would be, besides, a work of time, and it would exactly suit the impoverished state of their finances now to fob a few of his thousands, for their own private purposes. How was this to be accomplished? why, by gambling, to be sure. A caucus had been accordingly held by these worthies, and it was resolved nem. con. that they should first make a drunkard of him, and then pluck him, ay, even of the last feather.

In pursuance of this diabolical plan, after rallying

their intended victim, and each other, on the excesses of the last night, Richard was asked, if he had as yet taken an *antifogmatic* ? who replied in the negative. They told him it was indispensable after a frolic, that they had commenced some two hours before, and driven at least half a dozen nails more in each of their coffins (meaning that they had each taken half a dozen drains), that he would feel like another man, if he followed their (*laudable*) example ; and, lastly, that it would afford them real pleasure, to keep him in countenance. It was not quite twelve o'clock. Richard had never drank any thing stronger than porter, cyder, or beer, previous to taking his dinner until now, but he had set up for a fashionable man ; and who's afraid when there is no danger ? had they proposed to him, to dance *bare legged* in the street, assuring him, at the same time, that it was "*all the rage* ;" there is no question but he would have promptly given into the extravagance. His side-board was immediately spread with liquors and liqueurs ; and a glass of *gin* and bitters prescribed for him, as the very best medicine in his case, for his stomach was still unsettled, and his head still ached. It was swallowed, whilst the gang contented themselves with *wine* and bitters. Richard *conceited* that the liquid fire relieved him. The dose was repeated, he felt yet better : this encouraged him to persevere in the way of doing amiss. A game of loo was now spoken of, but the pigeon had been over-dosed, and was unable to tell the ace of spades from the jack of clubs. He had driven six nails into *his coffin*, and it became necessary to again convey him to his bed ; and that too before two of the clock : ergo, a feather could not be plucked this day.

The bitters were bitten, by themselves, for this once, but they had dived sufficiently deep into the character of Richard to be satisfied that they could gull him at pleasure ; and this was all that it concerned them to know. They quitted the mansion of *their friend*, with whom they had intended to dine, in a sociable way, by the bye ; designing to return to the charge on the morrow. The ardent spirits, however, used Richard as ill as five grains of tartar emetic would have done. His servants were alarmed, and the fami-

ly physician was sent for ; who having ascertained the cause of his indisposition, had no difficulty in administering to, and removing the effect. The self-created sick man was as well as could be expected by the morning, and so far sensible of one of his errors, that he took a *solemn oath, never again to drink more than was really good for him* : and through all his after vicissitudes of fortune, he kept immoveably steady to it; being well aware of the sacredness of the obligation. This saved him, body and soul : but it did not retain to him his cash. The Bible on which he had sworn (for he was not far gone enough in the fashion to turn the Holy Scriptures, neck and heels, out of his house), had just been carefully replaced in his book-case, when his old medical friend (who had prescribed for him his first dose of *real* medicine), made his appearance ; and, as his patient had now no farther occasion for him in his *professional* capacity, his regard for him and his family, induced him to prescribe for him in his private one.

*Physician.* Richard, you were dead drunk before dinner yesterday.

*Richard.* To my everlasting shame be it spoken.

*Physician.* I am proud to hear you say so. It was the effect of accident then ?

*Richard.* It was ; and shall never be repeated.

*Physician.* *Never* is a very despotic word, and should not be lightly made use of ; because we are sinful creatures, and too often lacking in self-controul.

*Richard.* I know it, and have therefore availed myself of the guarantee of an oath.

*Physician.* Which you will keep.

*Richard.* So long as my reason is continued to me.

*Physician.* I believe it. You will have changed your nature else—for, yesterday excepted, I never knew a more discreet, more prudent, and more moral young man. You must have got into very bad company, or very bad company must have got in with you.

*Richard.* Neither, respected sir ; my associates are members of our most respectable families—finished gentlemen—but wild, very wild : young men will be young men, you know.

*Physician.* Unquestionably a young man is a young man; but I am yet to learn, that, because a man is young, it should of necessity follow that he be a drunkard, a gambler, a libertine—in brief, every thing that is bad. The profoundest logician under heaven would fail to convince me, that vice is excusable, at any period of our lives. So long as a proper line of demarcation continues to be kept up between levity and immorality, I could look over, and pardon, the follies proceeding from the one, but never—no never—the crimes originating from the other!

*Richard.* You take up this matter a great deal too seriously, my dear sir. God forbid that *wildness* should imply *drunkenness*, *gambling*, and *libertinism*. Oh, no! indeed I meant not so. *My friends* are all men of sterling honour—

*Physician.* Did they evince their *friendship*, think you, when they urged you (whom they knew to be unaccustomed to strong drink) to swallow six glasses of gin, rendered yet more powerful by the addition of bitters, in less than two hours?

*Richard.* A frolic, sir—a mere frolic, upon my honour: besides, they kept me company every time; only that they preferred *wine* with their bitters.

*Physician.* And wherefore? because they were aware that they could drink it with impunity. But they did not even do that, if your servant is to be depended upon; who says, that, the first glass excepted, they threw the contents of the remaining ones upon your carpet, which yet bears the marks thereof. Have a care of those men, my young friend—I know not who they are—but if they were sons of George Washington, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, my opinion of their principles would not be a whit the better. They did not ply you with that “liquid fire” for nothing—Depend upon it, *they have some design upon you*. Be advised by me, therefore, and separate yourself from such dangerous society, ere it be too late. Return to your old masters, and unite yourself with them in business: an opportunity is afforded you, by them, to accumulate for yourself a magnificent fortune. “Now, or never,” is your time.

*Richard.* You are certainly in the right of  
tor. Hitherto, one mind has whispered to me "  
—whilst another has *vociferated* "reject." I  
now determined to do, that which *I know* w  
beneficial to me. The splendid drawing-roo  
be exchanged for the plainer, but more p  
compting-house—midnight revels and morn  
proaches, for regular hours, a hearty breakfas  
unabused constitution; and *all going out*, for  
and handsome profit coming in.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

"It is too late, the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd——— And his pure brain  
Foretells the ending of mortality."

SEVERAL weeks elapsed before my father-in-law could be brought to consent to our removing home; Sophia had barely restored the widower's house to its former state (widowers' houses, like bachelors', are general-kept, nice madam), when I was required to pay last duty to my honoured father. He died after an illness of 24 hours—was perfectly in his senses, resigned, and took a most tender leave of us all. It was *old age alone* which carried him off, for *his constitution was fairly worn out*. Dissipation, or irregularity of any description, had not shortened his life one hour.

I never have witnessed a funeral (my patriotic godfather's excepted) which was so generally attended.—The rich and the poor—the young, the gay, and the pious—all—all—with one heart, and one hand, united in discharging this honorary tribute to the merits of the oldest inhabitants of ———. Notwithstanding it was an event which we had long expected to take place—of which he used to talk so much, and for which we ought all to have been prepared; it had well nigh proved fatal to our mother, and left us at once parentless. *She* was upwards of sixty years of age; *she also* had deeply felt its enervating influence;—they had lived together—happily and together—sixty-four years! And, when the husband of her affections passed from time into eternity, could endure no more, but gave a loud shriek, and died:—hours elapsed ere she was restored to herself;—her constitution had sustained an irreparable shock;—the turtle sighed for a reunion with her true love—and, in three months afterwards, she was deposited by the side of him!!! \* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Exultingly I say it, she's mine own;  
 And I as rich, in having such a jewel,  
 As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
 The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

IN a reasonable time,—that is to say, in *ten* or *eleven* months, or thereabouts,—my Sophia made me the happy father of another son, who was called Augustus, in compliment to her father; and who, from his present advancement in literature and science (he also sedulously cultivates the fascinating muse!), bids fair to, one day, make a figure, and that no contemptible one, *on the stage of life*. It has been repeatedly observed, by both sexes, that it is impossible for man, or woman, to love twice with equal ardour.—I once thought so myself; and heaven never implanted, in any bosom, a heart, more susceptible of the dear, vivifying, tender passion, than I was blessed with. I once loved Louisa as well as ever mortal man did love, before, or since—I still adore and reverence her memory.—But *Sophia* has succeeded in convincing me, that *one good living wife is worth a church-yard full of dead ones*.—I speak it not irreverently: indeed I do not. And, if I did not love *HER* as well as any woman need desire to be beloved, I am greatly mistaken. During the very—very short period that Louisa was spared to me, neither an angry look or word had ever escaped us.—Indeed *we* never had the shadow of a difference—for but one soul and one mind appeared to animate us. Thus, too, was it with *Sophia*—who was continued to me for many years, each one of which entitled us to—"The flitch of bacon"—We, too, appeared to be made for each other.

[I have been requested, by a learned and tasty female friend, to whom I have occasionally read extracts from the preceding pages, to introduce *here*, a beau-

tiful poem, which is the production of a Scottish poet, who is, in her opinion (and believe me she is well qualified to judge), inferior only to Burns ; and have complied, because it is not in my nature to refuse a lady aught.]

## “ TO ELIZA, ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY HECTOR MACNEILL, ESQ.

(Dedicated by me, Obadiah, without the author's permission, to all the Young Married Ladies in the world.)

“ You're now, Eliza, fix'd for life ;  
In other words, you're now a wife ;  
And let me whisper in your ear,  
A wife, though fix'd, has cause to fear ;  
For much she risks, and much she loses,  
If an improper road she chooses.  
Yet think not that I mean to fright you,  
My plan, *au contraire*, 's to delight you ;  
To draw the lines where comfort reaches ;  
Where folly flies, where prudence teaches.  
In short, Eliza, to prevent you  
From nameless ills that may torment you :  
And, ere bright Hymen's torch burns faintly,  
From nuptial glare conduct you gently,  
Where (cur'd of wounds from Cupid's quiver)  
A milder lustre beams for ever !

“ First, then, Eliza, change your carriage,  
Courtship's a different thing from marriage,  
And much I fear (by passion blinded)  
This change at first is seldom minded.  
The miss, who feasts on rich romances,  
And love-sick sonnets, wisely fancies  
That all the end of ardent wooing,  
Is constant billing, constant cooing.  
The nymph, again, whom caution teaches,  
To doubt the truth of rapt'rous speeches,  
She whom experience oft has school'd,  
And shewn how husbands may be—rul'd,  
Laughs at the whims of fond sixteen,  
And thinks that wedlock stamps a—queen.  
Now I (though ne'er, alas ! contracted)  
Consider both as half distracted ;

And will predict that endless strife  
 Must be the lot of either wife.  
 Not that I would infer from hence  
 That men of feeling, worth, or sense,  
 Could ever try to wound or pain  
 A tender breast with cold disdain ;  
 Or e'er descend to storm and battle  
 At fondly—foolish female prattle.  
 Yet if sweet madam, without reason,  
 Will fret and fume, and mutter treason,  
 Plaguing her plain, unpuffing spouse,  
 About his former oaths and vows,  
 And tender sighs, and soft expressions,  
 With various comments and digressions,  
 I will not swear that mere connexion  
 Will guard the husband's warm affection ;  
 And when affection cools, they say  
 The husband's apt to—go astray.

“ Maids, prais'd and flatter'd all their lives,  
 Expect as much when they are wives ;  
 And think when husbands cease palav'ring,  
 That love (sweet souls !) is surely wav'ring :  
 Then hey ! for pets and cold distrust,  
 Doubt's sullen brow, and dreams accurst ;—  
 The game goes on, ma'am's in the dumps,  
 And jealousy at last is trumps.  
 For thee, fair flower ! of softest dye,  
 That caught so late each vagrant eye,  
 Still breathing sweets, still blooming gay,  
 Beauteous in winter as in May :  
 For thee this truth the muse has penn'd  
 The muse—but more thy anxious friend :  
 ‘ Woman's bright charms were giv'n to lure us,  
 They catch, 'tis true ; but can't secure us.’

“ Sage Solomon, who paints with beauty  
 A virtuous woman's worth and duty,  
 Compares her to a ship of trade,  
 That brings from far her daily bread\*.  
 This may be true ; but as for me,  
 I'll draw a plainer simile,  
 And call a virtuous wife a gem,  
 Which for its worth we ne'er condemn,  
 Though soon its water, size, and hue,  
 Grow quite familiar to the view.  
 What then ensues ? Why faith I'll tell you ;  
 We think of nothing but—the value.

\* “ She is like the merchant ships, she bringeth her food  
 from afar.” Proverbs, 31st chap. verse 14th.

Yet take this gem and lay it by  
 From the possessor's careless eye,  
 Conceal its lustre, dazzling bright,  
 From beaming daily on his sight,  
 I'll take you any bet at pleasure,  
 Whene'er he views this tempting treasure,  
 With eager bliss and sparkling eyes  
 He'll mark each new-born charm arise,  
 And with the joy of first possession,  
 Admire and rave sans intermission !

" If women, therefore, would be wise,  
 Instead of murmurs, tears, and sighs,  
 And sullen moods, and scolding frays,  
 When lov'y's absent for some days,  
 Let ev'ry female art conspire  
 To drive him from the parlour fire.  
 Of all the plagues in wedded life,  
 To teaze or to torment a wife,  
 There's none more likely to increase  
 The bane of matrimonial peace,  
 Than the tame husband always by  
 With prying and suspicious eye.  
 Mark then, when \* \* \* \* goes to town,  
 Smile thou, when others' wives would frown ;  
 He only goes (nay, don't be angry),  
 To take a walk to make him hungry ;  
 To taste awhile, unknown to care,  
 A change of exercise and air ;  
 Observe the pert, the bold, the witty——  
 How different from his own sweet Betty !  
 Return impatient to his home,  
 No husband, but a fond bridegroom.

" Lastly, Eliza, let me say  
 That wives should rather yield than away ;  
 To thwart a husband's fixt opinion  
 Is not the way to gain dominion,  
 For kisses *order*, tears *reprove*,  
 And teach us rev'rence, fear, and love !——  
 O ! born to soothe and guide the heart  
 With native softness, void of art !  
 Thou whom nor pride nor fashion sways,  
 Unchang'd by flatt'ry's giddy praise ;  
 And thou to whom a trem'ulous youth  
 First spoke the tale of love and truth,  
 Blending with passion's fond alarms  
 The bright'ning beam of virtue's charms——  
 Ah ! lend not now a careless ear !  
 Yet ! yet attend to truth sincere !  
 These lines, at least with smiles receive,  
 The last, perhaps, thy bard shall give.

While pleasure spreads her gaudy train,  
 To lure the trifling and the vain ;  
 While fashion kills the tedious day  
 With shopping, concerts, cards, and play ;  
 While female love, and youth's fair charms  
 Shrink from pure passion's ardent arms,  
 And cling to splendour's fancied bliss,  
 With withering age and wretchedness,  
 Be thine, Eliza, more refin'd,  
 The pleasures of the virtuous mind !  
 Be then the transports of the heart  
 Which love and goodness still impart ;  
 The tender glance, the tranquil smile,  
 A husband's sorrows to beguile :  
 The blush of joy, divinely meek ;  
 That paints a mother's glowing cheek ;  
 The balm that friendship still bestows ;  
 The tear that drops for human woes !  
 These, these, Eliza ! light the way,  
 And cheer when other charms decay ;  
 Conduct through care and worldly gloom,  
 And whisper joys——beyond the tomb.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

*scolding is proved to be a disease by irrefragable evidence.*

TIIOUS to the death of the father of my Louisa, exacted from me a promise to visit his relations and, so soon as I could make it perfectly con-

He had written to them on the subject ; and me, letters to be delivered in the event of my being able to comply with his ardent desire. The situation of my parents had bound me out of my nativity, for they held to life by too is a tenure, to admit of my leaving them : ; ! they were now gone ; both gone ; and I ing, and could soon be in readiness, to re- conditional pledge.

Some time previous to this found it impossible, very extensive practice, to do justice to my without assistance ; and had, in consequence, o co-partnership a young gentleman of first- its, and great private worth, who had lately d ; and who had a mother, and several sisters, measure dependent on his exertions for a sup- ly friends in general were exceedingly well with the choice I had made, Dr. ———— an of popular manners, and known to be well l in the theory of his profession. It was there- y power to introduce him almost immediately ative and respectable business ; but it was ssary for me to withdraw altogether ; I could the land of my forefathers else, and gratify wish of one of the best of friends and of men. man's mind is once definitively made up, it is . It matter for him to act accordingly : I there- nenced making the requisite arrangements. spot.

I had frequently told Sophia that if I chanced to survive my parents, I should visit Great Britain and France, if the situation of that unhappy country admitted of its being done with comfort and safety; but she had always considered and treated it as a joke, believing me to be *so wedded to my profession*, that I could not exist without practising it. I had said nothing to her on the subject of late, being resolved to surprise her, and and she was indeed astonished, when she met with my advertisement in a newspaper; declining the practice of physic for the purpose of visiting Europe! "I perceive by this, my love, that you really are in earnest, but you will not cross the Atlantic alone?" and tears stood in her eyes. "Alone, my dearest Sophia! Never! If yourself and the children do not accompany me, I go not at all. Come; what say you to taking a look at the beauties and curiosities of London and Paris?" "I am delighted at the thoughts of it; and the two boys; I love the one, nearly as much as I do the other; and should not enjoy pleasure or peace of mind, if either were left behind: but my father; he never will consent to our taking Augustus with us." "Your father, mother, and brother are to be of our party; we shall all sink or swim together!" "Is it possible! well; you have really planned a charming excursion for us, and so secretly too, that I give you treble credit for it. My mother has been apprised of it then?" "A fortnight since." "And concealed it from me?" "Merely in order to demonstrate that she can keep a secret." "I shall *so scold* her for it when next we meet!" "Heaven forbid!" "Wherefore?" "You do not imagine that I wish you to be sick, do you?" "Certainly not!" "And yet scolding is a disease!" "Scolding a disease! you are facetious this morning!" "Hear what Celsus Boerhaave, A. M. M. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. &c. says upon the subject\*, and be a convert to his novel doctrine!"——"I am all attention; ha, ha, ha!"

"From the days of the Spectator to the present time, periodical writers have indulged in invectives against scolding; from an evident misconception of

\* See Port Folio, vol. 4. 1817.

the true nature, *principles*, and practice of—scolding. Nay, our ancestors were more to blame, because they went farther, and, considering scolding as a crime, invented a punishment for it; which was recently inflicted upon one unfortunate woman in the city of Baltimore, who was doubtless ducked to her heart's content! (Sophia. Ha, ha, ha!) much light has never been thrown upon the matter, but as I have made it my particular study for the last *forty-five* years, that is, ever since I entered into the *blissful* state of matrimony, I hope I shall have it in my power to dispel *the darkness of ignorant and persecuting times*, and contribute something to eradicate those *unreasonable prejudices*, which many gentlemen of our own days entertain against scolding.

“The theory of scolding has been grossly mistaken. That which is a disease has been considered as a fault; whereas, in fact, scolding is a disease, *principally of the lungs*; and when the *noxious matter* has been long pent up, it affects the *organs of speech in a very extraordinary manner*, and is discharged with a violence which, while it relieves the patients (or they at least *imagine* themselves to be relieved by it); tends very much to disturb and frighten the beholders, or persons who happen to be within hearing.

“Such is *my theory* of scolding; and if we examine all the appearances which it presents in different families, we shall find that they will *all* confirm this doctrine. It is, therefore, the *greatest cruelty*, and the *greatest ignorance* to consider it as a crime. A person may as well be executed for a colic; confined in jail for a fever; or transported for the gout; as punished for scolding; which is, to all intents and purposes, a disease; arising from the causes already mentioned.

“Neither is it a disease only of itself, but it is also, when improperly treated, the cause of many other disorders. Neglected scoldings have often produced fits, of which a remarkable instance may be found in a treatise written by Dr. Colman, entitled, “The Jealous Wife,” in the fourth chapter, or *act*, as *he* calls it, of that celebrated work. On the other hand, where the scolding matter has been long pent up, without any

vent, I have little doubt that it may bring on consumptions, and those *dreadful hysterical disorders* which, if not speedily fatal, are sure to embitter the lives of many worthy members of society. All these evils might have been averted, if the faculty had considered scolding in the light of a disease, and had treated it accordingly. In pursuance of my theory, I now proceed to the

“ *Symptoms.*

“ The symptoms of scolding are these : a quick pulse, generally about one hundred strokes to the minute ; the eyes considerably inflamed, especially in *ladies* who are fat, and attached to over-doses of ratafia or cherry brandy ; a flushing in the face, very often to a great degree ; at other times, in the course of the fit, the colour goes and comes in a most surprising manner ; an irregular, but violent motion of the hands and arms, and a stamping with the right foot ; the voice exceedingly loud, and as the disorder advances, it becomes hoarse and inarticulate ; and the whole frame is agitated. After these symptoms have continued for some time, they gradually, and in some cases very suddenly, go off ; a plentiful effusion of water comes from the eyes, and the patient is restored to health ; but the disorder leaves behind it a considerable degree of weakness, and a *peculiar foolishness of look*, especially if any strangers have been present during the fit. The memory too is, I conceive, somewhat impaired ; the patient *appears* to retain a very imperfect recollection of what has passed, and if reminded of *any circumstances, obstinately denies them*. These symptoms, it may be supposed, will vary considerably in different patients, but scolding is, nevertheless, a disorder which can rarely be mistaken by the most illiterate and presumptuous quack.

“ *Predisposing Causes.*

“ In all diseases, a knowledge of the predisposing causes is sometimes, if not always, necessary to the

e. In the present case, these causes are, *irritation of the vascular system*, an exaltation of the passions, and a *moderate* deficiency of *natural* temperament—provided always nevertheless—that it *was* a good one.

“ *Occasional Causes.* ”

The occasional causes of this horrific disease—(I call it horrific—because it often causes the patient to tremble like the fancied representations of the devil) are various. Among them may be enumerated, extraordinary attentions to *kissing* : for instance, a very *pretty* young girl when one’s *ugly old* wife is present ; (a very imprudent *caquer* by the by)—throwing down and breaking a china basin—misplacing a lately bought, of course, new fashioned, hat—or a pair of *corsets*, which a wife never intended that husband should see—depending upon a favourite lap-dog’s *latter end*—(it would be vulgar and highly indecent, to say “ tail,” I know). (Here Sophia *roared*).—Pointing out to a mistress where she conceals her consoling bottle of *au de vie*.—Overdoing a choice haunch of venison—sending it in raw—spilling a plate of calf’s head upon a dress which had never been worn before, &c. with many others which it is unnecessary to detail, because they frequently recur, and it is impossible to prevent them, and because, whatever the occasional cause of the disorder may be, the symptoms are pretty much the same, and the mode of cure the same.

“ *Cure.* ”

Various remedies have been thought of for this disorder, but all hitherto of the *rough and violent kind*, which therefore, if they remove the *symptoms* for the moment, leave behind them a greater disposition to the disorder than before. Among these the country people frequently prescribe the application of a birch stick, a horse whip, or a leather strap, and others give a decided preference to a cat with nine tails—which, however, are all liable to the objection I have just stated. Others have recommended

*argumentation* ; but this, like *inoculation* (for the *pox*) will not produce the desired effect, unless the patient be, *in some degree, prepared to receive it*. So I have advised a perfect silence to be observed by persons who are near the unhappy sufferer, but I may say, that whenever I have seen this mode resorted to it has invariably heightened the disorder, and sometimes produced convulsions. The same may be said of *obedience*, or permitting the *sick* to have their own way. This is precisely like undertaking to cure hydrophobia by draughts of cold water, which can be partaken of by the to-death-devoted wretch, or burning fever by throwing in quarts of brandy.

"As the chief intention of this trifle was to prove *scolding is a disease, and not a fault*, I shall not enlarge much on my method of cure; because, the moment my theory is adopted, every person will be able to treat this disorder *secundum artem*. I shall mention, however, the following prescription, which I never knew to fail (when properly administered) in removing paroxysm at least :

*" Take*

" Of common sense, thirty grains,  
Decent behaviour, one scruple, *i. e.* twenty grains,  
Due consideration, ten grains,

"*Mix*, and sprinkle the whole with *one moment's thought*, to be taken as soon as any of the occasional causes appear.

"By way of *diet*, though it is not necessary to resolutely confine patients to a milk or vegetable one, yet I have always found it expedient to guard them against those mortal enemies of the human race—brandy—rum—and above all whiskey: indeed, against any thing and every thing, which tends to heat the blood.

"But it is necessary that I should state a measure of the utmost importance in the prevention of this disorder—(an ounce of prevention being always worth a pound of cure) and which I have left untouched until now, in order that it might be comprehended under one view. It is commonly supposed, and indeed

ten been asserted, that this disease is peculiar to one  
 of the sexes; and I trust I need not add, what  
 that is. Although it may be true that they are  
 not liable to it, yet it is certain, from the theory laid  
 down respecting the predisposing causes, that the men  
 are equally in danger. Why then do we not find as  
 many males afflicted with scolding as we do females?  
 For this plain reason:—scolding, as proved above, is  
 the effect of a *certain noxious matter pent up*. Now  
 this matter engenders in men as well as women; but, the  
 latter have not the frequent opportunities of *discharging*  
 it, which our sex enjoy. Women are, by fashion, ex-  
 cluded from coffee-houses, debating societies, drinking  
 clubs, a seat in our state legislatures—in congress, &c.  
 where the men have invitation upon invitation to  
 free themselves from the disorder, whilst in its incipient  
 state. This, and this only, is the cause why the dis-  
 ease appears most frequently in the female sex. Now  
 if the good people of the district in which I reside,  
 would only do me the honour to make me their repre-  
 sentative in congress, the very first use I should make  
 of my privilege would be, to bring in a bill, which the  
 gallantry of my brother members would induce them  
 to rapidly pass into a law; the object of which would  
 be, to render those ladies eligible to a seat in that au-  
 gust body, who had suffered most with the disease, of  
 which I have been treating. And then—Lord have  
 mercy upon us! what a spouting we should have.  
 We should hear no more of the bewitching oratory,  
 and brilliant language, of a Curran—a Philips—a  
 Dexter—a Pinkney—a Webster—or a Drayton. The  
 scolds, sirs—aye the scolds, whom you have so often  
 flouted at, would speedily convince you, that they, and  
 they only, are invested, by nature's God, with every  
 prerequisite to oratory—*genuine and unalloyed*—they  
 would appear to change their natures—the *pent up*  
*noxious matter* would be exploded—and they would  
 be denounced as pests to society no more!!!” Sophia.  
 Dr. Boerhaave has so far made a convert of me, that  
 I shall be ashamed to scold again as long as I live.  
 Obadiah. Why—surely you never have laboured under  
 the disease? Ha, ha, ha! Sophia. Indeed but I have  
 though, and had a violent *paroxysm* of it no longer ago

than yesterday. Obadiah. I am rejoiced to hear i  
 Sophia. What! rejoiced to hear, that I made a fo  
 and monster of myself? Obadiah. Not exactly—but  
 because I considered you as *too perfect* before. Sophi  
 You should never flatter your wife, my dear—but su  
 fer me to relate to you *the occasional cause of my at*  
*tack*.—I directed Margaret to take the superb set o  
 tea china, which you *intended* as a present to you  
 sister Rebecca, and carry it to her; charging her t  
 be particularly careful of it. It seems, however, tha  
 she was of opinion it would be a degradation to her t  
 be seen in the streets, with a waiter on her head, an  
 confided her commission to the thoughtless and luck  
 less James; who contrived to stumble by the way—  
 the china found *its way* to the pavement, and remnant  
 only were saved, for every piece was literally broken  
 I should not have been so very—very angry, had i  
 been possible to replace it—but you know you import  
 ed a set for each of our sisters, and ourselves, wit  
 appropriate cyphers and remarkable devices—Obadiah  
 And the upshot of the business is—that Beckie mus  
 wait another year for hers. An Indiaman is to sail i  
 a few days, with the super-cargo of which I am  
 well acquainted, and I know it will afford him pleasur  
 to execute any little commission for me: rely upon i  
 my sister's china shall not be forgotten.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

*A sketch of the Life of Colonel M'Donald.*

SOPHIA. Well—positively I am all agog for our projected voyage, and shall be as impatient, as our common mother unquestionably was, to taste of the forbidden fruit, until we are fairly embarked ; and should we be able to extend our tour to Paris—I now give you fair warning—I shall urge you to travel a few hundred miles farther, and visit Rome. You have put me so completely into the notion of roving, that, like a true woman, I fear I would not return *quite satisfied* if I did not view that ancient city—once the mistress of the world, and chosen seat of the arts and sciences—and—drop a tear over the instability of earthly power and magnificence and opulence. Obadiah. As Rome once was, so Paris is now, but in less than a century *she* may cease to be denominated the queen of cities : indeed he rased to the ground, and scarcely a vestige of *her* remain. Think of the fate of Carthage—of Troy—of Jerusalem and Babylon. If the state of the warring powers will admit of it, you shall have no occasion to *urge* me to show you every thing that is worth seeing in the old world ; having children in our train, however, we must have no absolute difficulties to encounter. But your mother is desirous of seeing you—hasten to her, and be industrious, for our captain calculates on sailing in a fortnight ; and we could not have a more charming season of the year for our anticipated frolic. Away she went, as happy as a newly elected queen of May, on May-day, and I persevered in setting my temporal concerns in such order, that they should not suffer during my absence, or give to my attorneys unnecessary trouble in the management of them.

It had been a sort of “*sine qua non*” with me from the first to prevail upon colonel M'Donald to accompany us, and revisit the place of his nativity ; but he had always pertinaciously declined, and notwithstand-

ing I could not but, in part, approve of the reasons he assigned for remaining where he was ; still, as it would have been like leaving a favourite and important limb behind, I, *as pertinaciously*, persevered in endeavouring to do away his objections ; and his resistance, as the period fixed on for our departure drew nigh, became feebler and feebler. I know not how to part with you, you young dog, said he, to me one day—had you been my own son, I question much whether I should have loved you better—but I have not as yet entrusted you with the most potent of my reasons for being averse to setting my feet on dear old Scotland's sterile soil again. You are not to be informed that, since the union, my countrymen, generally speaking, have been the most loyal subjects the king of England had, or has. Indeed, the *Bute faction* has long since got them into such excellent training, that they do verily believe in the infallibility of any, and every, crowned head ; whether it overflows with brains, or is *brainless*—immaterial. So much for that infamous influence behind the throne, which must ere long terminate in a revolution in Great Britain. But, like Montgomery, and Mercer, *such leather-headed loyalty* is a species of *mental subjection* to which I was very far from experiencing any disposition to *descend*. On the contrary, a love of liberty, uncoupled with licentiousness, appears to have been born with me, and to have gathered a tenfold influence over me, as I ripened into manhood—for, no sooner had I correctly understood the nature of the dispute betwixt *these then colonies*, and their unnatural mother, than I made up my mind to lend to them my feeble aid in the acquirement of "man's birthright"—devised the indispensable ways and means—crossed the Atlantic, and joined the *really republican standard as a common soldier*—"unknowing and unknown !" The very first action in which I bore a part, *was no joke*, let me tell you : it was "the battle of Brandywine," but the inherent family pride of the M'Donalds carried me through it *decently* ; notwithstanding our company was as much exposed as, and I believe suffered more than, any upon the ground. We lost all our commissioned officers, and, by the time we reached Chester, could not parade an ensign's command. We had this

consolation, however, that we had fought *a glorious fight*—It was superiority of discipline and numbers—(they had two regulars to our one)—and not a deficiency of courage on our side, that lost us the day; for every American, that was engaged, *did his duty*. It is an old and trite remark “that good very frequently comes out of evil”—thus was it with me, for my first promotion grew out of this defeat:—and in a very few months afterwards, I was privileged to mount an epaulette. It so happened that I was after this period invariably attached to the army which was as before commanded by a man without guile—a patriot without reproach—the hero—the general—and the statesman—*George Washington*. Under such a chief, it is not to be wondered at, that even the *boys* thirsted after military fame: there were many of us who drank freely of the valour-inspiring pool, and for one—*my draughts* were rewarded with a lieut.-colonelsy at the disbandment of the army.—I was now let loose upon the world, a gentleman born and bred, it is true, but without a profession, or a *trade*, or twenty (silver) dollars in my pocket—or a decent suit on my back. (*It was not exactly a whole one*)—I looked *indeed* as though I had been in *actual service*.

Some how or other, my connexions at home had heard of my pranks in America, and in their eyes, I had sinned past all hope of forgiveness, inasmuch as I had joined the standard of the rebels, and fought against *my king*, and the best interests of *my country*. They, in consequence, disclaimed all relationship with me, forbid me ever to return, on pain of being immediately informed against, *as a traitor*; and would, unquestionably, have had the memorandum of my christening erased from the parish register, if the minister had not been too honest and honourable a man to suffer it. Luckily, however, there was a snug property in reversion, which could not be withheld from me, provided I only contrived to outlive the present incumbent; for I had been prudent enough to have my person identified by several Scotch officers, our prisoners, who knew myself and family perfectly well. My right to the succession was hereby perfectly established, and the discovery of *my quality* was

the means of helping me to an excellent and rich wife, only seven years older than myself; who became smitten with me more on account of the *noble blood* (ha, ha, ha!) which circulated in my veins, than any *thing* else. I had her word for it, *Oby*—Indeed I had. (Apropos, when you reach Old England, as the royal family are mortal, and the prince of Wales, from his excesses, frequently requires phlebotomy, in order ward off apoplexy, or *insanity*—I charge you to get acquainted with the physicians in attendance: An opportunity may be thereby afforded you, to analyse some of that *blood* of which we have heard so much: the serum, or crassamentum, will doubtless exhibit a very different appearance from that of the plebeians, which you have been in the habit of drawing off; and you will be able to give a satisfactory account of *the prodigy*, to your *wondering countrymen*, on your return.) Happily for her I was no fortune-hunter (nor as much in love as was necessary, perhaps), but I liked her passing well, and the state of my finances had a wonderful influence over the determinations of my head. We were married, I felt it my bounden duty to treat her kindly, and indulge her in every respect, for to her I was indebted—I blush to say it, *for my maintenance*. My behaviour soon won her whole heart, and she was perfectly happy—and I should have been so too, *had she only borne me children*: but we spent fourteen years very pleasantly together, for all that. Some years previous to her decease the tenant in possession in Scotland took it into his head to retire from the world at a very short notice, and the reversion quietly descended to me. The entail had now ceased, for reasons which it would be superfluous to mention; and, with the aid of the British minister near the U. S. I was enabled to dispose of the property, at a fair price, to a Scotch gentleman, whose estate joined it; and who happened to be on a visit to this country. I could now afford to embark largely in mercantile concerns—was a successful trader, and retired from business a few years since, as rich as I cared to be—for I had no child to heap up wealth for—no, not one! I have now given to you a brief sketch of my uninteresting history, and thank you for your patient hearing

it. It only remains for me to add, that a visit to a land of "*singed sheep's heads and haggiss*" would be attended with considerable risk to me. Not that any thing is to be *directly* apprehended from the British *government*, or laws,—(for I am an American citizen—and vested with equal privileges with a native of the soil)—but that *the former* would exultingly snive at *my murder* I have not a doubt—and there is a base man, who is a stain to the honourable name of Donald, betwixt whom, and a title, there is no impediment, *save* your most obsequious ; who would unsuitably, nay joyfully, perpetrate it. Indeed, I could not be at all surprised, if, in order to "make insurance doubly sure," he crossed the Atlantic, and attempted to dispatch me, *by my own fire side*. I am not so stupid enough, in this single instance, to believe that I am as insensible to *fear* as most men—but it would be downright, wanton, foolishness, to throw myself into the way of a *real* Macbeth, a wretch, who would desert his own mother, by forced means, under the sod, one thousand guineas was to be gained by it.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

"————— I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other."

"————— Even-handed justice  
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips."

AND this is the not to be gotten over stumbling block which lies in our way, is it? the mighty nothing!!! Call you it nothing then, for a nephew, for the sake of an empty title, and a little paltry pelf, to embrue his hands in his uncle's blood?—Your nephew! Gracious God!—"The son of my own (loyal) brother." I congratulate you, notwithstanding, for—you have triumphed: I am obstinate and immoveable in many respects, and had thought myself safe in this one—but, *you have triumphed—and I will accompany you.*—Let us however coolly mark the end on't—and (half in jest, half in earnest) if your old and staunch friend should be sacrificed—do you "*revenge his soul, accurst, and most unnatural murder.*" I promised him, and we separated. Our number was now complete—the only link in the social chain which had been lacking was secured to us, and prosperous breezes was the burthen of my song.

I had made the other members of our party acquainted with the counter-resolution of M'Donald, which diffused a universal joy amongst them, retired for the night, and was in a sound sleep; when I was awakened to hear that *he—even he*—was set upon by assassins and desperately, if not mortally wounded!!! I was with him in a very few moments. One of my brethren, who was the most eminent and experienced surgeon in the city, was already there; and we immediately proceeded to an examination of his wounds. Fortunately they were all flesh ones, but so numerous, that

the fever, which invariably attends upon such cases, was greatly to be dreaded. His age too made against him, but his constitution was a good one; and the season of the year (the spring) was as favourable as we could wish. After having treated him *secundum artem*, and disposed of him tenderly in bed, we enquired, if he could form any thing like a conjecture of the cause of his misfortune, or had recognized the countenance of either of the villains? The colonel was unconscious of having a personal enemy in either the new or old world, save the relation of whom we had been speaking the day before, and him he had never seen. As to the stiletto gentry, they were utter strangers to him, but, as the lamps had enabled him to take a tolerably good view of them, he had remarked, although they were all attired as sailors, that one of them *looked the gentleman*, in spite of his disguise. He then favoured us with the following particulars. He had been to a regular meeting of a whist club of which he was a member, and which had been a favourite place of resort of his for many years. It so happened that not one of his old cronies attended on this evening—he continued with the new set until he was threatened with ennui—and then quit them to return home on foot; it being a good hour before his carriage was ordered to be in attendance. He had not walked twenty yards before he was suddenly attacked by four men, armed with daggers, and slightly wounded in the arm, by *the genteel looking one*. Had they asked for his purse, he would have given it without hesitation, because four to one is fearful odds; but as it was evident it was his life they sought after, he resolved to sell it as dearly as possible. Accordingly, old soldier like, he set his back against a brick wall, drew a dirk, without which he never travelled; and defended himself as well as he was able, hallooing “murder” between whiles. The *genteel-looking* villian was most active on the murderous occasion, and, in his eagerness to complete the work of blood, unguardedly exposed his left side to the cool and collected colonel, who buried his weapon in it, in a twinkling, and he fell never to rise again. The guard now made their appearance, and the survi-

ving myrmidons fled. Our curiosity was highly excited by this account of the colonel's. Robberies were rare in our city, and years had elapsed since our court annals were stained with the report of a trial for murder in the first degree. We therefore directed our patient to be kept quiet, charged him to speak as little as might be, and repaired to the guard-house whither the body of the dead ruffian had been conveyed, purposing to examine it and the clothing, in the hope that some clue would be afforded us for unravelling the mystery. But the highly laudable activity of the police had been beforehand with us—so vigilant had its officers been, that the assassins, who fled, had been already discovered and taken, and were undergoing an examination by two of our aldermen when we arrived. We heard it out, and discovered—oh just and marvelous dispensation of a great and good God! that a nephew had fallen by the hands of his uncle! that uncle whom he had marked as his own prey. It appeared, from the confession of the captive desperadoes (whose looks bespoke them fiends long inured to deeds of darkness and of blood), and papers found in the pockets of the corpse; that it was the remains of *the identical M Donald* from whom my friend apprehended an attack when he re-visited North Britain—that the old earl of ——— had been dead about ten weeks—that *his nephew* had produced forged letters and documents, purporting to have come from the United States; which he had previously provided himself with, and which gave a satisfactory account of the death and burial of the colonel, *apparently well authenticated*—and claimed the earldom, as next of blood—that he had obtained it, and taken possession of all the property.—But he still well knew that the rightful heir was alive, and was miserable till he procured a passage for his residence—that he had arrived in ——— but four days before, accompanied by three bravoos; upon whose daggers and his own, he thought he could depend to “free him from his living fear.” He had no difficulty in finding out his excellent *relation*, and knew him instantly, from the great likeness which he bore to his family; and the majestic walk and mien, for which the worthies of it had been for

remarkable. He next inquired out his accursed haunts, and had taken the colonel at such a stage, that his escape from death was almost miraculous. God will ever defend the just and righteous. Donald was a believer, and *a practical christian, not knowing it*; and, yet he was so modest that he did not deem himself worthy to be a public professor of religion of Jesus—because he played at cards, chess, and backgammon!!! Heinous sins indeed! All have our foibles, and whims, and eccentricities; would to heaven! every partaker of the most holy ment carried along with him to the communion, as little real criminality to answer for, as my father would have done, had his ideas—his exalted—of “the thing most needful” permitted him to do it.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

*But few modest Physicians accumulate fortunes.*

NECESSARY as was silence for the well doing of our patient, we considered it as a matter of no small magnitude to his peace of mind, that he should be apprised of the events of this night; which had nearly been blackened with a deed of horror. We accordingly hastened back, and finding him awake, and as calm as we could wish, imparted every thing to him. And he really is dead, Oby? As Julius Cæsar, my dear sir. What think you now of our conversation of yesterday morning? Nothing; but to anticipate every thing that is good; we must however lay an embargo upon your speaking any more. We were of opinion that the disclosure might aid us in healing your wounds, inasmuch as it ought to set your mind at ease; for your cruel enemy can molest you no more. And you are the undisputed earl of \_\_\_\_\_. I shall never claim the title.—I know that; but the fortune; you may do a great deal of good with that.—True; but you must put me upon my legs first.—That we shall speedily do, if you implicitly follow our directions, for none of your wounds are deep-seated ones.—You have only to issue your orders, and I shall obey them, to the very letter.—It was now five o'clock; previous to retiring we again felt his pulse, and found it only a little agitated; no fever; so much for *an abundant bleeding* and active cathartic, young practitioners of surgery!

We saw the colonel again about nine of the clock; still no fever; but as his pulse could well bear it, and as we ascribed his escaping so far to the previous depletion, we robbed him of a pound more of the purple fluid, and ordered—Yankey. Another cathartic, I hope!—Not exactly; we ordered him to drink freely of *cremor tartar* and water, sweetened to his taste. Yankey.

And a very debilitating mixture you chose for him. Even so ; we meant to continue to deplete, not replete him. You are so unusually inquisitive, friend Yankee, that I shrewdly suspect you purpose commencing the practice of physic and surgery yourself. Yankey. Yes; all other trades failing, but not before, depend on't ; for, in your profession, the impudent, and self-puffing quack is much more likely to get into good business, than the modest physician, who is a man of skill, and science, and learning. *He* is above resorting to those low and petty arts, which are the foundation on which the former too frequently builds up for himself a splendid fortune ; *he* disdains to flatter and worship the many-headed monster, and would consider it as compromising the dignity of the profession, and detracting from his merit as a man ; were *he* to do any thing " *ad captandum vulgus !*" And what is the consequence ? why to be sure his talents may be properly appreciated by *the discerning few*, but their practice will not maintain him, or his family ; he commences the world a necessitous man ; continues to be so through life, and eventually dies, his own executor ; no ! no ! throw physic to the dogs ; as a money-making business, I'll none of it. Author. You are pretty correct in your delineation, my pence-loving calculator. A physician must have, or *powerful friends*, or a plentiful portion of assurance ; or he had just as well burn his diploma, for the good it will do him, in a pecuniary point of view.

Meanwhile the stiletto gentry were regularly committed to prison for trial, and will assuredly be, ere long, improving their constitutions by hard labour in one or other of our penitentiaries.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

*Read this, gamblers ! I mean misled ones.*

WE left Richard perfectly in his senses, and resolved that they should depart from him no more. Indeed so thoroughly recovered was he from his recent infatuation, that he deemed it possible, if he continued to play the gentleman much longer, he might expend his last dollar, and be reduced to want. To want! dreadful thought! I shall be wise enough to guard against that evil, said Richard. His writing desk stood most invitingly open; it was immediately resorted to: and he had just finished a respectful letter to Messrs. Trueman and Steady, gratefully accepting of their benevolent offer, and apprising them that he should be ready for business at the usual hour in the morning; when—the—rooks—came—in. Richard received them as usual, but was so full of the new arrangement, and his ten thousand dollars clear income, that he soon informed them he was about to embark in trade as full partner in one of the most flourishing houses in the city. They were thunderstruck thereat, as may very well be imagined; for their scheme to milk him, of *his coveted ready*, was likely to be crumbled into dust. They had not come prepared for this, and were completely nonplused; but it was necessary that something should be done, and promptly too, or their pigeon would escape from them without the loss of a feather. At first, they affected to consider him as in jest, but he soon convinced them to the contrary, by exhibiting his communication to his former masters, and dispatching it in their presence. The greatest knave of the gang recollected, however, that he had more than once reaped an abundant harvest, when first appearances were even more inauspicious than at present, and with unblushing effrontery, began to rally him on the ridicule to which he would be exposed

rowing off *the gentleman*, and putting on the *cit*—*no merchant ranking as a gentleman, according to a scoundrel's refined idea of gentility*—but he soon perceived that his raillery was ill-timed, and changed uttery, as by magic. Richard, together with the was invited by him to dine, in the most pressing er—he had come purposely in person to do him more honour, he said,—and, as it was to be *his dle day*, Richard most willingly accepted of the tion. The sharpers now withdrew, and assembled at a neighbouring coffee-house, to debate and determine upon the course to be pursued in this alarm-cigency.

the hour appointed, Richard repaired to his *rable friends*, found the entire set in waiting, and partook of an exquisite dinner: but he could not prevail upon to drink any other liquor than wine, very little of that—the burnt child was more cautious than ever, and candidly assigned to the disgusted and gaping *bad men* the sacred obligation as under—never to be intemperate again. Albeit it did not included in his oath, and more's the pity, abstinence from cards; they were introduced at an hour, and Richard was a dear lover of an innocent game. They commenced playing for a *very trifle*—one dollar the deal—two the loo—and one, the button; and the gamblers having “the devil's” as completely under their controul as the most dexterous slight-of-hand man; easily contrived that Richard, who had but an indifferent knowledge of the game, should *sweep the pool* almost every time. It is an untold fact, that there is no habit which can be more suddenly acquired than an itch for gambling: a single evening sometimes suffices. Thus was it with my friend, who was greatly elated by his good fortune, and greenhorn like, very modestly set it down as an account of his superior play. He was in consequence, without difficulty, prevailed upon to do business on a large scale, and was suffered to retire about midnight, with two thousand dollars of *his friends'* money pocket!!! Two thousand dollars for one night's besides the gratification resulting from the dance and amusement! merchandise is a fool to this,

thought the unwary stripling. I have now a sure resort, even though my twenty-five thousand dollars should fail me. The ten thousand per annum had charms for me it is true, but what are they when put in competition with two thousand per night? and the simpleton found his way to his resting place more disgusted with wholesale and retail than ever. Every night was to be equally propitious with the last, and it is highly probable he estimated his after income at 300,000 dollars!!! An income to be derived from gambling!

He was to have been in the counting-house of Messrs. Trueman and Steady, by his own appointment, at eight of the clock, but he had never before sat up an entire night in his life; and was so overcome with want of sleep that he neglected to notify them—that keeping bad hours incapacitated him for business on this day. The *faithful* pair had been delighted at the reception of Richard's letter, inasmuch as they had not expected a reformation to take place in him so soon; and looked for him to make his appearance in vain, until mid-day. Steady, who was most interested in the affair, for reasons which shall be assigned hereafter; proposed to Trueman that they should once more visit the house of prodigality, and learn—what was the matter. Again they entered the mansion of Richard, and were informed by a loquacious servant, that master was still asleep, and good reason why—he had not gone to bed until an hour by sun, had been playing cards all night, and won a vast sum of money. This intelligence caused the quaker to groan heavily in the spirit for they now considered the lad as irretrievably lost! Still they would see him—the hireling might have falsified or been mistaken, and that description of christians, being least given to talk scandal, never condemn any one, without an impartial trial, or hearing. Accordingly, a servant was instructed to awaken him, to hear what grated upon his ear. There was, however, no alternative. He must see them—and he was weak enough to boast of his *speculation* of the night before. *Trueman*. And thee actually won two thousand dollars? *Richard*. I did, upon my honour, fairly won them. *Trueman*. Fare thee well, unhappy misled youth. Thou needst not be at the

pains to come to our counting-house—in it there is no room for thee. *Richard*. Then you decline the proffered partnership? *Trueman*. Unquestionably. No gambler shall ever be entrusted with the cash of our firm. *Richard*. I had intended to have been beforehand with you. *Trueman*. So much the worse for thee; (with peculiar emphasis) when thy last dollar has departed from thee, thou mayest draw upon us for a reasonable sum to meet thy necessities—payable at sight.—Once more—fare thee well.

I would commit suicide first, said Richard, after they were out of hearing.

After this laconic dialogue, Richard's disposition for sleep vanished. He dressed in all haste, breakfasted, and then joined *his friends*; who were in ecstasies when apprized that he had abandoned all thoughts of trade, and *was fascinated with loo!* They were now sure of their game: he was challenged to give them their revenge in the evening, and again *permitted* to win considerably. He continued to feast and gamble with them, with various success, for four months; when their patience became exhausted—the mask was thrown off—he was drawn in to play *unlimited loo*—and literally, quitted the table *pennyless!!*

## CHAPTER XL.

*Colonel* 'Donald is restored to health and his friends.

OUR prospect of visiting England was now doubtful for this season. To leave colonel M'Donald behind, who was beloved as a father, and brother, by each and every one of us, being not to be thought of. Unquestionably it was a disappointment to us, but when we reflected on the cause of our detention, we shuddered at what might have been the effect, and regretted it not. We even felicitated ourselves upon its happening, when and where it did, for the colonel could now visit his dear native land in perfect safety; as we considered his life in no manner of danger, notwithstanding fever had at length deigned to visit his prostrate subject. However, as he did not handle him roughly, we were satisfied that his empire would be of short duration. Our patient did not storm and fret, and rave and swear, as has been the case with very many whom I have had to manage—a course of proceeding which never failed to greatly aggravate their sufferings, and procrastinate, and indeed frequently jeopardize their cure—O no! he submitted to our treatment with cheerfulness and alacrity—and bore every thing with the meekness of a divine, and the fortitude of a disciple of Zeno.—Not a murmur ever escaped his lips. On the contrary, he was hourly returning thanks to his God that he had escaped so well. And he met with his reward, for in four weeks he was as sound a man as ever. The vessel in which we were to have gone, had by this time sailed, but another, as good as she, was up for Liverpool; to sail in ten days. The colonel was as anxious now, as he was indisposed before, to plough the ocean—the temporary delay had sharpened our appetites for it, we monopolized the entire cabin, and thought to have set our feet on British ground, ere we were many weeks older; when a new and unforeseen calamity befel me—a calamity which might have subjected me to an ignominious death.

## CHAPTER XLI.

*Obadiah is more in trouble than ever, if possible.*

FIVE days before we were to take our departure, wind and weather permitting, I received a note from one of our most eminent barristers, desiring to see me at his office immediately, on business of the utmost importance. My father had, early in life, imbibed an inveterate and insurmountable prejudice against lawyers, but it had not descended to his son; who well knew that there were good and bad men of all professions, and of all trades. Still the tenour of his note, which had been cautiously, and privately, delivered to me by his head clerk; was calculated to excite in my breast no small portion of surprise. I had committed no crime, and was indebted to no one a cent. What business then could he have with me? It was only to be unravelled by a prompt attention to the summons. I repaired to the place appointed, and was ushered into a private room. The lawyer soon joined me, and carefully locked the door. This preparation must mean something of more than common importance, thought I. After the usual interchange of compliments, I requested him to solve the nature of the business which rendered this private interview necessary. He hesitated and almost blushed, for he was an honest lawyer, a man of feeling, and a gentleman. After a considerable pause, Dr. Bloomfield, observed he, I believe you were unfortunate in your second marriage? Eminently so, replied I, amazed at the question. Your unworthy wife's maiden name was Maria ———? Yes, sir. And she is no more? I bowed, for astonishment had deprived me of the power of utterance, and I began to apprehend I knew not what. You are positive she is dead then?—Her brother and myself saw her breath her last.—I pray God it may prove so, for there is a woman, now in this city, who professes to be the identical person, who has instructed me to pre-

secute you for *bigamy*, if you do not compromise matters instant—*and who has stimulated me to be indefatigable in my vocation, by a very handsome fee, \$500.*—She is an impostor, my dear sir; on my honour she is, for Henry ———— and myself could not have been mistaken, as to the real Maria, for certain communications which she made to us of matters known only to ourselves.—I doubt not your innocence and conviction of that fact, Dr. Bloomfield; I have known you too long, personally, and by character, to entertain the remotest suspicion on the subject; but I fear *yourself and brother have been imposed upon.*—I knew Maria ———— perfectly well—her features and form are as familiar to me as those of my own daughters; and I never saw twin-sisters as much alike as your intended prosecutor is to her. Moreover, she is in possession of jewels given to her she says by her mother, and by you—even your picture is not wanting—but she exclusively depends, I might almost say, upon a remarkable mark on her right shoulder to identify her claim upon you. Had it not been for the extenuating circumstances connected with the case, I should have been bound, as attorney-general for the state, to have taken her deposition and proceeded against you immediately. I moreover knew that you would not avoid the prosecution, if it must be brought on; and rely upon your discretion in not making public my having apprised you of the application, as, in doing so, I have overstepped the bounds of my duty. The abandoned hussey is sure that she can recover very heavy damages at law, if she is not privately satisfied; I did not undeceive her, and inform her, that a criminal action *only* could grow out of her complaint. My reasons for not adopting a contrary line of conduct must be obvious to you. *I received her fee, but, of course, do not mean to keep it. Your counsel, if you employ any, will explain, why I momentarily retained it.* Fortunately the court of sessions commences in two days, and, if matters are not accommodated in the interim, you need only be confined a few hours before trial. *I must go to jail, then?*—The person of president Washington would not be sacred on an occasion of this kind.—I thank heaven that my honoured parents are not in ex-

istence. They would not have survived my disgrace twelve hours, for I shall offer no terms to the monster, even though she prove to be what she pretends ; which is scarcely possible.—It is not my province to advise you as to the measures to be taken in the premises, but as to *the disgrace* which will attach *to you* for bending the knee in submission to the laws, I would incur it for a pinch of snuff. I dare say no more than this to you, that there is no ground for alarm *should she prove to be your former wife* ; and, I will not flatter you, my opinion is with her on that point.

I tendered him my best acknowledgments for his noble, though *unprofessional* conduct in this delicate affair, and hastened away to discuss this unpleasant affair with my Mentor.

## CHAPTER XLII.

*Obadiah is to be first pitied, and then congratulated.*

I FOUND him at home and alone, and briefly narrated the new difficulty in which I was involved. "Be thou as chaste as ice and pure as snow, thou wilt not escape calumny"—Oby—this is, however, a spice of the incredible—bottomed on neither more or less than a conspiracy to defraud you of a handsome sum, as hush-money:—for, although wealthy, the world deems you, as is usual, a great deal more so than the reality. I know the attorney-general well—and his professional knowledge, which is scarcely to be surpassed, is his least recommendation; but the snow of sixty winters has fallen heavily upon his head, and one of his senses has, for years past, been very defective—that of seeing. He has been imposed upon by—we shall find out who—before you swing—ha, ha, ha!—Nevertheless, as it is a very serious business—ha, ha, ha!—don't go and make *my daughter* Sophia miserable by intrusting her with it.—Good husbands conceal nothing from their wives, except they go astray—and that would not bear a disclosure, *in the best regulated family*—no—no—drive as quick as your horses can carry you to my friend lawyer ———'s; say to him that *I* sent you there—put him in possession of all the facts relating to your wife that was, and who says she is—resuscitated—and let me hear the result before you return to your family.—Second thoughts are best sometimes—I will write a few lines by you, and he proceeded so to do. I now remarked, that I would greatly prefer his accompanying me.—It is impossible—I have business of treble the moment to attend to. I felt *hurt* by this declaration, was silent until he finished his note, which he *sealed*, and delivered me. I took my leave, and directed my course to the lawyer's.

He was absent, but expected to return momentarily.— I determined to wait for him—was shown into his office, and endeavoured to allay the ferment of my spirits by looking over his library, which was an extensive one. In the course of my research I stumbled upon a law dictionary, and turned, with some eagerness, to the word—bigamy. I had barely read the article through, when the owner of the book made his appearance. I was indifferently well acquainted with him, but the supposed felon felt abashed, and colonel M'Donald's letter had to speak for him, whilst I slipped a pretty considerable fee into his hand. *My lawyer* perused it attentively, and I thought I saw something very like a smile stealing over his features. It was however quickly suppressed. I now stated my case to him at full, commencing with Maria's first aberration from virtue, and terminating with the scenes which preceded her dissolution, not forgetting the substance of my interview with the attorney-general; which I entrusted to him in confidence. He arose, shook me heartily by the hand, and partly reconciled me to my misadventure by speaking as follows: I perceive, Dr. Bloomfield, that this thing has distressed you exceedingly, and hasten to set your mind at ease. You have retained me as your counsel, and I engage to bring you off, not only with unsullied honour, but with glory. It is eight and thirty years since I was admitted to the bar, and I have never had a more spotless *defendant's* cause to manage—nor will it prove a difficult one. Of this you will be convinced when I assure you that all my measures are already taken.—It is unnecessary for me to consult a single author. The attorney-general is a man in a million.—You are under greater obligations to him than you have any idea of. When he accepted of *that fee from the prosecutrix that would be*, he acted as much in your behalf as any father could have done; and has benefitted you more than he is aware of himself; for that circumstance alone furnishes me with what I deem conclusive evidence, that it was really your wife whom you buried; and that this is some artful, impudent jade, who happened to be very like her; and who has been tutored for the purpose. The real Maria would have

applied to you in the first instance. With her, a lawyer, and the law, would have been a dernier resort. She might expect to gratify her vengeance by the one, but her pockets might have been filled by the other. She was too enlightened not to know that a criminal action only would lie for bigamy. Again, the deceased could have had no possible motive for deceiving you, and affecting to be the penitent. Her sufferings on the bed of death must have elicited the truth from her. Your Maria was well educated and made use of excellent language—so did she play—an accomplishment which is rarely to be met with in houses of ill fame.—Your Maria was born with a remarkable mark upon her shoulder. She exhibited to your view precisely such an one, and finally recited such of your private transactions when together, as were unknown to a third person.—But you must see this ghost of “flesh and blood.” See her! aye, see her, and judge for yourself.—It is indispensable.—*You cannot be deceived*, and you will sleep the sounder to-night for having detected the contemplated imposition. Pretend that you have come to compromise matters, if she really is Maria, and doubtless her ladyship will have assurance enough to be visible. Money the creature wants, and money she will have—if she can get it.—But I foresee she will get—into the penitentiary first.

A knock was now heard at the door, and M'Donald entered without ceremony. His looks instantaneously attracted my attention, for Hogarth could not have limned Job with a more dismal physiognomy. What is the matter with my old friend to-day? said the lawyer, affectionately. That face which usually beams with smiles and good humour, is as much o'erclouded as though it had just witnessed the interment of all you held dear on earth. I am in a piteous quandary, Sandy, and scarcely know what to do, or whither to turn me. Ah—Oby—Oby—God only knows what dreadful misfortune is to betide us next. I have seen this woman.—*Lawyer*, hastily. And ascertained that she is an impostor.—He was silent.—Then I am lost indeed! nevertheless the certainty can scarcely be worse than the suspense. You think that it was a fictitious Maria whose remains Henry and myself conveyed to

the silent tomb? I am afraid, Obadiah, that the attorney-general was right. I covered my face with my hands; a mother's weakness came into my eyes, and I wept aloud. Summon up all your fortitude, Oby, and shrink not from this arduous trial. If ever there was a time which imperiously called upon you to exert every nerve to put down womanish feelings, and womanish conduct, this is it. I conjure you, by the chaste love which you bear to *my daughter* Sophia, to be a man.—It is the thoughts of her which unmans me: but I will be calm, and would fain know such of the particulars of this mysterious affair as it is in your power to communicate.—You had scarcely left me ere I hied to the attorney-general's, and procured directions to——Maria's lodgings.—She is indeed Maria, then? He shrugged up his shoulders. I drove thither, enquired for her without sending up my name; she soon made her appearance, knew me instantly, and I was almost petrified. The face, the form, the grace, the manner, the language, the mark, the voice, the dress—nothing—nothing—is wanting!!! The shock fell upon me with a tenfold severity, because I had been sure of meeting with a counterfeit. *Lawyer*. And wrote me accordingly, upon which clue all my concerted measures were predicated.—She affected to be happy to see me, told me she could now look me in the face inasmuch as she had reformed, and that she required nothing more at your hands than a handsome annuity, or twenty thousand dollars in lieu thereof. Hitherto I had not spoken a word: when I was required to acknowledge her, which she now did, in presence of witnesses, I was prudent enough to be cautious overmuch, declined having any thing to say in so delicate an affair, and even intimated, that in spite of favourable appearances, I yet entertained doubts on the subject. She took the hint, and enquired, wherefore? Because you did not apply for relief directly to Dr. Bloomfield: the law carries along with it no terrors for him whose character stands so very high and fair in this community. Perhaps I ought to have done so, but I had behaved in so horrid a manner to him, that I had not the audacity to venture upon that step. Why did not you apprise him you were in

existence before he married again? Because I did not quit my evil courses until lately, and *he never should have heard from me* if I had proceeded to travel on this high road to destruction. I was almost tempted to wish that she had continued her journey. Well, well, "the least said is the soonest mended." The doctor shall see you, and if *he* is satisfied that there is no deception, the amount you require shall not be wanting.

I next repaired to Sophia, for the marvellous tale has already taken wind, and I chose to be before-hand with the thousand tongues of rumour. I broke the matter to her with all the art I was master of, and encouraged her to hope that all might yet end well, but in vain. She is inconsolable; her marriage with you null and void, and her child illegitimate. Heart-breaking reflections! And this was the business of treble importance which prevented my accompanying you hither: I had hoped to have joined you fraught with good, instead of evil, tidings.—My agonized feelings were momentarily subdued by a fervid sense of boundless gratitude to this paragon of friendship. Will you never have done heaping favours upon me? If you call *this*—a favour—or any other acts emanating from my love for you—Never—until this heart shall cease to beat—And Donald's soul shall wing its flight, he humbly trusts, to realms of bliss!

But we are losing time.—You must visit this woman before you return to Sophia. *Lawyer*. By all means do so.—Had I not better call, and take up Maria's father, mother, and brother? *Lawyer*. Well remembered: it is all important that they take a look at her. Maria's family had not yet heard the news of the day. Another tax was imposed upon M'Donald's active friendship, and another family rendered miserable. But the old lady was endowed with more courage than either her husband or son, and, forgetful of herself, strove to hearten me up. If it is Maria, son Bloomfield, I shall know her instantly.—I have only to put on my best spectacles, and then my old eyes cannot deceive me: in the mean time, I will unhesitatingly wager my oldest and most valuable diamond ring, *against a fewter flatter*, that the hussey proves a

What say you? Is it a bet? Done, honoured m. She spoke thus lightly for my sake, for her was heavy at the moment; and well I knew it her eyes.

were speedily ushered into the presence of the object of our solicitude, who threw herself at other-in-law's feet, embraced her knees, and sob-said, My dearest mother, father, brother, and—

Bloomfield—I dare not call you—husband—you—will you—forgive me? The old lady fainted, her husband, son, and son-in-law were unable to her any assistance, for they were transfixed wonder, and horror, and grief, the most poignant pencil of a Raphael never produced a more strikingness to any original than she was to—Maria—her jewellery was the same, and disposed of accuracy.—Even a gown in which I most admired

was worn upon the occasion! By assertions the lady whom she cycloped mother was ly restored to sense, and she would then have herself into her arms, when the celestial sound Never—my maternal feelings sunk under the eng recollections which your near resemblance to hom I shall ever deplore, brought home to my but—you are no daughter of mine”—reached lighted ears. This declaration revived us all, ter a minute examination, the father, brother, asband of the real Maria, pronounced her an im- . The mark made most of all against her, for rtainly appeared to me to be indebted to *artifi-ans for it*. At least I gave into this belief, the readily, perhaps, because I wished it might prove he fact.

ou will not own me, then?" We all with one ac- eplied in the negative. Dr. Bloomfield, you ar shortly from me through the medium of my —I shall pay proper attention to the communi- madam. She curtesied respectfully and left

t like a felon who has been reprieved under the s.—But Sophia—my really better half—the ado- and adored wife of my bosom—she was in soli-

tude at home, and weeping over our fatal marriage. We penetrated into her recess with healing on our wings, and found her—oh heavens ! had I been, for an hour only, the grand seignor, or dey of Algiers, with what savage delight would I have ordered, and witnessed, *the impalement of the wretch, who had occasioned all this mischief*—we found Sophia, evidently disordered in intellect, with her son in her lap, and my Obadiah standing at a little distance, crying as though his little heart was about to break. She did not notice our entrance, but continued to speak to Augustus, kissing and embracing him by turns. Ah, my darling—your miserable mother little thought she would ever bring a bastard into the world—a bastard ! then I am an infamous woman. And you, insignificant reptile, (to Obadiah) whose smile is more hateful to me than the frowns of half mankind—It is *your mother* who has done this deed.—*She* is the serpent who has stung me to death.—Ere she came, there did not live a wife more to be envied.—*I had* a dear husband, a son, loving parents, one of the best of brothers, friends in abundance, health, a fair fame, was supremely happy, and with my reason unimpaired. What am I now ? An isolated being. There's none so humble as to do me homage. There does not live an honest female but will look down upon a creature characterless ! distraction ! my guiltless nature cannot—will not endure it—for God knows my sufferings have originated from no fault of mine, either in thought or deed.—Mother, dear mother, do not be angry with me ; I won't be naughty again ; kiss me, dear mother. She saluted him tenderly.—Pardon me, sweet innocent—I knew not what I said—soon shall I need your pity—for soon I shall be as irrational as are the beasts of the field.—Now—even now—my senses are departing from me.—My husband—my Obadiah—I could hear no more, but threw myself at her feet—she gave her child to its nurse, and sunk fainting into my arms. She soon revived, and I endeavoured to comfort her, by assurances that the woman who was the cause of her woe was not the real Maria, but an impudent impostor ; which was corroborated by her family. It is useless to attempt to deceive me.—Col. McDonald has already as-

tified me upon that head. And must we then part (embracing me), beloved of my soul? Part! oh that we had never met---Husband! I have no husband---he was already wedded to another---and we knew it not. We imagined that we dwelt together in innocence, whilst we were committing a crime for which we now must answer with our lives. His is forfeited to the offended majesty of the laws---and I---the participator in his guilt---will claim *a part of the same cold grave*---frantically---Never will I give birth to another illegitimate---She flew into her dressing-room, and locked herself in.

I despatched a servant in all haste for her parents and brother; they came, and we held a consultation as to the course to be pursued in order to arrest the progress of her disease, before it became so firmly fixed as to defy a cure. It was but too evident that nothing could be done, so long as she remained impressed with the idea, that Maria was indeed living. Her mother undertook the difficult task of disabusing her, and, knocking at the door, desired admittance. She peremptorily refused it: I have no mother, said the dear disconsolate. I had one once---she was the emblem of every thing that was excellent and virtuous---and I am a harlot---Surely you will not own a harlot for your daughter! Oh that a friendly basilisk would step in to my aid, and look me dead. This was too much---I forced my way into her apartment, and was followed by her father, mother, and brother, tears streaming from their eyes. Tears! do you weep too, and weep for me! me---who have disgraced my name and lineage, and done "an act which blurs the very face of modesty!" I am unworthy of such commiseration---No, no---scowl at me---trample upon me---cover me with ashes and sackcloth---do any thing, but weep for me---and---I will bless you. Dearest Sophia, be composed, and hearken to your affectionate mother, or you will kill us all outright. The father and mother and brother of your husband's late wife, are ready and willing to swear, that the woman who has set up a claim to him, *is not their daughter and sister*---The court will require no more, and the audacious Jezebel will be severely punished for her pains. Be comfort-

ed, my darling. Your husband will have to go to jail in a few hours, and to leave you thus would break his heart. To jail—he has to go to jail then.—Thither will I go too, and like a faithful slave, minister unto all his wants.—But I must have a separate chamber.—Never, no never will I sin again. Honoured madam, it is not in your nature to mock me; feed me not up with delusive hopes—my brain will not bear it: but *tell me all*—all. Do you believe that that horrid creature who has driven me to the very brink of madness—*do you believe* that she is an impostor?—I have not a doubt of it. The husband, parents, and brother, of Maria, must have known her better than any body else, and their minds are thoroughly made up as to the intended imposition. I breathe again: and her return to reason infused new life into us all. My head—my head! oh how my head aches me!—Suffer me to take some blood from you, my love.—She assented, and the happiest effects had resulted from the operation, when the sheriff was announced. She screamed out, “he has come to carry you to jail”—was all over in a tremor, her eyes sparkled like ten thousand diamonds, and I was in dread of another paroxysm; but this indispensable executioner of the laws was my intimate friend, a gentleman who carried in his bosom, a heart “open as day to melting sympathy;” had his cue from my lawyer, was a wag withal, and his drollery lulled the storm which was again about to overwhelm my soul’s dearest treasure. Positively, Bloomfield, you must be a monstrous favourite with the ladies, a monstrous favourite indeed, when *even the grave lacks power to separate a wife from you*. Had she only been a good one, this miraculous resuscitation would not have excited quite as much surprise. I am exceedingly grateful that *my bad penny* has not found her way back to earth again, for I was more miserable than ever Socrates was, whilst she sojourned upon it, and *ought to have called me lord and master*. This, however, is an avaricious ghost, and wishes to make use of you as a substitute for the philosopher’s stone. Now what occasion her ladyship can have for money, *in the other world*, is an impenetrable mystery to me. Yet, so it is; no sooner was she informed by the attorney-

general, that she could not sue you for damages, than she became eager to return from whence she came; and withdraw the prosecution altogether. It was your pocket, not your life that she had a design upon. *Sophia* (hastily), Has she desisted from proceeding against Dr. Bloomfield?—The attorney-general would not suffer it. How very, very cruel. You will say, how very, very kind, respected madam, when you know all. Retribution is sweet: for every tear which her wickedness has caused you to shed, she must be made to pay a million. My husband---Dr. Bloomfield I mean, for I dare not call him by that sacred name, until this horrid trial is over, must be incarcerated then? He is not the first clever fellow who has been imprisoned upon a false accusation, and much I fear he will not be the last. Apropos, I am happy to have met with you (to Maria's father, mother, and brother who had not yet quitted us); I have subpoena's for you, and the attorney-general is anxious to obtain your affidavits before the doctor is committed. *Sophia* shuddered. You will make oath that the prosecutrix is an impostor?--We will.--Three to one is odds, for it would be passing strange, if parents, and a brother, did not know *their own daughter, and sister*. You had better about it strait.—We will wait upon him immediately. I clearly saw through the good man's drift.--Without these counter-affidavits, and instructions from the proper authority, grounded on them, his duty would have required him to confine me in irons. Happily, *Sophia* was not aware of this additional ignominy to which I was subjected. Maria's family had departed, and we now conversed on indifferent subjects, the sheriff taxing his capacity to be as witty, and humourous, and jocose as possible; and was so unexpectedly successful, as to force a smile from the sorrow-stricken *Sophia*, several times. I could have worshipped him for it. He had sat a full hour when one of my servants brought him a packet. I have been expecting this, and took a cursory view of its contents. His countenance lighted up, and he observed, This is as it should be. Will you do my wife the honour to sup and spend the evening with her, madam. I will do myself the pleasure to call, and show yourself and

friend Bloomfield the way. We shall be perfectly, *en famille*, as the party will only consist of your mother, father, brother, and col. M'Donald. My wife appeared pleased with the arrangement, and accepted of the invitation; notwithstanding she suspected that the place of rendezvous was—a jail!!! In three hours I shall be with you again, and this philanthropic sheriff took his leave.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

*No bad sample of the Irish people.*

*Col. McDonald.* LARRY O'Brien.

*Larry.* (Entering and bowing) He is here, and very much at your honour's service.

*Col.* You have heard of Dr. Bloomfield's misfortune, haven't you?

*Larry.* By St. Patrick and I have heard, that his bad dead wife has come to life again, but belaved it to be all blarney, and botheration agra.

*Col.* Whether it be true or false, it has occasioned him a world of trouble, and almost deprived his excellent wife of her reason. If I mistake not, Larry, you are very fond of the doctor?

*Larry.* Fond of him! by the hill of Hoath, and it would be no aisey matter to find out a man, woman, or child who knows him, who does not love him. And as for Larry, he would be an ungrateful baist if he did not adore him, he has always been so very kind to me—and so ginrouse, many's the dollar he's chucked into my pouch, and they have stuck there too.

*Col.* It would afford you pleasure to assist him, then?

*Larry.* Assist him! upon the word of an Irishman, and that's more worth than ten of his bonds, I would do more for him than any man living, your honour and the pretty girls excepted.

*Col.* I think it probable that if you exert yourself, you may cancel every obligation you are under to him.

*Larry.* By the blessed virgin, and that's no fool of an oath for a catholic, *I would not cancel one of them*, unless my dear, dear country was to gain her liberty by it. I will die in his debt—but only tell me what is to be done, for his benefit—only tell me—and if it is in poor Larry's power to do it—say no more—it shall be done.

Col. Well then—a little bird whispered to me the other day, that you were intimate at Mr. Robertson's servant's hall.

Larry. Sure your honour's jesting—I do go there sometimes—sometimes (hesitating).

Col. And are very sweet on a fair damsel who attends in the house, named—

Larry. Don't mention it your honour—don't mention it.

Col. Judy O'Flanagan—

Larry. By the hokay, and the murder's out. (*aside.*) Your worship can't be after thinking old O'Brien such a fool as to be going a courting at this time of day. Go a courting at sixty! why these blossoms of the grave, as father M'Shane used to call them (pointing to his gray hairs), would frighten the dear young thing into an ague, and make a job for the doctor.

Col. I have no idea of coming father M'Shane over you, and making you confess, Larry. It is sufficient for my purpose that you visit there.

Larry. And is that all—Faith then, and I does visit there—had a fine game of romps with the swate ones *last night*, and would have not the smallest objection to play a tune upon the same old fiddle *to-night*—not the smallest in life.

Col. I *do* wish you to go there to night, Larry, and endeavour to execute an important commission—you must postpone playing the boy, until *your friend* Dr. Bloomfield is a free man once more. By this time he is in jail—perhaps ironed down, as a common felon.

Larry. In jail—ironed—by the mother that bore me, heaven rest her soul, for she died one day about forty years ago, I shall be as sarious as all methodist parsons in the world, and a few over.

Col. Attend to me, then.

Larry. I am all ears, your honour.

Col. The woman, *who says she is Mrs. Bloomfield*, boards at Mrs. Robertson's.

Larry. Yes, and has as delicate a tid-bit of a servant maid as you would desire to sit eyes upon of a summer's day.

Col. Indeed! and you are acquainted *with her* perhaps.

*Larry.* And with her lips too, as far as a dozen smacks will go.

*Col.* My business is half accomplished, I find Larry, for it has reference to that identical servant maid. If her mistress is really an impostor, she must have a name of her own, and it is not at all unlikely your "tid bit" is in the secret. Now I wish you to bring all your ingenuity, and palaver, and wheedling, into action, in order to ferret the mystery out. Do this, and your fortune is made.

*Larry.* I never dreamt that your honour set me down for a spalpeen before. By the hand of my body, but Larry O'Brien would do a good turn to his bitterest enemy "without money, and without price;" and, although he was raised upon potatoes and butter-milk, he is not to be bribed to serve a friend. No corruption for Larry—there is too much of that going on in wretched, undone, Erin!

*Col.* I meant not to bribe you, or hurt your feelings, my honest fellow. I have been too long acquainted with your principles and prejudices, to think of that. There is a strong line of distinction betwixt a (well earned) handsome present, and a *bride*, Larry. However, this maid must be corrupted in some shape, or our project fails.

*Larry.* By the holy stone, and I'll do *with her* whatever you may be pleased to order.

*Col.* Here then are five hundred dollars. If they are not sufficient to tempt her, return for more. Repair to the house as soon as it is dark.

*Larry.* That *Mr. Postpone* is an ugly man, and a bad christian. With your good lave, I'll be off there immediately. Day-time or night time, it's all one to Larry.

*Col.* As you choose. Only come round her, and I desire no more. Tell her, that the whole town knows her mistress is *not the person* she would be taken for, and that there is a very rich and curious gentleman who will pay handsomely to be made acquainted with her real name, merely for his own satisfaction.

*Larry.* I will lie faster than a horse can gallop, an't please your honour, to sarve the doctor.

*Col.* Above all don't be sparing of the money—consider it as dirt upon this occasion.

*Larry.* I'll buy her for a hundred, and may be for nothing at all, at all. Lave O'Brien alone to pump a pittance. I'm off—and when next you clap your good-looking daylight upon my ill-looking face, if I don't tell you the whole story of the matter, I'll deny my country, and worship her very worst enemies—the majority of the British parliament.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

*Richard searches for the bottom of a river, and finds it.*

STEADY had been peculiarly unfortunate with his children. Of *ten*, he only raised *one*, and that one was a daughter; as amiable and well educated, as she was fair. Richard loved her—tenderly loved her. In truth she was his first and only love. But—inexperienced youth! unlessoned love! he never thought that a corresponding feeling animated her bosom. She conducted, to the other young men who visited at her father's, with the frankness characteristic of her sect: to him only, was she distant and reserved. And Richard imbibed a not to be eradicated impression, that she *hated him*. Not so her lynx-eyed mother, who knew human nature, and pretty girls better. She required no extrinsic aid in order to point out to her, the state of her child's heart: and the match would have been highly agreeable to all parties, *before the youth turned gentleman*. Ruth was not so very far gone in love, as to avail herself of the leap year's privilege, and *his gentility had by this time profited him so much* that he was no more thought of, by the old couple, as a son-in-law. Albeit, the first wound inflicted by Cupid's arrow is generally a serious and lasting one. Ruth and Richard, still sighed in secret, for each other. He was now utterly ruined and undone, and the constant maid felt that he was dearer to her than ever, from that very circumstance.

Richard's misfortune did not remain a secret many hours, for ill news travels apace, and Steady and Trueman were not among the last to hear of it. It did not surprise them, inasmuch as they had anticipated it from the first, but it grieved them sorely. Meantime the plucked pidgeon continued, a tenant at will, to *the friend* to whom his moveables were forfeited, for an entire ten days—an effort of generosity unparalleled in a gamester; but *the set* were as invisible, in

the interim, as the invisible lady or man. No more sociable morning and evening calls, or inquiries after his precious health!! Neither did he quit his premises, but confined himself to his chamber wherein he sat, silent and sullen, brooding over his misfortunes, and thinking of—Ruth!!!

The eleventh morning came, and an eventful one it was, for it brought in its train a person to take an inventory of his late effects, and the means of removing them. This was too much to be borne by a man unenured to trouble, and already on the border of insanity. Richard became desperate, rushed into the street, and directed his course to the river, on whose banks the city stood. His uncovered head—disordered dress—rapid strides—frantic actions—and blood-shot eyes, bespoke a mind but ill at ease, and big with mighty mischief! a crowd followed in his rear, but no one was thoughtful enough to arrest his progress. He attained the wharf, passed from it to the outmost vessel, for the harbour was crowded with shipping; precipitated himself from the stern, and sought a watery grave.

## CHAPTER XLV.

*ry O'Brien demonstrates that he is an able minister plenipotentiary.*

THE sheriff, with an enthusiasm of friendship saring of quixotry, *had removed with his family into jail* in order to keep me company whilst I remained prisoner. The depositions of Maria's connexions outweighed that of a supposed adventurer, and he been instructed to treat me as a debtor. Two the best apartments had been accordingly allotted, and well furnished for my reception. The three irs elapsed—the law officer was punctual to his apntment—we took the children with us—Sophia's nily, and his wife received us at the door, and Obah was "*incarcerated.*"

Sophia was exceedingly shocked on entering the son, but revived, in some measure, after we were ered into a commodious and decent sitting room : had not expected to meet with such an accommo-on. Col. M'Donald was wanting, but soon joined accompanied by his confidential servant, and a ng girl, who was unknown to us. He was evident- n tip-top spirits, and, after making his bow, intro- ed Mr. Larry O'Brien as a successful minister ipotentiary—"My dear doctor," said he, running to me, and shaking me by the hand so lustily as to pard my wrist; "I am prouder nor ever to see you. y I never taste whasky punch again, if I have not nd her out" "Found who out?" "Why the sy that clapped your worship in limbo, to be sure. e's no more your wife, nor she's mine, but a ——— we call 'em in swate Ireland, saving your prish-ice, ies. Her name *is* Maria—but, by the honour of

ROL. I. S

corporal Ponsonby, who would not give up a stolen proker until that small matter was touched upon, there's "Leasowes Henderson" comes after it. What? said Sophia's mother, with great emotion. "An't please your ladyship, her majesty's real name is, 'Mari Leasowes Henderson.'"—"My own niece!" and fainted away. Sophia was thoroughly roused by this incident—her husband's honour—her own, and her infant's, which had been brought into jeopardy, as there was substantial reason to believe, by a near blood relation, the daughter of an unworthy aunt—(a family secret which her pride had hitherto concealed from me, and her mother's situation, co-operated; and the blessed result was her perfect restoration to sanity. She would have flown to her aid, but Larry was beforehand with us all, and took leave to throw the contents of a large pitcher of water into the old lady's face—than which a more effectual application could not have been made by all the medical men in Christendom. A flood of tears ensued, and she was herself again, for she was a woman of uncommon nerve, in the general. Leisure was in due season afforded to question Larry as to the particulars of his mission. "I carried a little money in my pocket, by way of commission, ladies and gentlemen, set my best leg foremost, came round this pretty lass by trading her with a hundred dollar bill, and then she made me as wise as her own mother's daughter—merely for the love of it—and if O'Brien has another word to say, twill him with a shillalah until he cries, ub ub a boo, my bones ache."

The counterfeit Maria's servant was now examined, who exposed such a series of depravity, and barbarity, and lewdness, as, coming from the quarter it did, almost defied belief. Nevertheless, *the sweet* amply compensated for *the sour*—the cords of kin were rudely, and forever torn asunder, and the contents of the envenomed chalice, which had been filled to overflowing for the execrable purpose of destroying us all, would speedily be drank up, even to the very dregs, by the diabolical preparers of it. Colonel McDonald explained to us the singular

he meant to have made of the girl's testimony. He was promised another hundred dollars, on condition she kept her *secret* from her mistress, and offered to return home under the escort of Larry.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

*The Trial.*

THE day and hour appointed for my trial arrived, and I was conducted to the court-house on foot by the sheriff, accompanied by my lawyer, and a number of respectable friends. Sophia bore our temporary separation almost as well as I could wish, for her heart was at ease as to the issue of my cause. As I entered the court-room, which was thronged, all eyes were fixed upon me, and I was placed in the bar with as uncomfortable feelings, as though I had really been a felon. The jury was impaneled without my objecting to a juror, the indictment was read, and I pled "not guilty." The prosecutrix had had a very conspicuous seat assigned her, and appeared to be in a terrible trepidation, when the clerk of the court, with an audible voice, called for—"Maria Leasowes Henderson."—She was taken at an advantage, forgot her lesson, rose up suddenly, and answered "here." "Dear me! what have I done? I could bite my tongue off for it"—sat down—wrung her hands, and so deeply lamented her mistake; that I—even I—felt for, and well nigh pitied her! Some one in my rear cried out, "that is indeed her name"—and a gentleman, of a prepossessing and dignified appearance, made good his way through the crowd, made his obeisance, and addressed the judge with, "I believe I am not altogether unknown to your honour."—He was immediately, and respectfully recognised, and proved to be a New York merchant, of great worth and eminence. "May it please your honour, this is the most infamous, wanton, and unpardonable transaction I ever heard or read of, and I pray you to permit me to volunteer my services as a witness on the part of the much aggrieved defendant. I arrived in this city but an hour ago, immediately heard of this

ge prosecution, and hastened hither for that very  
 ose. Maria Bloomfield was well known to me,  
 is the perjured 'Maria Leasowes Henderson.'"  
 as promptly served with a subpoena, sworn, and  
 eded: "Maria Bloomfield and the prosecutrix,  
 her with several other wretched females, resided  
 of our houses of ill fame, kept by *the celebrated*  
 Cole. They appeared to be inseparable—rarely  
 ne seen in the streets without the other, and the  
 erful resemblance they bore to each other was a  
 on city talk, until the prisoner's late wife took  
 ink—in fact, common report did not hesitate to  
 at they were—half sisters. This woman is the  
 ter of Mrs. Cole, who saw fit to change her for-  
 ame." My late wife's father, who was attending  
 ial, covered his face with his hands, and quit the  
 . "It is equally notorious, that Maria Bloom-  
 was turned into the street, after she was aban-  
 d as incurable by a skilful physician—the bawd  
 lf dares not deny it." The wretched Henderson  
 pon her knees. "Let me return to New-York—  
 let me return, and I will confess all." *Judge.*  
 make no compromise with deliberate perjury.  
*man of jury.* "May it please your honour—I take  
 ommon pleasure in rising and stating,—that we  
 imously acquit the prisoner,"—and the court-room  
 with the acclamations of the spectators: even  
 members of the bar laid aside the gravity of of-  
 and participated in it. Released from the charac-  
 of a criminal, I made suitable acknowledgments  
 e judge, the jury, the lawyers, and the audience—  
 my *voluntary* witness was no more to be seen—  
 saw the good work completed and—vanished.  
 —colonel McDonald had also disappeared to com-  
 icate the glad tidings to—Sophia.  
*idge.* "The attorney-general will do his duty as  
 spects the prosecutrix."  
 he sheriff was ordered to take charge of her—but  
 majesty, as Larry christened her, was above (or be-  
 going to jail. She courted an instant trial, was  
 lged in her wish, took my place at the bar, re-  
 d the aid of the counsel which was allotted her,

pled "guilty;" and threw herself upon the mercy of the court. An E——m jury could not have benefited her under such circumstances, and her beautiful person was loaded with irons, and deposited—in a dungeon—until sentence day.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

*The Mystery unravelled.*

MEN and women are alone liable for their crimes and misdemeanors.—And yet how often have we witnessed innocent and amiable sisters come in for a full share of the shame of a frail one, with whose “falling off,” they had no more to do than the man in the moon—provided always nevertheless, as my lawyer would say, there *is* one there. Nay, more, I have known many as exemplary women as ever existed, who milled through a life of “single blessedness,” much against the grain perhaps; without any other cause assigned for their lacking suitors, the beaux being afraid of the breed. When a man marries, he, at least, calculates upon a *chaste wife*; salutary custom having made an aversion to antlers become as it were natural to us.

The first misfortune of Sophia's aunt, who was now degenerated into Mrs. Cole, happened whilst the family resided in the country; and no secret has ever been more studiously treasured up. She had attained to the ticklish age of fifteen—a critical age, which imperiously calls for a treble portion of guardianship and precaution, on the part of discreet and affectionate parents; so far as it regards their daughters especially,—an age at which the passions too frequently reign with uncontrolled dominion—an age at which youth, and inexperience, too often combine, to wreck the heedless youngster—when she fell desperately in love with her father's footman—a handsome lad of nineteen. She was a lass of too much *spirit* to suffer “concealment, like a worm in a rose bud, to prey on her damask cheek.” It is possible it was leap year—however, be that as it may, a bouncing boy proclaimed her wantonness to her distracted parents. They did not act as many do under a similar bereavement, for I call it a serious one, when

a virtuous child is exchanged for a ————. Oh no; they did not discard her, but bribed the fellow to patch up her reputation by marrying her. Tom was now made a gentleman of, so far as money could go, and let me tell you, that money has a marvellous knack at transmuting folks; but the bond contained one extra condition—himself and his bride must remove from the state, and never return to it. Tom had no manner of objection to the arrangement. In a strange place, his handsome equipage, and lovely and polished wife, would seal his title to gentility. But madam was now made an honest woman of—an abominable phrase and covering for guilt, in too common acceptance; and she thought it harder than hard, that any terms should be exacted from her, notwithstanding a full (child's) proportion of her father's estate had been paid over to her former paramour. Nevertheless, as there was no alternative, she submitted to the decree, but with a very ill grace; and never forgave those who issued it. She chose New York city as the place of her residence—her husband and self settled there.—She soon became ashamed of the boor, and quitted him to grace the dwelling of a very opulent gentleman, who maintained her in great splendour, for a season; and then abandoned her to her fate, without a settlement. She did not cry her eyes out, for that would spoil her beauty; but immediately found another protector, and at length fell into the hands of Maria's father, who was then a bachelor; to whom she gave a daughter, and had her christened by *her* maiden name—"Maria Leasowes Henderson." Her infidelities drove him from her, she assumed the name of "Cole," and took a house for the accommodation of women of her own way of thinking. Her establishment was the most fashionable in the city, and my Maria became one of its inmates, four days after she left Wilmington. She had not yet lost all respect for her family, and did not disclose her maiden name in consequence. Such a woman was no mean acquisition to a wretch in her line of business, and the devoted creature soon became a wonderful favourite; notwithstanding she was unceasingly expressing her astonishment at the great likeness betwixt her, and her own daughter, whom

she had carefully brought up in the paths of—vice. Still she saw her daughter with a parent's eyes, and consoled herself with the reflection, that she was by far the handsomest of the two.

For eighteen months the greatest harmony subsisted amongst the parties, when Mrs. Cole accidentally discovered that "Maria Bloomfield," was her Maria's half sister; and from that moment resolved to satiate her vehement hatred of the father, by destroying his legitimate daughter: Her unsuspecting victim was inveigled to drink, acquired a relish for it, shortly descended to the level of a brute, got into her debt, was stripped of her valuables, overtaken by disease, and inhumanly turned into the street, in a dying condition. Maria Leasowes Henderson's person was decorated with the ill-gotten jewellery and dresses, the dreadful denouement was never dreamt of, and they thought—"all was well."

"All *is* well that ends well," according to the proverb, and it might have been exemplified in this instance, an hereafter excepted; if mother Cole had not learnt, a year after the event took place, that Dr. Bloomfield had married her niece. She had travelled over one crime with impunity, as she supposed—why not perpetrate a second, shipwreck her brother and niece's peace, and be revenged upon them for the former's *unnatural conduct* to her. Her brother had dared to disown her, had held no converse with her—had refused to her every thing but pecuniary aid; and that, as she well knew, he would not have withheld from the vilest lodger in her house. Mrs. Cole had never been a sensible woman. When a girl, music and dancing, and other external accomplishments, had been deemed by her of a thousand times more importance than the cultivation of her mind; and when she married the footman, she was little more than a beautiful idiot, who dressed with great taste, danced correctly and gracefully, and who sung, and played upon the piano—indifferently well!!! Mrs. Cole was very avaricious withal—had *set her heart* upon laying up a portion for her *deserving* daughter.—Dr. Bloomfield was very rich—his late wife had died under very suspicious circumstances—was known to her brother, and

himself, by a remarkable mark only; and "Maria Leasowes Henderson" was the very picture of her. A double harvest might be reaped from a well-managed imposture—a considerable sum as "hush money"—and vengeance. The bawd had acquired no small share of cunning by the exercise of her function, and it was all brought into requisition, to forward her views in the undertaking. A French chemist was consulted, and undertook to furnish Miss Maria with the indispensable mark, warranting it never to wear out; for a moderate compensation. He was employed, and succeeded to admiration, from the description which had been given him. The eager instrument of a mother's treachery was instructed to lay aside her frivolity, affect the penitent—be modest, and yet dignified in her demeanor, and success was certain. For she was endowed by nature with a superior capacity, and this had been expanded by an excellent education. Albeit she had never read a page of Blackstone, she well knew, that a second marriage was invalid, as long as the first wife was alive; be her character what it might: Sophia was to be separated from the man of her heart, her child declared spurious, and *I* was to purchase a release from her, for the trifling sum of twenty thousand dollars! all this looked "*mighty pretty*" in theory, and was soon to be reduced to practice.

When matters were deemed sufficiently matured, miss "Maria Leasowes Henderson" hied to the city wherein I resided, and her first step was, to secretly make herself *well acquainted* with the *persons* of all those, upon whom the *innocent* hoax had any bearing—not omitting col. M'Donald; of whom, and our great intimacy, her half sister had repeatedly spoken, after she ceased to be herself. Our young adventurer now imagined that every difficulty was surmounted; and the lawyer was resorted to, in order to *intimidate me into a compliance with her reasonable demands*. My twenty thousand was to be pocketed, and a *renunciation of all her right and title to me was to be published in all the news-papers, as a gratification to her uncle, her cousin, and family!!!*

Such were the great outlines of this *new* speculation, and the *happy* effect was, incarceration—irons—and an anticipation of the sentence, to be passed upon one of the planners of it, on hang-man's day; *inflicting torture which probably outran the reality which was to follow.*

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

" Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,  
Appears by turns, as fortune shifts the scene :  
Some raised aloft come tumbling down again ;  
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again."

IT was abruptly reported to Messrs. Trueman and Steady, at the very moment when, after due reflection, they had determined to obliterate all his follies with a sponge ; that Richard——had drowned himself!!! Steady thought of his daughter, Trueman of the lost boy, his friend and his family, and, with streaming eyes, both ran to the wharf, opposite to which the cowardly act was said to have been perpetrated ; exclaiming alternately, as they journeyed along—" He was a good lad—He was a good lad !" To see *two such men* running, and weeping, was sufficient to excite admiration ; and they did not want for inquisitive attendants—Not that Messrs. Trueman and Steady could not run as well as most men of their age, when occasion required it ; and feel as sensibly for others' woe ; but they were such very, very steady men, that the gaping populace were sure something *very, very extraordinary* had happened. And something *very unexpected and extraordinary had happened indeed* ; for they found Richard " alive ; and alive like to be." An honest and courageous sailor had brought him to shore, at the risk of his life, in a state of insensibility, proper means had been used by some physicians, who chanced to be within call ; some gallons of water had been disgorged, and *the friends* found him contrite, and ashamed of his crime, when they joined him. Steady was so overjoyed to find that Richard was not yet made immortal, that all his gravity and all his prudence forsook him—

he sobbed and laughed over him by turns, kissed and embraced him; and wound up the whole by saying to him—"Richard, my daughter loves thee." Loves me! me! echoed Richard, and fainted away. But animation was not long suspended—He awoke from his trance—and—"my daughter loves thee," still vibrated on his enchanted ear. "Thee must go to my house this instant," continued this best of men—"If Ruth hears of thy disaster, it will kill her outright, and then I shall be childless—*made so by thee.*" Richard required no persuasion to obey the warmest dictates of his heart: a conveyance was provided, and on the way Steady observed, "Speak kindly to her, I pray thee, for her whole heart is wrapped up in thee—yea, verily it is. I know thou lovest her not—we cannot force nature—but, speak kindly to her, and thou shalt command my interest, purse, every thing." And the quaker was again unarmed. "Not love her!" responded Richard—"I have adored her from a child, and have all along believed that she hated me." Steady. "Thee dost not say so?" "The last act of my life, as I supposed it to be, was to put up a fervent prayer for her health, happiness, and prosperity. She is the only woman I ever hid, or can love." Steady. "I would fain believe thee, albeit"—Richard, interrupting him, "I will not offend your religious and moral ears, honoured sir, with an oath, but you shall see, and if, after a year's probation, you are thoroughly satisfied of my return to rectitude, the greatest present you can make me will be, your inestimable daughter." Steady. "Well, well—thee hast been very imprudent, and well nigh criminal, but *I will not* believe thee wicked at heart. Thee hast bought experience, and paid thy whole fortune for thy purchase, I trust it will profit thee, and we must forgive, and endeavour to forget all." They reached his residence, and found the family in great consternation. The fatal news had reached them, they had given credence to it.—Steady's good old dame was inconsolable, Ruth sat motionless, and "looked like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief!" even the servants, who were devoted to Richard, participated in their grief for the deplorable calamity. Steady, although

exceedingly moved, took the precaution to conceal the supposed drowned man, enjoined secrecy upon the domestics, sent for his wife, and, after due preparation, communicated the glad tidings of exceeding great joy to her. Richard had not only been rescued from the dangerous element, but was as much in love with their daughter as she was with him. The old lady's knees saluted the carpet, and in that proper posture, she returned thanks to the Most High for these blessed dispensations of his providence. For, if my friend had not attempted to commit suicide, he would have continued in error, as to the fair object's real sentiments of him; and, in all probability, both would have been wretched for life; for their's was no common attachment.

Ruth was now to be apprised of her double good fortune, a delicate task, which was cheerfully undertaken by her enraptured mother. All her reserve and all her distance vanished like morning dew before the glorious orb of day; and she called for "Richard" in accents so sweetly modulated as to rival the—music of the spheres!!! He was within call, and at her feet in a twinkling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Steady was so wrought upon by the interview, that he thought of nothing but how to make the young people happy. "Thou hast already taken one oath, Richard, and faithfully kept it. I have been, so far, an invisible spy upon thy actions, as to be satisfied of that fact. Thou wouldst have been utterly undone else. Wilt thou now abjure gambling? I trust that was thy greatest fault." "I will." "Upon thy honour? For thou art not of the faithful, and with men of the world, the tie of honour is as binding as an oath." "Upon my most sacred honour, I will never gamble again, in any shape, as long as I live. I should be insane if I did, after what has happened to me." "On this point, thou hast satisfied me. Hast thee any objection to our sect of religion?" "None whatever. No man living venerates the quakers more than I do, and sure I am, I have manifold reasons for loving very many of them." "If thou wert about to marry a quaker, and it was re-

quired of thee, to bring up thy female children, if thou hadst any, in the ways of the faithful, wouldst thou withhold thy consent?" "Certainly not." "My daughter is thine."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

" If thou didst but *consent*  
 To this most cruel act, *do but despair* ;  
 And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
 That ever spider twisted from her womb  
 Will strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam  
 To hang thee on : or wouldst thou drown thyself,  
 Put but a little water in a spoon,  
 And it shall be as all the ocean,  
 Enough to stifle such a monster up."

THE ruffled mind of Sophia had been perfectly calmed by the representations of col. M'Donald, as to the termination of the *conspiracy* ; and she returned home happier, for this singular alloy to our domestic peace, as she confessed to me afterwards, than she had ever been, during the uninterrupted series of matrimonial sunshine in which we had basked, since the man of God made us one.

I joined her in an hour, being attended, from the court-house to my door, by an immense concourse of my kind fellow-citizens ; as a token of their respect, and joy for my very honourable acquittal. We first returned our most grateful thanks to the author of all good, for having proved *a shield and buckler to us*, on the late unpleasant occasion ; and then gave a loose to the honest and virtuous feelings of our hearts ! Not that we rejoiced at the unparalleled infamy of our persecutors, or triumphed in their downfall—an event which had inflicted an indelible disgrace upon our family—O no ! Far nobler feelings predominated in our bosoms—feelings which emanated from such a just value of *self*, as could not be censured by the most fastidious. Our hitherto blissful union had been preserved sacred and inviolable, and our dear child had escaped from the horrors of illegitimacy !

It is true, my life had been in no manner of danger—the deceased Maria's conduct had precluded all possi-

bility of that—and it is equally true, that a divorce might have been easily attained, and our matrimonial knot tied over again—but nothing—no, nothing, could have legitimatized our boy!

Our friends soon commenced waiting upon us, and we were congratulated from all quarters. The knocker of Mr. Brooke's Vindex, in his admirable moral work "The Fool of Quality," was scarcely kept more perpetually in motion, than was mine. And we should indeed have had boundless reason to be glad, could we have forgotten that "Mrs. Cole" was Sophia's aunt, and "Maria Leasowes Henderson" her cousin!

Our journey to England was again "the order of the day," but we concluded to postpone it until after sentence day, in order to endeavour to obtain from the governor, a mitigation of *that one* which the judge was bound to pass, upon the perjured culprit. Our passages were taken in a third-vessel, as the second could not wait for us; and we flattered ourselves that no more unexpected casualties would intervene, and put a stop to our progress for this season.

A petition was drawn up, in behalf of my pretended wife, and the aggrieved persons were the first to sign it, they considering the mother as a hundred times more blameable than the daughter; and interest was not wanting to procure a respectable number of subscribers to it.

That day, which is so much dreaded by all prisoners who are not hardened in iniquity, at length rolled round, and "Maria Leasowes Henderson" was brought to the bar to have her fate announced to her. She made a full confession, the substance of which has been already given, and prayed for mercy, on her bended knees: but, it was without the compass of the judge's power to extend it to her.

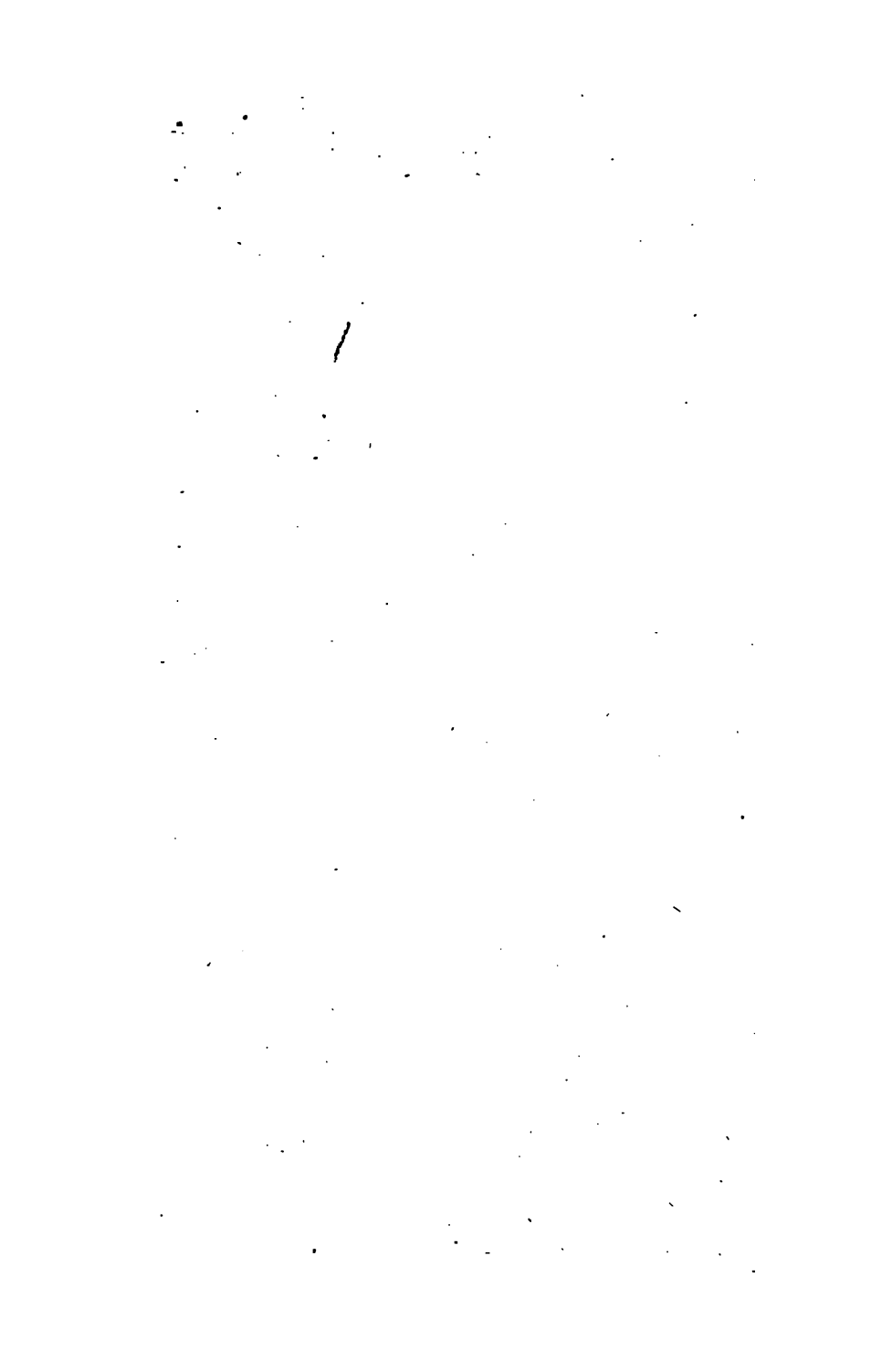
After an address, wherein he pointed out to her the enormity of her crime, in all it's bearings, in a most masterly, and at the same time, *feeling* manner; he sentenced her

To be imprisoned for life, at hard labour, in the penitentiary!

A report of the trial was soon published, and forwarded to her mother by myself, through the medium of an express, accompanied with a letter, informing, that I should *forthwith* institute a prosecution against her, for her share in the vile transaction. The view, which led to an adoption of this measure, was to *intimidate her* into flying from New York, and hiding her miserable head, in some remote place, where she would be without my reach. I felt myself bound to proceed against her, if she did not do so: she was Sophia's aunt, and to that connexion was she indebted for thus much forbearance. But it appears that the disconsolate creature took to her bed as soon as she heard of her daughter's conviction, refused all sustenance, and would probably have famished herself to death, if my communications had not reached her, and determined her on committing immediate suicide.

She made a will, bequeathing to her misled child the whole of her property, the earnings of guilt, and which amounted to fifteen thousand dollars; and then consummated her enormous catalogue of crimes, by destroying herself with laudanum! Meantime, our memorial in favour of "Maria," who was now at hard labour, had been transmitted to the proper authority; and his excellency was graciously pleased to reduce the term of her punishment to five years.

Our baggage is now embarked,—the vessel is only waiting for a wind.—Yet a little while, and I trust I shall tread on *that soil* which gave birth to a Sidney—a Hampden—a Milton—a Shakspeare, and a Locke!!!

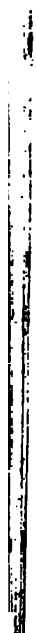












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